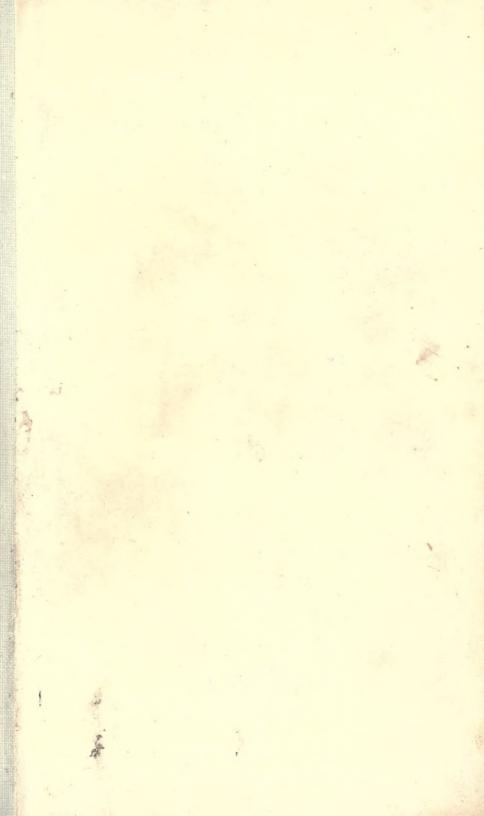
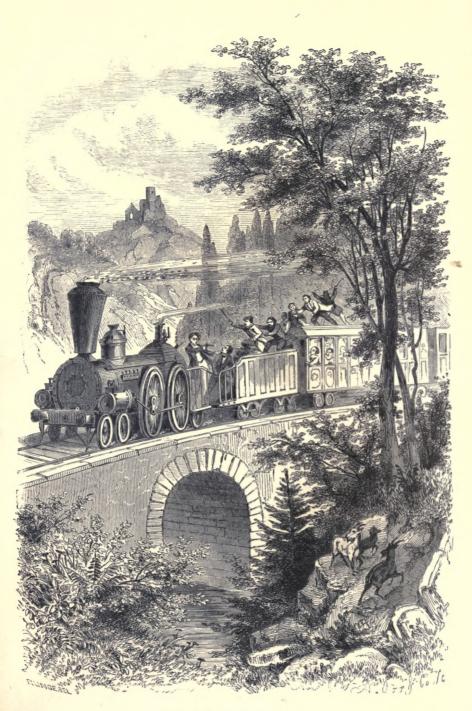




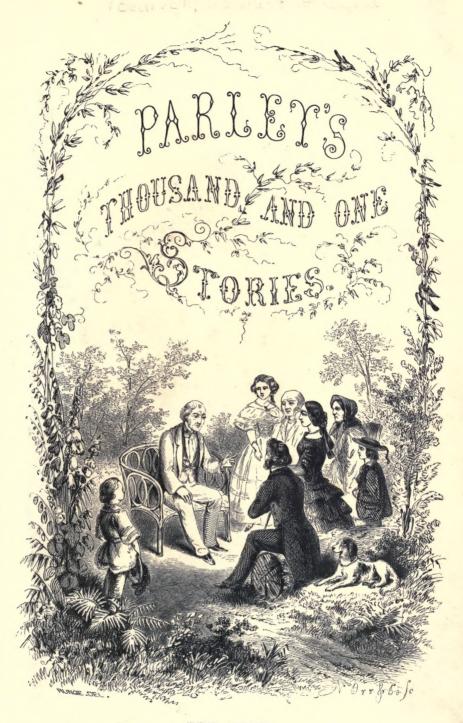
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THE MAD ENGINEER.



NEW YORK: DERBY & JACKSON.

M. DOCC. LIX.



## PETER PARLEY'S

# THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES

OF

FACT AND FANCY,

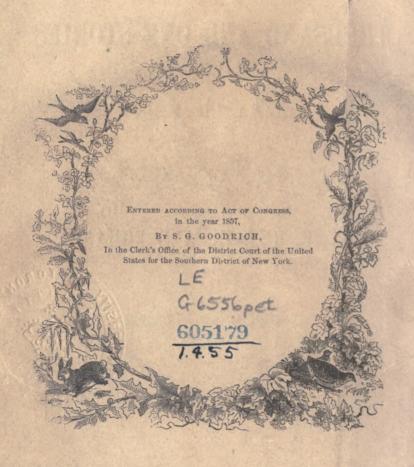
WIT AND HUMOR,

RHYME, REASON, AND ROMANCE.

EDITED BY S. G. GOODRICH.

Illustrated by Three Hundred Engravings.

NEW YORK:
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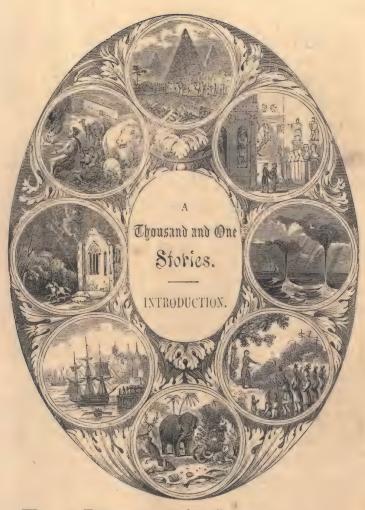
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WHAT, A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES?

Yes, and why not? It is true, they must be brief, if they all come into a single volume, and many of them, no doubt, must fall short of the technical defini-

tion of a story,—with a beginning, a middle, and an end. In order to make up the number, it may be necessary to reckon epigrams, enigmas, riddles, witticisms, conundrums, Partingtonianas, Hibernianisms, and other things of the sort, which, in literature, are like the monads in zoology—the mere rudiments of life, yet each having purpose, volition, locomotion, taste, appetite, digestion.

The world has been already favored with "Salad for the Solitary," and "Salad for the Social:" we take the hint, and venture to go a little further. The business of this book is to bring whole libraries into a single volume—to furnish a mental meal for every day, every hour—for every taste, humor, age, caprice—a book of books for the grave and the gay, the old and the young; and hence we have gathered science and philosophy, rhyme and reason, wit and wisdom, fact and fancy, and putting them together as they come, we have produced a sort of intellectual plum-pudding, into which everybody may put his thumb, inasmuch as the whole is peppered and spiced with puns, conundrums, drolleries, and other "milledulcia," to say nothing of a garnish of 300 engravings!

There is a good and suggestive anecdote of the late erudite and humorsome Dr. Mitchell, of New York, to this effect: somebody had invented a new nostrum, a liquid opodeldoc, and desiring to give it currency,



THE PRIEST TERMOSIRIS PLAYING ON THE HARP.

### THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

This celebrated story was written by the good and virtuous Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. It was composed about the year 1690, for the benefit of his royal pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, at which time Fenelon was a favorite of Louis XIV., and in frequent intercourse with his court. The work was not published until some years after it was written,

and then it came out through the treachery of a servant. The king suspected some passages in it to be meant as reflections upon himself, and so it was suppressed in France. It was, however, freely circulated in Holland, and thence spread over the civilized world. It has long held a high rank among the great productions of human genius.

It appears that the pupil for whom this charming story was written, had discovered, at a very early period of life, a love of fables and mythology, and a happy and fruitful imagination, and an elevated and extensive genius, which enabled him to relish the beautiful parts of Homer and Virgil. It was this which suggested the design of a poem, which might equally contain the beauties of both: to show him, in what he was fond of, the solid and the beautiful, the simple and the great, and to imprint upon his mind, by affecting actions, generous principles, which might caution him against the dangers of the highest birth and supreme power.

Written with such views, the work not only abounds in beautiful descriptions, pleasing incidents, and exciting narratives, but it inculcates the most elevated and sublime senti-

ments.

Its grand principle is, that the love of beauty ought to be preferred to the love of pleasure, as Socrates and Plato express themselves: the honest to the agreeable, according to Cicero. Here is the source of noble sentiments, greatness of soul, and all heroic virtues. It is by these pure and elevated ideas, that the author destroys, in a manner infinitely more affecting than by dispute, the false philosophy of those who make pleasure the only spring of the human heart. He shows, by the excellent morality which he puts in the mouth of his heroes, and the generous actions which he makes them perform, what an effect the pure love of virtue may have on a noble heart.

The work is founded upon a profound knowledge of man. The poet lets the reader into his own heart; he shows him the secret springs of his passions, the latent windings of self-love, the difference between false and solid virtues. From the knowledge of man, he ascends to that of God himself. He everywhere makes us sensible that the infinite Being incessantly acts in us, in order to make us good and happy; that he is the immediate source of all our knowledge, and of all our virtues; that we are not less indebted to him for reason than for life; that his sovereign truth ought to be our only light, and his supreme will the rule of all our affections.

It is thus that the morality of our author tends to make us forget ourselves, in order to refer every thing to the Supreme Being, and to make us adore Him; as the end of his system is to make us prefer the good of the public to private advantage, and to incline us to love the human race. Machiavel and Hobbes have founded their plans of government in craft, artifice, stratagem, despotic power, injustice, and irreligion; Puffendorf and Grotius have sought to be useful to society, and to promote the happiness of man, but their maxims of government are not even equal to those which had been developed in Plato's "Republic" or Cicero's "Offices." But the author of "Telemachus" is an original, in that he has joined the most perfect politics to the ideas of the most consummate virtue. The grand principle on which the whole turns is, that all the world is but one republic, of which God is the common Father, and every nation, as it were, one great family. From this beauteous and luminous idea arise what politicians call the laws of nature and nations, equitable, generous, full of humanity. Each country is no longer considered as independent of others, but the human race as an indivisible whole. We are no longer limited to the love of our own country; the heart enlarges itself, grows immense, and by a universal friendship embraces all mankind.

Of the Story of Telemachus, we can give but a hasty outline. Homer, in the Odyssey, had described Ulysses, in his wanderings after the Trojan War, as shipwrecked upon the remote, ocean-bound island of Ogygia. This spot was inhabited by Calypso, a goddess-queen of the island, who, though immortal, yet spoke and sympathized with human beings. She received Ulysses with distinction, and contrived by various devices to detain him for eight years. At last he departed, leaving her in a state of the greatest disappointment and regret. The poem of Telemachus, referring to these events, begins as follows:

"The grief of Calypso for the departure of Ulysses would admit of no comfort; and she regretted her immortality, as that which could only perpetuate affliction, and aggravate calamity by despair: her grotto no more echoed with the music of her voice; and her nymphs waited at a distance, with timidity and silence. She often wandered alone along the borders of her island, amid the luxuriance of a perpetual spring; but the beauties that bloomed around her, instead of soothing her grief, only impressed more strongly upon her mind the idea of Ulysses, who had been so often the companion of her walk. Sometimes she stood motionless upon the beach; and while her eyes were fixed on that part of the horizon, where the lessening bark of the hero at length disappeared, they overflowed with tears.

"Here she was one day surprised with the sudden appearance of a shipwreck: broken benches and oars lay scattered about upon the sand; and a rudder, a mast, and some cordage were floating near the shore. Soon after, she perceived at a distance two men, one of whom appeared to be ancient, and in the other, although a youth, she discovered a strong resemblance to Ulysses; the same benevolence and dignity were united in his aspect, his stature was equally tall, and his port majestic. The goddess knew immediately that this was Telemachus; but, notwithstanding the penetration of divine sagacity, she could not discover who was his companion; for it is the prerogative of superior deities to conceal

whatever they please from those of a lower class; and it was the pleasure of Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the likeness of Mentor, to be concealed from Calypso. The latter, however, rejoiced in the happy shipwreck, which had restored Ulysses to her wishes in the person of his son.

"The queen received the strangers graciously. In answer to inquiries, the youth related their story, and in a manner to fill the bosom of Calypso with admiration, as well on account of his eloquence and his noble sentiments as his manly beauty. She then invited the strangers to her dwelling. Telemachus followed the goddess, who was encircled by a crowd of young nymphs, among whom she was distinguished by the superiority of her stature, as the towering summit of a lofty oak is seen, in the midst of a forest, above all the trees that surround it. He was struck with the splendor of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and flowing robe, her hair that was tied with graceful negligence behind her, and the vivacity, and softness that were mingled in her eyes. Mentor followed Telemachus, modestly silent, and looking downward.

"When they arrived at the entrance of the grotto, Telemachus was surprised to discover, under the appearance of rural simplicity, whatever could captivate the sight. There was, indeed, neither gold, nor silver, nor marble; no decorated columns, no paintings, no statues were to be seen; but the grotto consisted of several vaults cut in the rock; the roof was embellished with shells and pebbles; and the want of tapestry was supplied by the luxuriance of a young vine, which extended its branches equally on every side.

"Here the heat of the sun was tempered by the freshness of the breeze; the rivulets that, with soothing murmurs, wandered through meadows of intermingled violets and amaranth, formed innumerable baths that were pure and transparent as crystal; the verdant carpet which Nature had spread round the grotto, was adorned with a thousand flowers;

and, at a small distance, there was a wood of those trees that in every season unfold new blossoms, which diffuse ambrosial fragrance, and ripen into golden fruit. In this wood, which was impervious to the rays of the sun, and heightened the beauty of the adjacent meadows by an agreeable opposition of light and shade, nothing was to be heard but the melody of birds, or the fall of water, which, precipitating from the summit of a rock, was dashed into foam below, where, forming a small rivulet, it glided hastily through the meadow.

"The grotto of Calypso was situated on the declivity of a hill, and commanded a prospect of the sea, sometimes smooth, peaceful, and limpid; sometimes swelling into mountains, and breaking with idle rage against the shore. At another view, a river was discovered, in which were many islands, surrounded with limes that were covered with flowers, and poplars that raised their heads to the clouds; the streams which formed those islands seemed to stray through the fields with a kind of sportful wantonness; some rolled along in translucent waves, with a tumultuous rapidity; some glided away in silence, with a motion that was scarcely perceptible; and others, after a long circuit, turned back, as if they wished to issue again from their source, and were unwilling to quit the paradise through which they flowed.

"The distant hills and mountains hid their summits in the blue vapors that hovered over them, and diversified the horizon with cloudy figures that were equally pleasing and romantic. The mountains that were less remote were covered with vines, the branches of which were interwoven with each other, and hung down in festoons; the grapes, which surpassed in luster the richest purple, were too exuberant to be concealed by the foliage, and the branches bowed under the weight of the fruit. The fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and other trees without number, overspread the plain, so that the whole country had the appearance of a garden of infinite variety and boundless extent."

Telemachus was of course enchanted by this display of natural beauty, nor was he less charmed by the elegance of the queen and her nymphs, all of whom employed every art to captivate his senses. But for the prudent and timely counsels of the good and wise Mentor, he had become a prey to their snares.

It appears that since he left his native island of Ithaca, in search of his father, Telemachus and his companion had traveled in various countries, and met with a great variety of adventures. An account of them is given to the queen and her companions by the youthful traveler, and it is not surprising that those fair immortals, who are yet allied to mortality, should have been delighted with a narrative which abounded in vivid descriptions, startling incidents, and curious knowledge. In the course of his wanderings, Telemachus comes to Tyre, then in its glory, which is thus described:

"This city is built upon an island in the midst of the sea. The neighboring coast is rendered extremely delightful by its uncommon fertility, the exquisite flavor of its fruits, the number of towns and villages which are almost contiguous to each other, and the excellent temperature of the climate; it is sheltered by a ridge of mountains from the burning winds that pass over the southern continent, and refreshed by the northern breezes that blow from the sea. It is situated at the foot of Libanus, whose head is concealed within the clouds, and hoary with everlasting frost. Torrents of water, mingled with snow, rush from the craggy precipices that surround it; and at a small distance below is a vast forest of cedars, which appear to be as ancient as the earth, and almost as lofty as the sky. The declivity of the mountain, below the forest, is covered with pasture, where innumerable cattle and sheep are continually feeding among a thousand rivulets of the purest water; and at the foot of the mountain, below the pastures, the plain has the appearance of a garden,



TELEMACHUS AND HIS COMPANION APPROACHING TYPE.

where spring and autumn seem to unite their influence to produce at once both flowers and fruit, which are never parched by the pestilential heat of the southern blast, nor blighted by the piercing cold of the northern tempest.

"Near this delightful coast, the island on which Tyre is built emerges from the sea. The city seems to float upon the

waters, and looks like the sovereign of the deep. It is crowded with merchants of every nation, and its inhabitants are themselves the most eminent merchants in the world. It appears, at first, not to be the city of any particular people, but to be common to all as the center of their commerce. There are two large moles, which, like two arms stretched out in the sea, embrace a spacious harbor, which is a shelter from every The vessels in this harbor are so numerous as almost to hide the water in which they float, and the masts look at a distance like a forest. All the citizens of Tyre apply themselves to trade, and their wealth does not render them impatient of that labor by which it is increased. Their city abounds with the finest linen of Egypt, and cloth that has been doubly dyed with the Tyrian purple—a color which has a luster that time itself can scarce diminish, and which they frequently heighten by embroidery of gold and silver. commerce of the Phoenicians extends to the Straits of Gades: they have even entered the vast ocean by which the world is encircled, and made long voyages upon the Red Sea to islands which are unknown to the rest of mankind, from whence they bring gold, perfumes, and many animals that are to be found in no other country."

At one time Telemachus arrives in Egypt, where he becomes separated from Mentor, who is sent as a slave into Ethiopia, while he is reduced to captivity by Metophis, a base officer of Sesostris, king of Egypt, and compelled to live among a race of barbarians. The story goes on:

"The scene of my captivity was a desert, where the plain is a burning sand, and the mountains are covered with snow; below was intolerable heat, and above was perpetual winter. The pasturage was thinly scattered among the rocks; the mountains were steep and craggy, and the valleys between them were almost inaccessible to the rays of the sun; nor

had I any society in this dreadful situation but that of the shepherds, who are as rude and uncultivated as the country.

"Here I spent the night in bewailing my misfortunes, and the day in following my flocks, that I might avoid the brutal insolence of the principal slave, whose name was Butis, and who, having conceived hopes of obtaining his freedom, was perpetually accusing the rest, as a testimony of his zeal and attachment to the interest of his master. This complication of distress almost overwhelmed me; and, in the anguish of my mind, I one day forgot my flock, and threw myself on the ground near a cave, expecting that death would deliver me from a calamity which I was no longer able to sustain; but just in the moment of despair, I perceived the mountain tremble; the oaks and pines seemed to bow from the summit; the breeze itself was hushed; and a deep voice, which seemed to issue from the cave, pronounced these words:

"'Son of the wise Ulysses! thou must, like him, become great by patience. Princes who have not known adversity are unworthy of happiness; they are enervated by luxury, and intoxicated with pride. Surmount, and remember these misfortunes, and thou art happy. Thou shalt return to Ithaca, and thy glory shall fill the world. When thou shalt have dominion over others, forget not that thou hast been like them, weak, destitute, and afflicted: be it thy happiness, then, to afford them comfort: love thy people: detest flattery: and remember that no man is great but in proportion as he restrains and subdues his passions.'

"These words inspired me as the voice of heaven: joy immediately throbbed in my veins, and courage glowed in my bosom: nor was I seized with that horror which so often causes the hair to stand upright, and the blood to stagnate, when the gods reveal themselves to men. I rose in tranquillity, and, kneeling on the ground, I lifted up my hands to Heaven, and paid my adorations to Minerva, to whom I believed myself indebted for this oracle."

After a time, Telemachus became acquainted with Termosiris, a priest of Apollo, who is thus described:

"He officiated in a temple of marble which the kings of Egypt had consecrated to that deity in the forest. The book which he held in his hand was a collection of hymns that had been composed to the honor of the gods. He accosted me with an air of friendship, and we entered into conversation. He related past events with such force of expression that they seemed to be present, and with such comprehensive brevity that attention was not wearied; and he foresaw the future by a sagacity that discerned the true characters and dispositions of mankind, and the events which they would produce.

"He soon discovered a tender regard for me, and gave me books to relieve the anxiety of my mind. He called me his son, and I frequently addressed him as a father. 'The gods,' said I, 'who have deprived me of Mentor, have in pity sustained me with thy friendship.' He was, without doubt, like Orpheus and Linus, irradiated by the immediate inspiration of the gods. He often repeated verses of his own, and gave me those of many others who had been the favorites of the When he was habited in his long white robes, and played upon his ivory lyre, the bears, lions, and tigers of the forest fawned upon him, and licked his feet; the satyrs came from their recesses and danced around him; and it might also have been believed that even the trees and rocks were influenced by the magic of his song in which he celebrated the majesty of the gods, the virtue of heroes, and the wisdom of those who prefer glory to pleasure.

"The good priest continued his kind offices, and after having described the manner in which Apollo charmed the people around him by his music, he gave me a flute, the tone of which was so melodious, that the echoes of the mountains, which propagated the sound, immediately brought the neighbor.



TELEMACHUS PLAYING ON THE FLUTE.

boring shepherds in crowds about me. A divine melody was communicated to my voice; I perceived myself to be under a supernatural influence, and I celebrated the beauties of nature with all the rapture of enthusiasm. We frequently sung all the day in concert, and sometimes encroached upon the night. The shepherds, forgetting their cottages and their

flocks, were fixed motionless as statues about me while I delivered my instructions; the desert became insensibly less wild and rude, every thing assumed a more pleasing appearance, and the country itself seemed to be improved by the

manners of the people.

"We often assembled to sacrifice in the temple to Apollo, at which Termosiris officiated as priest. The shepherds wore wreaths of laurel in honor of the gods, and the shepherdesses were adorned with garlands of flowers, and came dancing with garlands of consecrated gifts upon their heads. After the sacrifice, we made a rural feast. The greatest delicacies were the milk of our goats and sheep, and some dates, figs, grapes, and other fruits, which were fresh gathered by our own hands; the green turf was our seat, and the foliage of the trees afforded us a more pleasing shade than the gilded roofs of a palace.

"But my reputation among the shepherds was completed by an accident. A hungry lion happened to break in among my flock, and began a dreadful slaughter. I ran toward him, though I had nothing in my hand but my sheep-hook. When he saw me, he erected his mane; he began to grind his teeth, and to extend his claws; his mouth appeared dry and inflamed, and his eyes were red and fiery. I did not wait for his attack, but rushed in upon him, and threw him to the ground; nor did I receive any hurt, for a small coat-of-mail that I wore, as an Egyptian shepherd, defended me against his claws. Three times I threw him, and he rose three times against me, roaring so loud that the utmost recesses of the forest echoed; but at last I grasped him till he was strangled, and the shepherds, who were witnesses of my conquest, insisted that I should wear his skin as a trophy.

"This action, and the change of manners among our shepherds, was rumored through all Egypt, and came at length to the ears of Sesostris, the king. He learnt that one of the two captives, who had been taken for Phœnicians, had restored the

golden age in the midst of deserts which were scarce inhabitable, and desired to see me; for he was a friend to the muses, and regarded with attention and complacency whatever appeared to be the means of instruction. I was accordingly brought before him. He listened to my story with pleasure, and soon discovered that he had been abused by the avarice of Metophis. This officer he therefore condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and took into his own possession the wealth which his rapacity and injustice had heaped together. 'How unhappy,' said he, 'are those whom the gods have exalted above the rest of mankind! They see no object but through a medium which distorts it; they are surrounded by wretches who intercept truth in its approaches; every one imagines it his interest to deceive them, and every one conceals his own ambition under the appearance of zeal for their service; that regard is professed for the prince of which the wealth and honors that he dispenses are indeed the objects, and so flagitious is the neglect of his interest, that for these he is flattered and betraved.'

"From this time, Sesostris treated me with a tender friendship, and resolved to send me back to Ithaca in a fleet that should carry troops sufficient to deliver Penelope from all her suitors."

Such are a few passages in the story of Telemachus, as related to Calypso and her companions. When he had concluded the relation of his adventures, the nymphs, whose eyes had till then been immovably fixed upon him, looked at each other with a mixture of astonishment and delight. "What men," said they, "are these! In the fortunes of whom else would the gods have taken part? and of whom else could such wonders have been related? Ulysses is already surpassed in eloquence, in wisdom, and in courage by his son. What an aspect! what manly beauty! what a mixture of dignity and complacence, of firmness and modesty! If he

was not known to be born of a mortal, he might easily be mistaken for a god—for Bacchus, for Mercury, or perhaps even for Apollo himself! But who is this Mentor? His first appearance is that of a man obscurely born, and of mean condition; but when he is examined with attention, something inexpressible is discovered—something that is more than mortal!"

### The story proceeds:

"Calypso heard these exclamations with a confusion which she could not hide, and her eyes were incessantly glancing from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. She was often about to request a repetition of the story to which she had listened with so much delight, and as often suppressed her desire. At length she rose hastily from her seat, and, taking Telemachus with her, retired to a neighboring grove of myrtle.

"In the mean time, the nymyhs, who had been left with Mentor, gathered round him, and amused themselves by asking him questions. One inquired the particulars of his journey from Ethiopia; another desired to know what he had seen at Damascus; and a third asked him whether he had known Ulysses before the siege of Troy. Mentor answered them all with complacence and affability; and though he used no studied ornaments of speech, yet his expression was not only significant but graceful. The return of Calypso soon put an end to this conversation. Her nymphs then began to gather flowers, and to sing for the amusement of Telemachus; and Calypso took Mentor aside, hat she might, if possible, discover who he was from his own discourse.

"The words of Calypso were wont to steal upon the heart, as sleep steals upon the eyes of the weary, with a sweet and gentle, though irresistible, influence. She succeeded in charming Telemachus, but in Mentor there was something which defeated her eloquence, and eluded her beauty—something

as much superior to the power of Calypso as the rock that hides its foundation in the center, and its summit in the clouds, is superior to the wind that beats against it. He stood immovable in the purposes of his own wisdom, and suffered the goddess to exert all her arts against him with the utmost indifference and security. Sometimes he would let her deceive herself with the hope of having embarrassed him by her questions, and betrayed him into the involuntary discovery of himself; but just as she thought her curiosity was on the point of being gratified, her expectations were suddenly disappointed, all her conjectures were overthrown, and, by some short and unexpected answer, she was again overwhelmed in perplexity and doubt.

"In this manner Calypso passed one day after another—sometimes endeavoring to gain the heart of Telemachus by flattery, and sometimes laboring to alienate him from Mentor, of whom she no longer hoped to obtain the intelligence she desired. She employed the most beautiful of her nymphs to inflame the breast of the young hero with desire, and she was assisted in her designs against him by Venus, a deity whose power was superior to her own."

We have only space to add that Calypso used all her powers to persuade Telemachus to stay on the island; but these proved unavailing, owing to the conduct of Mentor, who, finding his pupil in danger of yielding to the seductions of the queen and her nymphs, pushes him from a rock into the sea, and leaps after him. A vessel is at anchor near by, and receives them on board. From this point, a new series of adventures begin, all of which, however, happily terminate in the return of Telemachus to Ithaca, where he finds Ulysses already arrived, and under the roof of his faithful friend Eumenes.



AUDIENCE-CHAMBER OF MOHAMMED ALY.

## INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

Some twenty years ago, our countryman, Mr. John L. Stephens, traveled in Egypt, Arabia, and Petræa, the results of which he published. These sketches have been regarded as among the most graphic that have been given to

the world. We make a few extracts, with the consent of the publishers.

### Introduction to Mohammed Aly.

"It is the custom of the pacha upon such occasions to send horses from his own stable, and servants from his own household, to wait upon the stranger. At half past three, I left my hotel, mounted on a noble horse, finely caparisoned, with a dashing red cloth saddle, a bridle ornamented with shells, and all the decorations and equipments of a well-mounted Turkish horseman, and, preceded by the janizary, and escorted by the consul, with no small degree of pomp and circumstance, I arrived at the gate of the citadel. Passing through a large yard, in which are several buildings connected with the different offices of government, we stopped at the door of the palace, and, dismounting, ascended a broad flight of marble steps to a large or central hall, from which doors opened into the different apartments. There were three recesses fitted up with divans, where officers were lounging, smoking, and taking coffee. The door of the divan, or hall of audience, was open, at which a guard was stationed, and in going up to demand permission to enter, we saw the pacha at the farther end of the room, with four or five Turks standing before him.

"Not being allowed to enter yet, we walked up and down the great hall, among lounging soldiers and officers of all ranks and grades, Turks, Arabs, and beggars, and went out upon the balcony. The view from this embraces the most interesting objects in the vicinity of Cairo, and there are few prospects in the world which include so many; the land of Goshen, the Nile, the obelisk at Heliopolis, the tombs of the Califs, the pyramids, and the deserts of eternal sands.

"While standing upon the balcony, a janizary came to tell us that the pacha would receive us, or, in other words, that we must come to the pacha. The audience-chamber was a very large room, with a high ceiling—perhaps eighty feet long, and thirty high—with Arabesque paintings on the wall, and a divan all around. The pacha was sitting near one corner at the extreme end, and had a long and full view of every one who approached him. I, too, had the same advantage, and, in walking up, I remarked him as a man about sixty-five, with a long and very white beard, strong features of a somewhat vulgar cast, a short nose, red face, and rough skin, with an uncommonly fine dark eye, expressing a world of determination and energy. He wore a large turban and a long silk robe, and was smoking a long pipe with an amber mouthpiece. Altogether, he looked the Turk much better than his nominal master, the sultan of Constantinople."

The conversation which followed was not of particular importance. Of the pacha, Mr. Stephens remarks as follows, though it is proper to say that the character here given is somewhat harsher than that which time has stamped upon the memory of this extraordinary man:

"The life and character of Mohammed Aly are a study and a problem. Like Bernadotte of Sweden, he has risen from the rank of a common soldier, and now sits firmly and securely on a throne of his own making. He has risen by the usual road to greatness among the Turks—war, bloodshed, and treachery. In early life, his bold and daring spirit attracted the attention of beys, pachas, and the sultan himself; and having attained a prominent position in the bloody wars that distracted Egypt under the Mamelukes, boldness, cruelty, intrigue, and treachery placed him on the throne of the califs, and neither then nor since have these usual engines of Turkish government, these usual accompaniments of Turkish greatness, for a moment deserted him. The extermination of the Mamelukes, the former lords of Egypt, as regards the number killed, is perhaps nothing in comparison with the thou

sands whose blood cries out from the earth against him; but the manner in which it was effected brands the pacha as the prince of traitors and murderers."



A Tournament.

While on the banks of the Nile, near the ruins of Thebes, Mr. Stephens saw a tournament among a number of Arabs, which he thus describes: "The parties were on horseback, holding in their right hands long wooden spears, the lower ends resting on the sand, close together, and forming a pivot around which their movements were made. They rode round in a circle, with their spears in the sand, and their eyes keenly fixed on each other, watching an opportunity to strike; chased, turned, and doubled, but never leaving the pivot; occasionally the spears were raised, crossed, and struck together, and a mur muring ran through the crowd like the cry in the fencing-scene in Hamlet, 'a hit, a fair hit,' and the parties separated, or again dropped their poles in the center for another round. The play for some time seemed confined to slaves and dependents; and among them, and decidedly the most skillful, was a young Nubian. His master, a Turk, who was sitting on the mat, seemed particularly pleased with his success.

"The whole of this seemed merely a preliminary, designed to stir up the dormant spirit of the masters. For a long time they sat quietly puffing their pipes, and probably longing for the stimulus of a battle-cry to rouse them from their torpor. At length one of them, the master of the Nubian, slowly rose from the mat, and challenged an antagonist. Slowly he laid down his pipe, and took and raised the pole in his hand; but still he was not more than half roused. A fresh horse was brought him, and, without taking off his heavy cloth mantle, he drowsily placed his left foot in the broad shovel-stirrup, his right on the rump of the horse, behind the saddle, and swung himself into the seat.

"The first touch of the saddle seemed to rouse him; he took the pole from the hand of his attendant, gave his horse a severe check, and, driving the heavy corners of the stirrups into his sides, dashed through the sand on a full run. At the other end of the course he stopped, rested a moment or two, then again driving his irons into his horse, dashed back at full speed; and when it seemed as if his next step would carry him headlong among the Turks on the mat, with one

jerk he threw his horse back on his haunches, and brought him up from a full run to a dead stop.

"This seemed to warm him a little; his attendant came up and took off his cloak, under which he had a red silk jacket and white trowsers, and again he dashed through the sand and back, as before. This time he brought up his horse with furious vehemence; his turban became unrolled, he flew into a violent passion, tore it off, and threw it on the sand, and, leaving his play, fiercely struck the spear of his adversary, and the battle at once commenced. The Turk, who had seemed too indolent to move, now showed a fire and energy, and an endurance of fatigue, that would have been terrible in battle. Both horse and rider scorned the blazing sun and burning sands, and round and round they ran, chasing, turning, and doubling, within an incredible small circle, till an approving murmur was heard among the crowd. The trial was now over, and the excited Turk again seated himself upon the mat, and relapsed into a state of calm indifference."

Mr. Stephens thus describes a party of pilgrims, whom he saw at Suez, on their way to Mecca:

"The pilgrims were now nearly all stirring, and the square was all in motion. The balcony, and, indeed, every part of the old roquel, were filled with the better class of pilgrims, principally Turks, the lords of the land; and in an apartment opening on the balcony, immediately next to mine, sat a beautiful Circassian, wife of one of the Turks, with the regular features and brilliant complexion of her country. By her side were two lovely children, fair and beautiful as their mother. Her face was completely uncovered, for she did not know that a stranger was gazing on her, and, turning from the black visages around him to her fair and lovely face, was reveling in recollections of the beauties of his native land.



THE CIRCASSIAN AND HER CHILDREN.

"The balcony and staircase were thronged with pilgrims, many still asleep, so that I was obliged to step over their bodies in going down, and out of doors the case was much the same. At home, I should have thought it a peculiarly interesting circumstance to join a caravan of Mussulmans on their pilgrimage to Mecca; but, long before I had seen them

start from the gate of Cairo, my feelings were essentially changed."

The same party, about to proceed on their journey, are thus described:

"The scene itself, as now presented, did not sustain the high and holy character of a pilgrimage. All were abominably filthy; some were sitting around a great dish of pilau, thrusting their hands in it up to the knuckles, squeezing the boiled rice, and throwing back their heads as they crammed the huge morsel down their throats; others packing up their merchandise, or carrying water-skins, or whetting their sabers; others wrangling for a few paras; and in one place was an Arab butcher, bare-legged and naked from the waist \* upward, with his hands, breast, and face smeared with blood, leaning over the body of a slaughtered camel, brandishing an axe, and chopping off huge pieces of meat for the surrounding pilgrims. A little off from the shore, a large party were embarking on board a small boat to go down to their vessel, which was lying at the mouth of the harbor; they were wading up to their middle, every one with something on his shoulders, or above his head. Thirty or forty had already got on board, and as many more were trying to do the same; but the boat was already full. A loud wrangling commenced, succeeded by clinching, throttling, splashing in the water, and running to the shore. I saw bright swords gleaming in the air, heard the ominous click of a pistol, and in one moment more blood would have been shed but for a Turkish aga, who had been watching the scene from the governor's balcony, and now dashing in among them with a huge silver-headed mace, and laying about him right and left, brought the turbulent pilgrims to a condition more suited to their sacred character."



A Glimpse at the Bedouins.

"The last was by far the most interesting day of my journey to Mount Sinai. We were moving along a broad valley, bounded by ranges of lofty and crumbling mountains, forming an immense rocky rampart on each side of us; and rocky and barren as these mountains seemed, on their tops were

gardens which produced oranges, dates, and figs, in great abundance.

"Here, on heights almost inaccessible to any but the children of the desert, the Bedouin pitches his tent, pastures his sheep and goats, and gains the slender subsistence necessary for himself and family; and often, looking up the bare side of the mountain, we could see, on its summit's edge, the wild figure of a half-naked Arab, with his long matchlock gun in his hand, watching the movement of our little caravan. Sometimes, too, the eye rested upon the form of a woman stealing across the valley, not a traveler or passer-by, but a dweller in the land where no smoke curled from the domestic hearth, and no sign of a habitation was perceptible.

"There was something very interesting to me in the greetings of my companions with the other young men of their tribe. They were just returning from a journey to Cairo, an event in the life of a young Bedouin; and they were bringing a stranger from a land that none of them had ever heard of; yet their greeting had the coldness of frosty age, and the reserve of strangers; twice they would gently touch the palms of each other's hands, mutter a few words, and in a moment the welcomers were again climbing to their tents. One, I remember, greeted us more warmly, and stayed longer among us. He was by profession a beggar and robber, as occasion required, and wanted something from us, but it was not much; merely some bread and a charge of powder.

"Not far from the track we saw, hanging on a thorn-bush, the black cloth of a Bedouin's tent, with the pole, ropes, pegs, and every thing necessary to convert it into a habitation for a family. It had been there six months; the owner had gone to a new pasture-ground, and there it had hung, and there it would hang, sacred and untouched, until he returned to claim it. 'It belongs to one of our tribe, and cursed be the hand that touches it,' is the feeling of every Bedouin. Uncounted gold might be exposed in the same

way; and the poorest Bedouin, though a robber by birth and profession, would pass by and touch it not."



A Fisherman on the Shore of the Red Sea.

"About an hour afterward, we came upon a fisherman stealing along the shore with his net in his hand, looking into the sea, and ready to throw it when he saw any fish. The process, like every thing else that one sees here, is perfectly primitive, and carries the beholder back to the early days of this ancient country. Carrying the net on his left arm, crooked, cleared, and prepared for a throw, with one end in his right hand, and taking advantage of ripples made by the wind, and the sun throwing his shadow behind him, he runs along the shore until he sees a school of fish, when, with a gentle jerk, and without any noise, he throws his net, which opens and spreads as it falls, so that a little thing, which could be put easily into a hat, expands sufficiently to cover a surface of twenty or thirty feet. While running along with us, he threw several times; and as he managed his craft with skill, never throwing until he saw something, he was always successful. I could not make any thing out of the Arabic name of the fish; but I have the flavor of them still on my tongue—a flavor at the moment finer than that of the sole or turbot of Paris, or the trout of Long Island."

#### The Sheik's Horse.

"The sheik's was an extraordinary animal. The saddle had not been off her back for thirty days; and the sheik, himself, a most restless creature, would dash off suddenly a dozen times a day, on a full run across the valley, up the sides of a mountain, round and round our caravan, with his long spear poised in the air, and his dress streaming in the wind; and when he returned, and brought her to a walk at my side, the beautiful animal would snort and paw the ground, as if proud of what she had done, and anxious for another course. I could almost imagine I saw the ancient war-horse of Idumea—the country in which we were traveling—so finely described by Job: 'His neck clothed with thunder. Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield. He swalloweth the ground



THE SHEIK'S HORSE.

with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

# Pilgrimage to the Jordan.

"The next day I left Jerusalem; but, before leaving it, I was witness to another striking scene, which I shall never forget; the departure of the pilgrims, fifteen or twenty thousand in number, for the Jordan. At an early hour I was on horseback, outside St. Stephen's Gate. It was such a morning as that on which I started for the Dead Sea, clear, bright,



DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FOR THE JORDAN.

and beautiful; the streets of the city were deserted, and the whole population were outside the walls, sitting under the shadow of the temple, among the tombs of the Turkish burying-ground; the women in their long white dresses, with the r faces covered, and the men in large flowing robes, of gay and varied colors, and turbans of every fashion, many of them green, the proud token of the pilgrimage to Mecca, with

pipes, and swords, and glittering arms. The whole Valley of Jehoshaphat was filled with moving beings, in every variety of gay apparel, as if the great day of resurrection had already come, and the tenants of the dreary tombs had burst the fetters of the grave, and come forth into new life and beauty. I had received an invitation from the governor to ride in his suite; and, while waiting for him at the gate, the terrible Abougos, with his retainers, came out, and beckoned me to join him. I followed him over the Brook Kedron and the Valley of Jehoshaphat to the Garden of Gethsemane, where I stopped, and, giving my horse to an Arab boy, I stepped over the low fence, and, seating myself on the jutting root of the tree marked by the knives of pilgrims as that under which our Saviour was betrayed, looking over the heads of the Turkish women seated on the fence below, I saw the whole procession streaming from the gate, crossing the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and filing along the foot of the garden.

"They were on foot and on horseback, on donkeys, mules, dromedaries, and camels, and here and there were well-equipped caravans, with tents and provisions for the monks of the different convents. It would be impossible to give any idea of this strange and extraordinary procession; here might be seen a woman on horseback, with a child on each arm; there a large pannier on each side of a mule, with a man in one and a woman in the other; or a large frame on the high back of a camel, like a diminutive ark, carrying a whole family, with all their quilts, coverlets, cooking utensils, &c.

"Among them, riding alone on a raw-boned horse, was a beggarly Italian, in a worn and shabby European dress, with a fowling-piece and a game-bag, and everybody made way for him; and there was a general laugh wherever he came. And now a body of Turkish horsemen, with drawn cimeters in their hands, rushed out of the gate, dashed down the valley, and up the sides of the mountains at full gallop, clearing the

way for the governor; and then came the governor himself, under a salute from the fortress, on a horse of the best blood of Arabia, riding as if he were part of the noble animal, preceded by the music of the Turkish drum, and bowing with a nobility and dignity of manner known only in the East, and which I marked the more particularly, as he stopped opposite to me, and beckoned to me to join him. Then came the pilgrims again, and I sat there till the last had gone by.

"Galloping back to the gate, I turned to look at them for the last time, a living, moving mass of thousands, thousands of miles from their homes, bound for the sacred Jordan, and strong in the faith that, bathing in its hallowed waters, they

should wash away their sins."

#### DISCREDITING A WITNESS.

LAWYER. Mr. Clayton, will you have the goodness to answer me, directly or categorically, a few plain questions?

WITNESS. Certainly, sir.

Law. Well, Mr. Clayton, is there a female living with you, wno is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Clayton.

Wir. There is.

LAW. Is she under your protection?

Wirf. Yes.

Law. Do you support her?

WIT. I do.

Law. Have you ever been married to her?

Wit. I have not. (Here several jurors scowl gloomily on Mr. Clayton.)

Law. That is all, Mr. Clayton.

Opposing Counsel. Mr. Clayton, is the female in question your mother?

Wir. She is.



THE STORY OF DON QUIXOTE.

The story of Don Quixote is ranked among the most witty and amusing that has ever been penned. It is the production of Miguel Cervantes, a native of Castile, in Spain, who died in 1616, in the 69th year of his age, and on the very day in which Shakspeare, his great contemporary, departed this life.

Don Quixote is represented as a respectable, well-educated

gentleman, of la Mancha, in Spain, whose head has been turned by reading the books of chivalry, then much in vogue. Accordingly, he imagines himself living in the times of knighterrantry, and like the renowned heroes, Amadis and Orlando, he goes forth in quest of adventures. He is equipped in rusty armor, and mounted on his famished steed, to which he has given the name of Rozinante. Thus, he traverses fields, woods, and mountains; the most common objects being transformed by his imagination into strange and portentous marvels. Giants and enchanters meet him at every step, yet all his accidents and sufferings have no effect in removing his illusions. One of his neighbors, named Sancho Panza, a farmer by profession, a coarse vulgar fellow, but of some natural shrewdness, attends him as his squire.

One of the most celebrated of Don Quixote's adventures, and which has given rise to a proverb in common use, is related as follows:

"As the knight and his squire rode along, occupied in discourse, they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills, situated in a plain. As soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire: 'Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay; and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves: for it is lawful war, and doing God good service to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth.'

" 'What giants?' said Sancho Panza.

"'Those thou seest yonder,' answered his master, 'with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues.'

"'Look, sir,' answered Sancho; 'those, which appear yonder, are not giants, but windmills; and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the mill-stones go.'



"'It is very evident,' answered Don Quixote, 'that thou art not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants; and, if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat.' So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they were certainly windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though

he was very near them, but went on, crying out aloud: 'Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs; for it is a single knight who assaults you.' The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move: upon which Don Quixote called out: 'Although ye should move more arms than the giant Bria-

reus, ye shall pay for it!'

"Then recommending himself devoutly to Dulcinea—a vulgar country wench, whom the knight imagined to be a beautiful princess—beseeching her to succor him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; when, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance, as fast as the ass could carry him; and when he came up to his master, he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in their fall.

"'God save me!' quoth Sancho, 'did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? And nobody could mistake them, but one that had the like in his head.'

"'Peace, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote: 'for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the sage Freston, who, as you may remember, stole away my books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword.'

"'God grant it!' answered Sancho Panza; then helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon his steed, which was

almost torn asunder at the joints."

Though sorely bruised, the knight was able to continue his journey. As he went along, thus talking with his companion, there appeared on the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore traveling masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, accompanied by four or five men on horseback, and two muleteers on foot. Within the coach, as it afterwards appeared, was a Biscaine lady on her way to join her husband at Seville, who was there waiting to embark for India, where he was appointed to a very honorable post. The monks were not in her company, but were only traveling the same road.

Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire: "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever happened; for those black figures that appear yonder, must undoubtedly be enchanters, who are carrying off, in that coach, some princess whom they have stolen; which wrong I am bound to use my utmost endeavors to redress."

"This may prove a worse business than the windmills," said Sancho: "pray, sir, take notice that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travelers. Hearken to my advice, sir; have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you."

"I have already told thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou knowest little concerning adventures: what I say is true, as thou wilt presently see." So saying, he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the highway, by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out, with a loud voice, "Diabolical and monstrous race! Either instantly release the high-born princesses whom ye are carrying away perforce in that coach, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds."

The monks stopped their mules, and stood amazed, as much at the figure of Don Quixote, as at his expressions; to which they answered, "Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but monks of the Benedictine order, traveling on our own business, and entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away in that coach, by force, or not."

"No fair speeches to me! for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels!" said Don Quixote: and, without waiting for a reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk, with such fury and resolution that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he would certainly have been thrown to the ground, and wounded too, if not killed outright. The second monk, on observing how his comrade was treated, clapped spurs to the sides of his good mule, and began to scour along the plain, lighter than the wind itself.

Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running up to him, began to disrobe him. While he was thus employed, the two lackeys came up and asked him why he was stripping their master. Sancho told them that they were his lawful perquisites, being the spoils of the battle, which his lord Don Quixote had just The lackeys, who did not understand the jest, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing that Don Quixote was at a distance, speaking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, threw him down, and, besides leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, deprived of sense and motion. Without losing a moment, the monk now got upon his mule again, trembling, terrified, and pale as death; and was no sooner mounted than he spurred after his companion, who stood at some distance, to observe the issue of this strange encounter: but, being unwilling to wait, they pursued their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been at their heels.

In the mean time, Don Quixote proceeded in the courteous

manner of a true knight, to address the lady in the coach. "Your beauteous ladyship may now," said he, "dispose of your person as pleaseth you best; for the pride of your ravishers lies humbled in the dust, overthrown by my invincible arm; and, that you may be at no trouble to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and, in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and, in my name, present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a Biscainer, who, finding he would not let it proceed, but talked of their immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian and worse Biscaine, after this manner: "Cavalier, begone! and the devil go with thee! I swear by the God that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscainer."

Thereupon a terrible battle ensued between the knight and the squire. The latter soon dealt his adversary a terrible blow, which made Don Quixote cry out, "O lady of my soul! Dulcinea, flower of all beauty! Succor this thy knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this perilous extremity!" This invocation, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and rushing with fury on the Biscainer, was the work of an instant—he resolving to venture all on the fortune of a single blow. The Biscainer, perceiving his purpose, determined to do the same, and therefore waited for him, covering himself well with a cushion he had taken from the coach as a shield; but he was unable to turn his mule either to the right or the left, for, being already jaded and unaccustomed to such sport, the creature would not move a step.

Don Quixote, however, advanced toward the wary Biscainer with his uplifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder: and the Biscainer awaited him, with his sword also raised, and guarded by his cushion. All the bystanders were in fearful suspense as to the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach and her attendants were making a thousand vows and promises of offerings, to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that God might deliver them and their squire from this great peril.

The blow speedily fell, and with such fury, that the blood began to gush out at the Biscainer's nostrils, mouth, and ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, had he not laid fast hold of her neck; but, notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups, and then let go his hold; while the mule, frightened at the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges, laid her master flat on the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness, and seeing him fall, he leaped from his horse, with much agility ran up to him, and, clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield, or he would cut off his head.

The Biscainer was so stunned that he could not answer a word; and it would have gone hard with him (so blinded with rage was Don Quixote), had not the ladies in the coach, who, till now, had been witnessing the combat in great dismay, approached him, and earnestly entreated that he would do them the great kindness and favor to spare the life of their squire.

Don Quixote answered with much solemnity and gravity: "Assuredly, fair ladies, I am most willing to grant you your request, but it must be upon a certain condition and compact, which is, that this knight shall promise to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself from me, before the peerless Donna Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him according to her pleasure." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required, or inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him that her squire should perform whatever he commanded. "Then, on the faith of this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no further hurt;

though he has well deserved it at my hands."

Proceeding in their journey, the knight and his squire came at last to a mountainous country, when Don Quixote grew more and more addled every day. At last they fell in with a party consisting of a priest and barber, who were of the knight's country, together with a man named Cardenio and a beautiful lady, who was called Dorothea. These entered into a plot to cure Don Quixote of his insanity, by putting upon him a trick so gross, as to open his eyes to the folly of his illusions. For this purpose Dorothea was reported as a great princess, the queen of the mighty kingdom of Micomicon, in Ethiopia, who had been driven from her throne by a giant. She therefore appeared before the knight, and falling on her knees, besought him, like a true hero of chivalry, to aid her in her distressed condition, by expelling the usurper, and restoring her to her throne.

To this he gravely replied, "It is impossible for me to answer you, fair lady, while you remain in that posture."

"I will not arise, signor," answered the afflicted damsel, "until your courtesy shall vouchsafe the boon I ask."

"I do vouchsafe and grant it to you," answered Don Quixote, "provided my compliance be of no detriment to my king, my country, or to her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty."

"It will not be to the prejudice of either of these, dear sir," replied the afflicted damsel.

Sancho, now approaching his master, whispered softly in his ear, "Your worship may very safely grant the boon she asks, for it is a mere trifle—only to kill a great lubberly giant; and she who begs it is the mighty Princess Micomi-



cona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, in Ethiopia."

"Whosoever the lady may be," answered Don Quixote, "I shall act as my duty and my conscience dictate, in conformity to the rules of my profession." Then, addressing himself to the damsel, he said, "Fairest lady, arise; for I vouch-safe you whatever boon you ask."

"My request, then, is," said the damsel, "that your mag-

nanimity will go whither I shall conduct you, and that you will promise not to engage in any other adventure until you have avenged me on a traitor, who, against all right, human

and divine, has usurped my kingdom."

"I grant your request," answered Don Quixote, "and therefore, lady, dispel that melancholy which oppresses you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh life and strength; for, by the help of God and my powerful arm, you shall soon be restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite of all the miscreants who would oppose it; and, therefore, we will instantly proceed to action, for there is always danger in delay."

The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands; but Don Quixote, who was, in every respect, a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it, but, making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to look after Rozinante's girths, and to assist him to arm. Sancho took down the armor from a tree, where it hung like a trophy, and, having got Rozinante ready, quickly armed his master, who then cried, "In God's name, let us hasten to succor this great lady."

Matters being all arranged for the expedition, the whole party proceeded, and at last they came to an inn, where various curious incidents happened. It appears that the knight and his squire had been there before, and the former, taking the inn for a castle, refused to pay for his lodgings, and accordingly went away. Poor Sancho was therefore made to pay the reckoning in a way that was at once mortifying to his pride and disagreeable to his body, of which we must give a brief account.

It chanced that at the inn there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers from the fountain of Cordova, and two neighbors from the market-place of Seville; all merry, good-humored, frolicksome fellows; who, seeing what had happened, came up to Sancho, and, having dismounted

him, one of them produced a blanket from the landlord's bed, into which he was immediately thrown; but, perceiving that the ceiling was too low, they determined to execute their purpose in the yard, which was bounded upward only by the sky.

Thither Sancho was carried; and, being placed in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and divert themselves with him, as with a dog at Shrovetide. The cries which the poor blanketed squire sent forth were so many, and so loud, that they reached his master's ears; who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he plainly recognized the voice of his squire: then turning the reins, he galloped back to the inndoor, and finding it closed, he rode round in search of some other entrance; but had no sooner reached the yard-wall, which was not very high, than he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility, that, if his indignation would have suffered him, he certainly would have laughed outright.

He made an effort to get from his horse so as to deliver his squire, but was so maimed and bruised that he was unable to do so; and therefore, remaining on horseback, he proceeded to vent his rage, by uttering so many reproaches and invectives against those who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to commit them to writing. But they suspended neither their laughter nor their labor, nor did the flying Sancho cease to pour forth lamentations, mingled now with threats, now with entreaties; yet all were of no avail, and they desisted at last only from pure fatigue. They then brought him his ass, and wrapping him in his cloak, mounted him thereon. He clapped heels to his beast and disappeared through the gate; the landlord, however, having kept his wallets in payment of what was due.

It was to this same inn that the travelers had now come,

and where, as we have said, other strange adventures awaited the knight and his squire. One night a terrible noise was heard in the chamber of the former, whereupon Sancho ran to see what was the matter. "Very soon he came forth, crying aloud, 'Run, gentlemen, quickly, and succor my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest battle my eyes ever beheld. As God shall save me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the Princess Micomicona, such a stroke that he has cut his head as clean off his shoulders as if it had been a turnip!'

"'What say you, brother?' quoth the priest; 'are you in your senses, Sancho? How can this possibly be, since the giant is two thousand leagues off?' At that instant they heard a great noise in the room, and Don Quixote calling aloud, 'Stay, cowardly thief! robber! rogue! Here I have you, and your cimiter shall avail you nothing!' Then followed the sound of strokes and slashes against the walls.

"'Do not stand listening,' quoth Sancho, 'but go in and end the fray, or help my master: though by this time there will be no occasion; as I dare say the giant is dead, and giving an account to God of his past wicked life: for I saw the blood run about the floor, and the head cut off, lying on one

side, and as big as a wine-skin.'

"'I will be hanged,' exclaimed the innkeeper, 'if Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not gashed some of the wine-skins that stand at his bed's-head; and the wine he has spilt this fellow takes for blood.' So saying, he rushed into the room, followed by the whole company: and they found Don Quixote in the strangest situation imaginable. He was in his shirt, which was not long enough before to cover his thighs, and was six inches shorter behind; his legs were long and lank, very hairy, and not over clean; he had on his head a little greasy red cap, which belonged to the innkeeper. About his left arm he had twisted the bed-blanket (to which Sancho owed a grudge,—he well knew why), and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about



him on all sides, calling out as if in actual combat. His eyes were shut, being still asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant: for his mind was so full of the adventure which he had undertaken that he dreamt that, having reached the kingdom of Micomicon, and engaged in combat with his enemy, he was cleaving the giant down with a stroke that also proved fatal to the wine-skins, and set the whole room afloat with wine.

"The innkeeper, seeing this, was in such a rage that, with clenched fists, he fell so furiously upon Don Quixote, that if Cardenio and the priest had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant. The barber seeing that the poor gentleman was still not awake, he brought a large bucket of cold water, with which he soused him all over; and, even that ablution did not restore him so entirely as to make him sensible of his situation.

"Dorothea, perceiving how scantily and airily he was arrayed, would not stay to see the fight between her champion and adversary. Sancho searched about the floor for the head of the giant, and, not finding it, he said, 'Well, I see plainly that every thing about this house is enchantment: for the last time I was here I had thumps and blows given me in this very same place by an invisible hand; and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, and the blood spouting from the body like any fountain.'

"'What blood and what fountain? thou enemy to God and his saints!' said the innkeeper: 'dost thou not see, fellow, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room! I wish I may see his soul floating in hell that pierced them!'

"'So much the worse for me,' said Sancho; 'for want of this head, I shall see my earldom melt away like salt in water.' Thus Sancho, awake, was as wise as Don Quixote asleep; his head being quite turned by his master's promises. The innkeeper lost all patience at the indifference of the squire, and the mischievous havoc of the knight; and he swore they should not escape, as they did before, without paying; and that the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him this time from discharging both reckonings, even to the patching of the wine-skins.

"Don Quixote (whose hands were held by the priest) now conceiving the adventure to be finished, and that he was in the presence of the Princess Micomicona, fell on his knees

before the priest, and said, 'High and renowned lady, your highness may henceforward live secure against harm from that ill-born wretch. I have now discharged the promise I gave you, since, by the assistance of heaven, and through the favor of her by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished the enterprise.'"

The party remained several days at the inn, where a variety of other curious incidents took place. One night, Don Quixote, having determined to keep guard of the supposed castle, being without and mounted on Rozinante, occupied himself, like other knights-errant, in pouring forth his feelings for his lady-love. The innkeeper's daughter, and her maid, named

Maritornes, listened and heard the following words:

"O my lady Dulcinea del Toboso! perfection of all beauty, quintessence of discretion, treasury of wit, and pledge of modesty! what may now be thy sweet employment? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils for thy sake? O thou triformed luminary! bring me swift tidings of her. Perhaps thou art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she walks through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leans over some balcony, considering how she may, without offence to her virtue and dignity, assuage the torment which this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her, or meditating on what glory she shall bestow on my sufferings, what solace to my cares, or recompense to my long services! And thou, O Sun! who must now be preparing to harness thy steeds to come forth and visit my adorable lady, salute her, I entreat thee, in my name; but beware that thou dost not kiss her face, for I shall be more jealous of thee than thou wert of that swift ingrate who made thee sweat and run over the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of Peneus-I do not exactly remember over which it was thou ran'st-so jealous and so enamored."

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his solilogue

when the innkeeper's daughter, who was full of mischief, softly called to him, saying: "Pray, sir, come a little this way." Don Quixote turned his head, and perceived by the light of the moon, which then shone bright, that some person beckoned him towards the spike-hole, which to his fancy, was a window with gilded bars, suitable to the rich castle he conceived the inn to be; and, his former visions again recurring, he concluded that the fair damsel of the castle, irresistibly enamored of him, had now come to repeat her visit. Unwilling, therefore, to appear discourteous or ungrateful, he approached the aperture, and replied—

"I lament, fair lady, that you should have placed your affections where it is impossible for you to meet with that return which your great merit and beauty deserve: yet ought you not to blame an unfortunate knight whom love has already enthralled. Pardon me, dear lady; retire, and do not, by any further disclosure of your sentiments, make me appear yet more ungrateful; but if I can repay you in another way than by a return of passion, I entreat that you will command me, and I swear, by that sweet absent enemy of mine, to gratify you immediately, though you should require a lock of Medusa's hair which was composed of snakes, or

a collection of sunbeams inclosed in a vial."

"Sir," quoth Maritornes, "my lady wants none of these."
"What then doth your lady require, discreet duenna?"
answered Don Quixote.

"Only one of your beautiful hands," quoth Maritornes, "whereby partly to satisfy that longing which brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honor, that, if her ord and father should know of it, he would whip off at least one of her ears."

"Let him dare to do it!" cried Don Quixote; "fatal should be his punishment for presuming to lay violent hands on the delicate members of an enamored daughter."

Maritornes, not doubting but that he would grant the re-

quest, hastened down into the stable, and brought back the halter belonging to Sancho's dapple, just as Don Quixote had got upon Rozinante's saddle to reach the gilded window at which the enamored damsel stood; and, giving her his hand, he said: "Accept, madam, this hand, or rather this scourge of the wicked; accept, I say, this hand, which that of woman never before touched, not even hers who has the entire right to my whole person. I offer it not to be kissed, but that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may infer what must be the strength of that arm which belongs to such a hand."

"We shall soon see that," quoth Maritornes. Then, making a running knot in the halter, she fixed it on his wrist, and tied the other end of it fast to the staple of the hay-loft door. Don Quixote, feeling the harsh rope about his wrist, said, "You seem rather to rasp than clasp my hand—pray do not treat it so roughly, since that is not to blame for my adverse inclination: nor is it just to vent your displeasure thus: indeed, this kind of revenge is very unworthy of a lover." But his expostulations were unheard; for, as soon as Maritornes had tied the knot, the other maid went laughing away, having fastened the halter in such a manner that it was im-

possible for him to get loose.

Thus he remained standing upright on Rozinante, his arm within the hole, and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, and in the utmost alarm lest Rozinante should move on either side, and leave him suspended. He durst not, therefore, make the least motion; though, indeed, he might well have expected, from the sobriety and patience of Rozinante, that he would remain in that position an entire century. In short, Don Quixote, finding himself thus situated, and the ladies gone, concluded that it was an affair of enchantment, like others which had formerly happened to him in the same castle. He then cursed his own indiscretion for having entered

it a second time; since he might have learnt, from his books of chivalry, that when a knight was unsuccessful in an adventure, it was a sign that its accomplishment was reserved for another, and that second trials were always fruitless.

He made many attempts to release himself, though he was afraid of making any great exertion, lest Rozinante should move; but his efforts were all in vain; and he was compelled either to remain standing on the saddle, or run the risk of tearing off his hand. Now he wished for Amadis's sword, against which no enchantment had power; and now he cursed his Sometimes he expatiated on the loss the world would sustain during the period of his enchantment; other moments were devoted to his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso. and some to his good squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched on his ass's pannel and buried in sleep, was dreaming of no such misfortune; nor did he fail to invoke the aid of the sages of Lirgandeo and Alquife, and to call upon his special friend Urganda. Thus the morning found him, like a bull, roaring with despair; for he expected no relief with the dawn, fearing his enchantment was eternal; and he was the more induced to believe it as Rozinante made not the least motion, and he verily thought himself and his horse must remain in the same posture, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until the evil influence of the stars had passed over, or some more powerful sage should disenchant him.

But he was mistaken; for it was scarcely daylight, when four men on horseback stopped at the inn, well appointed and accoutered, with carbines hanging on their saddle-bows. Not finding the inn-door open, they called aloud, and knocked very hard; upon which Don Quixote called out from the place where he stood sentinel, in an arrogant and loud voice—

"Knights, or squires, or whoever ye are, desist from knocking at the gate of this castle; for, at this early hour, its inmates are doubtless sleeping; at least they are not accustomed to open the gates of their fortress, until the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon: retire until brighter daylight shall inform us whether it be proper to admit you or not."

"What the devil of a fortress, or castle is this," quoth one of them, "that we are obliged to observe all this ceremony? If you are the innkeeper, make somebody open the door, for we are travelers, and only want to bait our horses, and go on, as we are in haste."

"What say ye, sirs,—do I look like an innkeeper?" said Don Quixote.

"I know not what you look like," answered the other; "but I am sure you talk very absurdly to call this inn a castle."

"A castle it is," replied Don Quixote, "and one of the best in the whole province; and at this moment contains within its walls persons who have had crowns on their heads and scepters in their hands."

"You had better have said the reverse," quoth the traveler; "the scepter on the head, and the crown in the hand:—but, perhaps, some company of strolling players are here, who frequently wear such things; this is not a place for any other sort of crowned heads."

"Your ignorance must be great," replied Don Quixote, "if you know not that such events are very common in chivalry." The other horseman, impatient at the dialogue, repeated his knocks with so much violence that he roused not only the host, but all the company in the house.

Just at that time it happened that the horse of one of the travelers was seized with an inclination to smell at Rozinante, who, sad and spiritless, was then supporting his distended lord; but being, in fact, a horse of flesh, although he seemed to be one of stone, he could not be insensible to the compliment, nor refuse to return it with equal kindness. But scarcely had he stirred a step, when Don Quixote's feet slipped from the saddle, and he remained suspended by the arm, in so much torture that he fancied his wrist or his arm was being

torn from his body; and he hung so near the ground that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes, which only made his situation the worse; for, feeling how near he was to the ground, he stretched and strained with all his might to reach it; like those who are tortured by the strappado, and who, being placed in the same dilemma, aggravate their sufferings by their fruitless efforts to stretch themselves.

We must pass over a multitude of incidents, and come at once to the knight's adventures as he was on his way to pay a visit to Dulcinea del Toboso, the lady to whom he had vowed eternal affection, as a true knight. Having reached a forest in the neighborhood of the village, he sent Sancho forward to discover the residence of his mistress, which he imagined must be in some splendid castle. The squire soon met three women, mounted on asses, and determined to pass them off on his bewildered master, as the peerless Dulcinea and her women. Accordingly he came back, saying—

"Come, sir, put on, and you will see the princess, our mistress, all arrayed and adorned—in short, like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold—all strings of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of tissue above ten hands deep; their hair loose about their shoulders, like so many sunbeams blowing about in the wind; and, what is more, they come mounted upon three pied belfreys, the finest

you ever laid eyes on."

"Palfreys, thou wouldst say, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote.

"Well, well," answered Sancho, "belfreys and palfreys are much the same thing; but let them be mounted how they will, they are sure the finest creatures one would wish to see; especially my mistress the Princess Dulcinea, who dazzles one's senses."

"Let us go, son Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and as a reward for this welcome news, I bequeath to thee the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure."

They had now got out of the wood, and saw the three

wenches very near. Don Quixote looked eagerly along the road toward Toboso, and seeing nobody but the three women, he asked Sancho, in much agitation, whether the princess and her party were out of the city when he left them.

"Out of the city!" answered Sancho; "are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see them now

before you, shining like the sun at noonday?"

"I see only three country girls," answered Don Quixote, "on three asses."

"Now, God keep me from the devil!" answered Sancho; "is it possible that three palfreys, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should look to you like asses? As the Lord liveth, you shall pluck off this beard of mine if it be so."

"I tell thee, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that it is as certain they are asses, as that I am Don Quixote and thou Sancho Panza; at least so they seem to me."

"Sir," quoth Sancho, "say not such a thing; but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and pay reverence to the mistress of your soul." So saying, he advanced forward to meet the peasant girls, and, alighting from Dapple, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter, and bending both knees to the ground, said to the girl: "Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands there turned into stone, all disordered, and without any pulse, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is that wayworn knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called 'the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'"

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees by Sancho, and with wild and staring eyes surveyed her whom Sancho called his queen; and, seeing nothing but a peasant girl, with a broad face, flat nose, coarse and homely, he was so confounded that he could not open his lips. The wenches were also surprised to find themselves stopped by two men so different in aspect, and both on their knees; but the lady who was stopped, breaking silence, said in an angry tone: "Get out of the road, plague on ye! and let me pass by, for we are in haste."

"O princess, and universal lady of Toboso!" cried Sancho, "is not your magnificent heart melting to see, on his knees before your sublimated presence, the pillar and prop of knight-

errantry?"

"Hey day! what's here to do?" cried another of the girls; "look how your small gentry come to jeer us poor country girls, as if we could not give them as good as they bring: go! get off about your business, and let us mind ours, and so

speed you well."

"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote, on hearing this: "for now I perceive that fortune, not yet satisfied with persecuting me, has barred every avenue whereby relief might come to the wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, summit of human perfection, thou sole balm to this disconsolate heart that adores thee, though now some wicked enchanter spreads clouds and cataracts over my eyes, changing, and to them only, thy peerless beauty into that of a poor rustic; if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it horrible to thy view, bestow on me one kind and amorous look, and let this submissive posture, these bended knees, before thy disguised beauty, declare the humility with which my soul adores thee!"

"Marry come up," quoth the wench, "with your idle gibberish! get on with you, and let us go, and we shall take it kindly." Sancho now let go the halter, delighted that he had come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary Dulcinea was no sooner at liberty than, pricking her beast with a sharp-pointed stick, which she held in her hand, she scoured along the field; but the ass, smarting more than

usual under the goad, began to kick and wince in such a manner that down came the Lady Dulcinea to the ground. Don Quixote instantly ran to her assistance, and Sancho also to replace the pannel that had got under the ass's belly. Don Quixote was then proceeding to raise his enchanted mistress, but the lady saved him that trouble; for, immediately upon getting up from the ground, she retired three or four steps back, took a little run, then, clapping both hands upon the ass's crupper, jumped into the saddle quicker than a falcon, and seated herself astride like a man.

"By Saint Roque!" cried Sancho, "our lady mistress is lighter than a bird, and could teach the nimblest Cordovan or Mexican how to mount: she springs into the saddle at a jump, and, without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass; and her damsels are not a whit short of her, for they all fly like the wind!" And this was the truth; for, Dulcinea being remounted, the other two made after her, full speed, without looking behind them, for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes as far as he was able, and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said, "What dost thou think now, Sancho! See how I am persecuted by enchanters! Mark how far their malice extends, even to depriving me of the pleasure of seeing my mistress in her own proper form! Surely I was born to be an example of wretchedness, and the butt and mark at which all the arrows of ill-fortune are aimed! And thou must have observed too, Sancho, that these traitors were not contented with changing and transforming the countenance of my Dulcinea, but they must give her the base and uncouth figure of a country-wench; at the same time robbing her of that which is peculiar to ladies of rank,—the fragrant scent which they imbibe from being always among flowers and sweet perfumes; for if thou wilt believe me, Sancho, when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey (as thou sayst, though to me it appeared but an ass) she gave me such

a whiff of undigested garlic as almost poisoned my very soul."

"O base rabble," cried Sancho; "O barbarous and evilminded enchanters! Oh! that I might see you all strung and hung up by the gills like smoked herrings! Cunning ye are; much ye can, and much evil ye do. One would have thought it might have satisfied ye, rogues as ye are! to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-galls, and her hair of the purest gold into bristles of a red cow's tail, and all her features from beauty to ugliness, without meddling with her breath, by which we might have guessed at what was hid beneath her ugly crust—though, to say the truth, to me she did not appear in the least ugly, but rather all beauty, which was raised to the highest pitch, by a mole she had on her right lip, like a whisker, with seven or eight red hairs on it, like threads of gold, and above a span long!"

"As to the mole," said Don Quixote, "according to the correspondence subsisting between the moles of the face and those of the body, Dulcinea should have another on her side: but, indeed, hairs of the length thou sayst are somewhat of

the longest for moles."

"Yet I can assure your worship," answered Sancho, "that there they were, and looked as if they had been born with her."

"I believe it, friend," replied Don Quixote; "for nature has placed nothing about Dulcinea but what is finished and perfect; and therefore, had she a hundred moles, like those of which thou speakest, in her they would not be moles, but moons and resplendent stars. But tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pannel, was it a side-saddle or a pillion?"

"It was a side-saddle," answered Sancho, "with a field covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it."

"And that I should not see all this!" exclaimed Don Quixote. "Again I say, and a thousand times will I repeat it, I am the most unfortunate of men!"

The sly rogue Sancho had much difficulty to forbear laughing, to think how exquisitely his master was gulled. After more dialogue of the same kind, they mounted their beasts again, and followed the road to Saragossa.

One of the most remarkable features of the story of Don Quixote, is the endless variety of incidents and adventures. which in rapid succession attended him and his squire. Many of them were the mischievous yet sportive devices of persons who were acquainted with the knight's hallucination, and who amused themselves at his expense. Nor did Sancho entirely escape these amusing impostures. On one occasion his arms were taken from him, for he had now become a knight, and being hung up on a tree, were guarded by a hideous figure, whom both Sancho and his master conceived to be an enchanter. This personage was a large and powerful man, clothed in a red cloak. His face was painted red, and upon his chin was an enormous black beard; he wore large goggling spectacles, and one might really have imagined that his eyes were starting from their sockets. Instead of hair, eel-skins hung in large dark masses from his head, which was covered with a black conical cap. He supported himself against a tree near where the arms were suspended, and held in one hand an immense wooden mallet, spiked with iron. Sancho, who, on seeing his armor hung on the tree, had set out to recover it, was suddenly arrested by the portentous giant which guarded it.

"Courage, friend Sancho," said the knight; "advance upon the enemy: avoid the first blow, and your victory is sure."

Sancho, more dead than alive, was heartily disposed to run away, and was about to do so, when his feet were tripped up by a man hid behind a tree, and he was thrown tumbling upon the ground, before the mock enchanter. "Arise, chevalier," said the monster; "I will not take advantage of thy misfortune." Saying this, he held out his hand to help the fallen Sancho to his feet.



At this moment, however, he set fire to some powder-matches, and retired a short space in the rear. These exploded with a hissing and crackling sound, so that Sancho thought all the infernal regions had broken loose. Don Quixote, however, called upon him to be of good courage, and proceed in his attack. This he did, and as the enchanter made no effort at defense, he was soon brought to the ground. Sancho, forgetting the grace due from a knight to a fallen

foe, began to pommel his enemy in the ribs with his fist. This roused the giant, who thereupon got up, and gave Sancho a drubbing which he did not forget for the rest of his life.

In another case, Don Quixote was called, by the contrivance of several merry personages, to encounter what he deemed to be the enchanter Merlin, a famous giant, fifteen feet high; and who, by the way, was supposed to have taken away the knight's lady-love, the incomparable Dulcinea. He was sitting in the middle of a large room, covered with lions' skins; he wore, as a sort of emblem, the face of Satan on his stomach, the eyes of which shone like candles. He was, indeed, a being calculated to strike terror into any other than the indomitable knight of la Mancha. Two enormous lions, seated at his feet, appeared ready to spring upon the intruders.

Don Quixote, however, advanced toward the monster, resolved to encounter him, notwithstanding the ferocious guardians of his person. "Who are you, who dare to approach me?" cried the terrible monster.

"I am Don Quixote, formerly called, 'The Knight of the Rueful Countenance,' but now known as 'The Chevalier of the Lions;' being at the same time, always the slave of the illustrious Princess Dulcinea del Toboso, whom I am now seeking to deliver from enchantment, at the peril of my life."

At this redoubtable name, the giant appeared to be overwhelmed with fear and let fall his club; at the same time, the lions, crouching on their bellies, came and licked the feet of the brave chevalier. Presently the earth seemed shaken with a clap of thunder, and in an instant the floor opened and Don Quixote was plunged into a deep cavern, when he found himself in the presence of a gloomy but majestic figure, seated upon a throne. This was no other than Pluto, king of the infernal regions, and as the knight had got it into his head that Dulcinea had been carried off by enchantment, he very naturally supposed she might be here. Accordingly he



made a demand upon Pluto to deliver her up. The king replied that she was not in his dominions, but had been taken away by Merlin, the enchanter, lest her extraordinary beauty had set all the gentlemen of the country by the ears, each one wishing her for himself.

After a short space, Merlin was summoned before the throne, and being required to surrender up his captive, brought forth a beautiful lady, who pretended to be Dulcinea,

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and who with the greatest imaginable grace, thanked Don Quixote for his devotion, at the same time giving Sancho a purse filled with four hundred crowns, whereat he greatly rejoiced. Thus happily terminated this grisly adventure.

We cannot follow these amusing personages further in their vicissitudes, but leave the reader to peruse them at length in the history which Cervantes has given to the world. We have only space to say, that Don Quixote retired to his home, where he fell sick, made his will, and died; having however, in some glimpses of reason, expressed regret that he had led poor Sancho into so many tribulations, for which, however, he compensated him by a handsome legacy.

## ANGER.

It is said that the leopard can be caught by a trap, with a mirror so contrived, that the animal, on seeing the reflection of himself, imagines that he has met with an enemy, and so attacks it; upon which the trap springs and secures him.

I have heard of a boy who had never seen a mirror, till one day, being in a great passion, he happened to pass one. He thought the image he saw was another boy, and it looked so wicked, that he was very much alarmed. He lifted his stick to defend himself, when the boy in the glass lifted his stick also.

He took this for a challenge, and struck at the imaginary boy, thus dashing the mirror in pieces. The leopard, then, is not alone in disliking his own face, so long as he thinks it belongs to somebody else. THE FOX. 63



THE FOX.

This creature is endowed with the gifts of speed and cunning in a remarkable degree. He has the swiftness of the dog, with the lightness of the cat. Yet, as he always leads the life of a cunning thief and artful schemer, and hence gets a bad name, all mankind are armed against him.

The fox has a good appetite, and it is often that he robs hen-roosts, makes havoc among the lambs of the flock, and even takes game out of the snares, in which it has been caught. It is to gratify and satisfy his keen appetite that he becomes such a notorious robber. When pursued, he flies rapidly, and when hard pressed, he resorts to many wiles to deceive his persecutor. One has been known, when close followed by the hounds, to run up the roof of a cottage and jump down the chimney, scaring the people half to death. If, at last, he is overtaken, he sometimes pretends to be dead, and, when left alone, jumps up and scampers off; or if this won't do, he battles bravely, and does not yield so long as life lasts.

With all his talents, which place the fox above most fourlegged creatures, he is, as we have said, the standing object of hostility among many nations. Fox-hunting is the rarest of pastimes in some countries, and there horses and dogs are especially trained for the sport. The speed of the animal, enabling him to prolong the chase, is one reason for his being the chosen object of the huntsman's pursuit; but besides this, the cunning, thieving, robber-like character of the brute, gives a peculiar zest to the chase.

There is a moral in all this, to this effect: great talents, used for the injury of mankind, beget fear and hatred on all sides; above all, the little, mean, despicable talent of cunning, produces this result. A person who has once got the reputation of being "as cunning as a fox," or like "a snake in the grass," is infinitely worse off in the world than one who has only the plain gifts of common sense and honesty.

There is one thing more to be learned from the story of the fox: selfishness and greediness very often lead cunning people, as well as cunning foxes, into trouble, and hence the following fable, founded upon facts, may prove instructive.

STORY OF THE GREEDY FOX.

On a winter's night,

As the moon shone bright,

Two foxes went out for prey;

As they trotted along
With frolic and song,
They cheered their lonely way.

Through the wood they went,
But they could not scent
A rabbit or goose astray;
But, at length they came
To some better game,
In a farmer's barn, by the way.

On a roost there sat
Some chickens as fat
As foxes could wish for their dinners;
So the prowlers found
A hole by the ground,
And they both went in, the sinners!

They both went in
With a squeeze and a grin,
And the chickens were quickly killed;
And one of them lunched,
And feasted and munched,
Till his stomach was fairly filled.

The other, more wise,
Looked about with both eyes,
And hardly would eat at all;
For, as he came in,
With a squeeze and a grin,
He remarked that the hole was too small.

Thus matters went on
Till the night was gone,
And the farmer came out with a pole;
The foxes both flew,
And one went through,
But the greedy one stuck in the hole.

In the hole he stuck,
So full was his pluck,
Of the chickens he had been eating;
He could not get out,
Or turn about,
And so he was killed by beating!



## THE BAOBAB-TREE.

This enormous tree is found on the banks of the Senegal, in Africa, and has excited the wonder of all travelers in that region. Its trunk is rarely more than fifteen feet in height, yet it is often not less than eighty in circumference. A distinguished naturalist, by close observation, has proved that the trees, which are twenty-seven feet in diameter, or eighty in circumference, must have attained the astonishing age of four thousand two hundred and eighty years. The lower branches, reaching sometimes fifty-five feet from the trunk, and bending toward the earth, form a mass of verdure, the circumference of which is frequently four hundred and fifty

feet. Beneath its grateful shade, the negroes repose, or find refuge from the storm. The blossoms are gigantic in proportion.

This tree usually grows in plains of loose, barren sand. In one case, the water of a river, having washed the earth away, so as to lay bare the roots, they measured one hundred and ten feet in length, without including the parts which still remained covered with the soil.

The fruit is a great favorite with the monkey tribe, and has, in consequence, sometimes received the name of the "Ape's bread-tree." The leaves resemble, in shape, the fingers of the human hand. A powder, made of the dried bark and leaves, is used by the negroes as a sauce, which is eaten with their food. This, as well as a decoction of the leaves, is esteemed highly medicinal. The acid pulp of the fruit is much relished, and the bark is an ingredient in the manufacture of soap.

The negroes of Africa entomb the dead bodies of their poets, musicians, and buffoons in the enormous trunks of the baobabtree, hollowed out for this purpose. Considering these persons as inspired by demons, they neither suffer their bodies to be interred nor thrown into the waves, lest the fish in the sea, or the fruits of the earth should perish from their contact. Thus, to avoid harming either sea or land, they are inclosed in a grave where they dry and wither away, and become mummies without being embalmed.

## IRISH GALLANTRY.

At a crowded lecture in Boston, one evening, a young lady, standing at the door of the church, was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion, with, "Indade, miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."



THE BEAVER AND THE MONKEY.

An industrious beaver was one day occupied in her household cares, when her neighbor, a gossiping monkey, made her a call. The latter immediately began to talk of the weather, the fashions, and the scandal of the village. She rattled away for some time, the beaver treating her with politeness. But when a full hour had passed away, she broke in upon the discourse of the monkey, saying, "Will you excuse me, neighbor? I am very busy this morning, and I shall be obliged if you will allow me to attend to my domestic affairs."

The monkey seemed greatly piqued, but still she departed, saying to herself, "What a miserable, stupid life Mistress Beaver leads! I should really die if I could not have a dish of gossip, at least once a day. But this creature seems to care for nothing but scrubbing and scouring, and making things comfortable about the house."

The beaver overheard these reflections, and said to herself, "Our tastes are indeed very different. I despise gossip if it is idle, and I hate it if it is scandalous. But the gentle and quiet labors which render my home pleasant are a source of unfailing peace and contentment. I am quite willing to be

the subject of Mistress Monkey's sneers, when I can so clearly see that her plan of life is vain and foolish, while mine may claim the approbation of both virtue and wisdom."

## GOD IN THE STORM.

"Dro you hear the storm last night, my child,
As it burst o'er the midnight sky—
When the thunder rattled loud and wild,
And the lightning flickered by?"

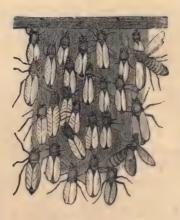
"I heard no tempest, mother mine!
I was buried in slumber sweet;
Dreaming I stood in the soft moonshine,
With flowers about my feet."

"Can it be, my child, that you did not hear
The roar of the tempest's breath—
As it scattered the rent leaves far and near,
In many an eddying wreath?"

"No, mother; my happy sleep was full
Of gentle and holy things—
Shapes that were graceful and beautiful—
And the music of angels' wings."

"Yet the storm was fierce, my darling child;
There was death on the hurrying blast;
And vapors dark overhead were piled,
As the hoarse wind bellowed past."

"I thought not of clouds, my mother dear,
When I rose from my nurse's knee;
You taught me that God is ever near,—
So what danger could I see?"



JONAH BEATEN.

A curious anecdote of bees is thus related by a farmer of Pennsylvania. "My bees, above all the other tenants of my farm, attract my attention and respect. Unfortunately, the king-bird destroys great numbers of them. At the time of swarming, flocks of these birds fix themselves on the neighboring trees, to catch the bees that return loaded from the field. On one occasion of this kind, a bunch of bees, as large as my fist, issued from one of the hives, rushed on one of these birds, and probably stung him, for he instantly screamed and flew away. The bees followed him to some distance, and then came back to the swarm. The bird, however, soon returned to the attack, and snapped up as many as he wanted.

"I killed him from curiosity, to see how many of my poor bees had fallen victims to his rapacity; and opening his maw, I took from it one hundred and seventy-one! I laid them all on a blanket in the sun, and, to my great surprise, fifty-four returned to life, licked themselves clean, and joyfully went back to the hive, where they probably informed their companions of such an adventure and escape as had never happened before, to American bees!"



Next to "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas" is, perhaps, the most popular tale of common life that has been presented to us by other than English writers. The author, Alain René le Sage, was a Frenchman, born in 1668, and deceased in 1747. He

traveled in Spain, and applied himself to the study of the Spanish language, customs, and writers; the spirit of these he transfused into his compositions, with their plots and fables. One of his works, the "Devil on Two Sticks," had amazing success. We are told that two noblemen, coming to the bookseller's, found only a single copy remaining, which each desired to purchase; and the competition grew so warm, that they were going to decide it by the sword, had not the bookseller interposed.

Le Sage had several children, the eldest of whom was long a distinguished actor on the French stage, under the name of Montmenil; and he was a man of irreproachable character. Le Sage himself is said to have been truly amiable: he was free from ambition, and courted fortune no farther than was necessary to enjoy the pleasures and quiet of a literary life.

Of all his works, "Gil Blas" is by far the most popular, and deservedly ranks very high among the productions of historical romance. It has been, we believe, translated into every European language, and received in all nations as a faithful portrait of human nature. Few books have been so frequently quoted, as affording happy illustrations of general manners, and of the common caprices and infirmities incident to man.

The story of Gil Blas is told by the hero himself. He tells us that he was the son of a soldier, who married a wife, who "was no chicken," and then went to live at Oviedo, where he became a squire, or gentleman usher, and she waiting-woman to a lady in that town. He was put under the care of his uncle Gil Peres, a canon, who sent him to the school of Godinez, then regarded as the most expert flogger in Oviedo. "I improved so well under his instructions," says the narrator, "that in five or six years I understood a little Greek, was a pretty good Latin scholar; and applying myself also to logic, began to argue apace. I was so much in love with disputation, that I stopped passengers, known or unknown, and proposed arguments to them; and sometimes meeting

with Hibernian geniuses, who were very glad of the occasion, it was good sport to see us dispute; by our extravagant gestures, grimaces, contortions, our eyes full of fury, and our mouths full of foam, one would have taken us for bedlamites rather than philosophers.

"By these means, however, I acquired the reputation of a great scholar in town; a circumstance that pleased my uncle extremely, as he foresaw that I should not be much longer an expense to him. 'Harkee, Gil Blas,' said he to me one day, 'thou art no longer a child, and it is high time for a brisk lad of seventeen, like thee, to push thy fortune in the world: I am determined to send thee to Salamanca, where, with such genius and learning, thou canst not fail of obtaining some good post: thou shalt have some ducats in thy pocket to bear thy expenses on the road; and I will give thee my own mule, which thou mayest sell at Salamanca for ten or twelve pistoles, and live upon the money until thou shalt be settled to thy satisfaction.'

"Arrangements were soon after made to carry my uncle's plan into effect. Behold me then in the open field, clear of Oviedo, on the road to Pennaflor, master of my conduct, of a sorry mule, and forty good ducats, exclusive of some reals which I had stolen from my much honored uncle. The first thing I did was to let my beast go at discretion, that is, very gently; and throwing the bridle on her neck, I emptied my purse into my hat, and amused myself in counting my money. My joy was excessive; and as I had never seen so much cash before, I handled and gazed at it with insatiable delight."

Proceeding in this way, Gil Blas met with a variety of adventures. At length he fell into the hands of a troop of banditti, and was taken to their cavern. Here there was a lady, who had also been made a captive, and Gil determined, if possible, to rescue her, as well as to make his own escape. One day the whole party of robbers were going to the neigh

boring town of Mansilla to dispose of their booty, and intended to take our hero with them.

"In this state of things," he says, "pretending to be racked with the colic, I began with complaints and groans; then raising my voice, uttered dreadful cries, that waked the robbers, and brought them instantly to my bedside. When they asked what made me roar so hideously, I answered that I was tortured with a horrible colic; and, the better to persuade them of the truth of what I said, grinded my teeth, made frightful grimaces and contortions, and writhed myself in a strange manner: then I became quiet all of a sudden, as if my pains had given me some respite. In a moment after, I began again to bounce about the bed, and twist about my limbs: in a word, I played my part so well, that the thieves, cunning as they were, allowed themselves to be deceived. and believed in good earnest that I was violently griped. a moment all of them were busied in endeavors to ease me; one brought a bottle of usquebaugh, and made me swallow one half of it; another, in spite of my teeth, injected a clyster of oil of sweet almonds; a third warmed a napkin, and applied it broiling hot to my belly.

"I roared for mercy in vain; they imputed my cries to the colic, and continued to make me suffer real pains, in attempting to free me from those I did not feel. At last, being able to resist them no longer, I was fain to tell them that the gripes had left me, and to conjure them to give me quarter. Upon which they left off tormenting me with their remedies, and I took care to trouble them no more with my complaints, for fear of undergoing their good offices a second time.

"This scene lasted almost three hours; after which the robbers, judging that day was not far off, prepared themselves to set out for Mansilla. I would have got up, to make them believe I was very desirous of accompanying them; but they would not suffer me to rise, Signor Rolando (the chief) say-

GIL BLAS. 75

ing, 'No, no, Gil Blas, stay at home, child; thy colic may return; thou shalt go with us another time; but thou art in no condition to go abroad to-day.'

"I was afraid of insisting upon it too much, lest he should yield to my request; therefore I only appeared very much mortified, because I could not be of the party. This I acted so naturally, that they went out of the cavern without the least suspicion of my design. After their departure, which I had endeavored to hasten by my prayers, I said to myself, 'Now, Gil Blas! now is the time for thee to have resolution: arm thyself with courage to finish that which thou hast so happily begun. Domingo (the servant) is not in a condition to oppose thy enterprise, and Leonarda (the cook) cannot hinder its execution. Seize this opportunity of escaping, than which, per-

haps, thou wilt never find one more favorable.'

"These suggestions filled me with confidence. I got up, and took my sword and pistols, and went toward the kitchen; but before I entered, hearing Leonarda speaking, I stopped, in order to listen. She was talking to the unknown lady, who, having recovered her senses, and understanding the whole of her misfortune, wept, in the utmost bitterness of despair. 'Weep, my child,' said the old beldam to her, 'dissolve yourself into tears, and don't spare for sighs, for that will give you ease. You have had a dangerous qualm; but now there is nothing to fear, since you shed abundance of tears. Your grief will abate by little and little, and you will soon accustom yourself to live with our gentlemen, who are men of honor. You will be treated like a princess, meet with nothing but complaisance, and fresh proofs of affection every day. There are a great many women who would be glad to be in your place.'

"I did not give Leonarda time to proceed, but entering, clapped a pistol to her breast, and, with a threatening look, commanded her to surrender the key of the grate. She was confounded at my behavior, and, though almost at the end of



her career, was so much attached to life, that she durst not refuse my demand. Having got the key in my possession, I addressed myself to the afflicted lady, saying, 'Madam, heaven has sent you a deliverer; rise and follow me, and I will conduct you whithersoever you shall please to direct.'

"The lady did not remain deaf to my words, which made such an impression upon her, that summoning up all the strength she had left, she got up, and throwing herself at my feet, conjured me to preserve her life. I raised her, and assured her that she might rely upon me; then taking some cords, which I perceived in the kitchen, with her assistance I tied Leonarda to the feet of a large table, declaring that if she opened her mouth, I would kill her on the spot. I afterward lighted a flambeau, and going with the lady into the rooms where the gold and silver were deposited, filled my pockets with pistoles and double pistoles; and to induce her to follow my example, assured her that she only took back her own. When we had made a good provision of this kind, we went toward the stable. I brought my horse out, and the lady waiting for me at the door, we threaded with all dispatch the passage that led out of the cavern, arrived at the grate, which we opened, and at last came to the trap-door, which we lifted up with great difficulty, or rather the desire of escaping lent us new strength, without which we should not have been able to succeed.

"Day began to appear just as we found ourselves delivered from the jaws of this abyss; and as we fervently desired to be at a greater distance from it, I threw myself into the saddle, the lady mounted behind me, and following the first path that presented itself at a round gallop, got out of the forest in a short time, and entered a plain divided by several roads, one of which we took at random. I was mortally afraid that it would conduct us to Mansilla, where we might meet with Rolando and his confederates; but happily my fear was vain. We arrived at the town of Astorga at two o'clock in the afternoon."

That Gil Blas was not over conscientious, is abundantly evinced by his narrative. Among other things, he tells us of a trick which he and three fellows, named Lamela, Ambrose, and Don Raphael, practiced upon a Jew by the name of Samuel Simon. The story is related as follows:

"Having disguised ourselves as inquisitors, we set out for the town of Xelva. Don Raphael, Ambrose, and I went immediately into a publican's in the neighborhood; and Lamela, going foremost, said to the landlord, with great gravity, 'Master, I want to talk with you in private.' The landlord carried us into a parlor, where Lamela said, 'I am commissary of the Holy Office, come hither upon a very important affair.'

"At these words the publican grew pale, and replied, with a faltering voice, that he hoped he had given no cause of complaint to the Inquisition. 'Therefore,' replied Ambrose, 'it has no intention to give you any trouble: God forbid that, too prompt to punish, it should confound innocence with guilt: it is severe, but always just: in a word, a man must deserve its chastisements before he feels them. It was not you who brought me to Xelva, but a certain merchant called Samuel Simon, of whom we have received a very bad report. It is said that he is still a Jew, and embraced Christianity through motives purely carnal. I order you, therefore, in the name of the holy office, to tell me what you know of that man. Beware of excusing him, on account of his being your neighbor, and perhaps your friend; for I declare, if I perceive in your evidence the least reserve, you yourself are a lost man. Come, secretary,' added he, turning to Raphael, 'do your duty.'

"Mr. Secretary, who already had his paper and inkhorn in his hand, sat down at a table, and prepared, with the most serious air in the world, to write the deposition of the landlord, who, on his part, protested that he would not disguise the truth. 'Well, then,' said the counterfeit inquisitor to him, 'let us begin: answer only to my questions; I ask no more.

Do you see Samuel Simon frequent the church?'

"'It is what I have not observed,' said the publican; 'I don't remember to have seen him at church.'

"'Good!' cried the inquisitor; 'write, that he is never seen at church.' 'I don't say so, Mr. Commissary,' replied the landlord; 'I only say, that I never saw him there: he

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may be in the same church with me, though I don't perceive him.'

"'Friend,' said Lamela, 'you forget you must not, in your examination, excuse Samuel Simon: I have told you the consequences of it. You must mention only those things that

are against him, and not one word in his favor.'

"'If that be the case, Signor Licentiate,' resumed the landlord, 'you can't reap much from my deposition; I am not acquainted with the merchant in question; therefore can say neither good nor ill of him; but if you want to know how he lives in his own family, I will go and call Gaspard, his apprentice, whom you may interrogate: he comes here sometimes, to make merry with his friends; and such a tongue! He will discover the whole life and conversation of his master, and, I warrant, find employment enough for your secretary.'

"'I like your frankness,' said Ambrose; 'and you show your zeal for the holy office, by informing me of a man acquainted with the morals of Simon. I will report you to the Inquisition. Make haste, then,' continued he, 'and bring hither that same Gaspard, whom you mention. But do things discreetly, that his master may have no suspicion of what

passes.'

"The publican acquitted himself of his commission with great secrecy and diligence, and brought along with him the merchant's apprentice, who was just such a very talkative young fellow as we wanted. 'Welcome, child,' said Lamela to him; 'you see in me an inquisitor, nominated by the holy office to take informations against Samuel Simon, who is accused of Judaism. You live with him, and of consequence are witness to the greatest part of his behavior. I believe it is unnecessary to advertise you of the obligation you are under, to declare all that you know of him, when I order you to do so, in the name of the holy Inquisition.'

"'Signor Licentiate,' replied the young man, 'I am very ready to satisfy you on that head, without being commanded

in the name of the holy office. If my master was to take me for his text, I am persuaded that he would not spare me: I will therefore deal as plainly with him, and tell you, in the first place, that he is a close old hunks, whose true sentiments it is impossible to discover; one who affects all the exteriors of a holy man, but has not one scruple of virtue at bottom. He goes every evening to the house of a little Abigail.'

"'I am glad to hear that,' said Ambrose, interrupting him, 'and I see, by what you say, that he is a man of bad morals; but answer precisely to the questions I am going to ask. I am particularly enjoined to know what are his sentiments with respect to religion. Tell me, do you eat pork in your house?' 'I don't think,' replied Gaspard, 'that we have eat of it twice during the whole year that I have lived with him.' 'Very well,' resumed master inquisitor; 'write, secretary, that pork is never eaten in the house of Samuel Simon. But, to make amends for that,' continued he, 'you doubtless eat lamb sometimes.' 'Yes, sometimes,' replied the apprentice; 'we had some, for example, last Easter.' 'A lucky epocha!' cried the commissary; 'write, secretary, that Simon keeps the passover. This goes on excellently well, and, methinks, we have received good intelligence.'

"'Besides, you must tell me, friend,' added Lamela, 'if you have never seen your master caress little children.' 'A thousand times,' replied Gaspard; 'when he sees little boys pass by his shop, if they are at all handsome, he stops and fondles them.' 'Write, master secretary,' said the inquisitor, interrupting him, 'that Samuel Simon is violently suspected of decoying Christian children into his house, in order to cut their throats. A fine proselyte indeed! Oho! Mr. Simon, you shall have to do with the holy office, take my word for it: you must not imagine that you will be allowed to make your barbarous sacrifices with impunity. Courage! zealous Gaspard,' said he to the apprentice, 'declare all that you know of the matter; and give us to understand, that this false

Catholic is more attached than ever to the Jewish customs and ceremonies. Does not he spend one day of the week in total inaction?

"'No!' answered Gaspard, 'I have not observed that; I only perceive that on some days he shuts himself up in his closet, where he remains a long time.'

"'Ah! ha!' cried the commissary, 'he keeps the Jewish sabbath, as sure as I am an inquisitor. Mark, secretary, mark that he religiously observes the fast of the sabbath. Ah! the abominable wretch! I have only one thing more to ask. Does not he speak also of Jerusalem?' 'Very often,' replied the young man, 'he relates to us the history of the Jews, and in what manner the temple of Jerusalem was destroyed.' 'Right!' said Ambrose. 'Master secretary, let not this piece of intelligence escape you; write in large characters, that Samuel Simon breathes nothing but the restoration of the temple; and that he meditates night and day the re-establishment of his nation. I do not want to know any more; therefore it is needless to ask any other questions; what the trusty Gaspard has deposed is enough to bring a whole synagogue to the stake.'

"Master commissary of the holy office, having put these questions to the apprentice, told him he might retire; but ordered him, in the name of the holy Inquisition, to conceal from his master every tittle of what had passed. Gaspard, having promised to obey, took his leave; and we did not tarry long after he went out, but leaving the public house as gravely as we had entered, went and knocked at the door of Samuel Simon, who opened it with his own hand; and if he was astonished to see four such figures as we were, he was much more so when Lamela, being spokesman, said to him, with an imperious tone, 'Mr. Samuel, I command you, in the name of the holy Inquisition, of which I have the honor to be commissary, to deliver into my hand, this instant, the key of your closet; I want to see if I can not find something to

justify the informations which have been presented to us against you.'

"The merchant, confounded at these words, reeled two steps backward, as if he had received a blow on the stomach. Far from suspecting us of any trick, he believed implicitly that some secret enemy wanted to subject him to the suspicion of the holy office. Perhaps, too, knowing himself to be no good Catholic, he had cause to be afraid of an information. Be that as it will, I never saw a man more disconcerted; he obeyed without resistance, and opened his closet, with all the respect that a man could show who is in terror of the Inquisition. 'At least,' said Ambrose, while he went in, 'at least you receive the orders of the holy office without contumacy. But,' added he, 'retire into another room, and leave me at liberty to perform my function.'

"Samuel was as obedient to this order as to the first; he remained in his shop, while we four entered his closet, and began to search for his cash, which we easily found; for it was in an open coffer, and in much greater quantity than we could carry off, consisting of a great number of bags piled upon one another; but the whole in silver. We should have liked gold better; but, things being as they were, we were fain to accommodate ourselves to necessity, and fill our pockets with ducats. We stuffed our breeches with them, and cranmed them into every other part which we judged best calculated to conceal them. In short, we were heavy laden, though our cargo did not appear; and this was owing to the address of Ambrose and Don Raphael, who, by their behavior on this occasion, let me discover that there is nothing like a man being master of his trade.

"After having done our business so successfully, we came out of the closet, and, for a reason that the reader will easily guess, master inquisitor took out his padlock and fixed it to the door with his own hand; then, applying the seal, said to Simon, 'Master Samuel, I forbid you, in the name of the holy



Inquisition, to touch this padlock, as well as this seal, which you are bound to respect, since it is the true seal of the holy office. I will return at the same hour to-morrow, in order to take it off, and bring further orders for you.' So saying, he made him open the street door, through which we joyfully passed, one after another. When we had gone about fifty yards, we began to walk with such speed and nimbleness,

that we scarce touched the ground, notwithstanding the burdens which we carried. We soon got out of town, and, remounting our horses, pushed toward Segorba, giving thanks to the god Mercury for such a happy event."

In the course of his story, Gil Blas gives us an account of the practice of Dr. Sangrado, a physician who held that depletion and low diet will cure all diseases, and practiced accordingly. His name has since become proverbial as the type of a class of practitioners, who, in former times, prescribed low diet and bled their patients to death. Gil Blas's introduction to this famous doctor is thus described:

"I thus served the licentiate Sedillo three months without complaining of the bad nights he made me pass: at the end of which time he fell sick of a fever, and felt his gout increased by the pain which it occasioned; so that, for the first time in his life, which had been long, he had recourse to physicians, and sent for Doctor Sangrado, whom all Valladolid looked upon as another Hippocrates. Dame Jacinta would have been better pleased, if the canon had begun by making his will, and even dropped some hints on the subject; but, besides that he did not believe himself near his end, in some certain things he was extremely obstinate: I therefore went in search of Dr. Sangrado, and brought him to the house. He was a tall, meager, pale man, who had kept the shears of Fate employed during forty years at least. This learned physician had a very solemn appearance, weighed his discourse, and gave an emphasis to his expressions: his reasoning was geometrical, and his opinions extremely singular.

"After having examined the symptoms of my master's disease, he said to him, with a very medical air, 'The business here is to supply the defect of perspiration, which is obstructed. Others, in my place, would doubtless prescribe saline draughts, diuretics, diaphoretics, and such medicines as abound with mercury and sulphur; but cathartics and sudor-

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ifics are pernicious drugs, and all the preparations of chemistry are only calculated to do mischief: for my own part, I practice a method more simple, and more sure. Pray, what is your ordinary diet?'

"'My usual food,' replied the canon, 'is broth and juicy

meat.'

"'Broth and juicy meat!' cried the doctor, surprised, 'truly, I do not wonder to find you sick; such delicious victuals are poisoned pleasures and snares, that luxury spreads for mankind, in order to ruin them the more effectually. You must renounce all palatable food: the most salutary is that which is most insipid; for as the blood is insipid, it requires such victuals as partake the most of its own nature. And do you drink wine?' added he.

"'Yes,' said the licentiate, 'wine diluted.' 'O! diluted as much as you please,' replied the physician; 'what an irregularity is here! what a frightful regimen! you ought to

have been dead long ago. How old are you, pray?'

"'I am going in my sixty-ninth year," replied the canon.

"'Right,' said the physician; 'an early old age is always the fruit of intemperance. If you had drank nothing else than pure water all your life, and had been satisfied with simple nourishment, such as boiled apples, for example, you would not now be tormented with the gout, and all your limbs would perform their functions with ease. I do not despair, however, of setting you to rights again, provided you

be wholly resigned to my directions.'

"The licentiate having promised to obey him in all things, Sangrado sent me for a surgeon, whom he named, and ordered him to take from my master six good porringers of blood, as the first effort, in order to supply the want of perspiration. Then he said to the surgeon, 'Master Martin Omnez, return in three hours, and take as much more; and repeat the same evacuation to-morrow. It is a gross error to think that blood is necessary for the preservation of life; a



patient can not be blooded too much; for as he is obliged to perform no considerable motion or exercise, but just only to breathe, he has no more occasion for blood than a man who is asleep: life, in both, consisting in the pulse and respiration only.'

"The doctor having ordered frequent and copious evacuations of this kind, he told us that we must make the canon drink warm water incessantly; assuring us that water, drunk in abundance, was the true specific in all distempers whatever. And when he went away, he told dame Jacinta and me, with an air of confidence, that he would answer for his patient's life, provided we would treat him in the manner he had prescribed. The governante, who possibly thought otherwise of this method, protested that it should be followed with the utmost exactness. Accordingly we set about warming water with all dispatch; and as the physician had recommended to us, above all things, not to be too sparing of it, we made my master drink for the first dose two or three pints, at as many draughts. An hour after we repeated it, and returning to the charge from time to time, overwhelmed his stomach with a deluge of water; the surgeon seconding us, on the other hand, by the quantity of blood which he drew from him, in less than two days the old canon was reduced to extremity.

"This good priest, being quite spent, said to me with a feeble voice, as I presented him with a large glass of the specific, 'Hold, Gil Blas, give me no more of it, my friend; I see plainly that I must die, in spite of the virtues of water; and though there is scarce a drop of blood left in my body, I don't find myself a whit the better; which is a plain proof that the most expert physician in the world can not prolong our days, when their fatal period is arrived: go, therefore, and fetch a notary, for I want to make my will.'

"At these last words, which I was not sorry to hear, I affected to seem melancholy, and concealed the desire I had to execute his commission. 'Well, but sir,' said I, 'you are not yet so low, thank God, but that you may recover.' 'No, no, child,' replied he, 'it is all over with me. I feel the gout mounting upward, and death approaching. Make haste, therefore, and do as I bid thee.'

"I perceived, sure enough, that he changed visibly, and the affair appeared so urgent that I went out as fast as possible to fulfill his orders; leaving with him dame Jacinta, who was more afraid than I that he would die intestate. I went into the house of the first notary I was directed to, and finding him at home, 'Sir,' said I, 'the licentiate Sedillo, my master, draws toward his end, and wants to have his last will made; so that there is not a moment to lose.' The notary, who was a brisk old man, and took delight in rallying, asked what physician attended the canon: I answered, Doctor Sangrado. At that name, seizing his hat and cloak in a hurry, 'Zooks!' cried he, 'let us make haste; for the doctor is so expeditious, that he seldom gives his patients time to send for notaries: that man has choused me out of a great many jobs.'

"So saying, he followed me with great eagerness; and while we walked together at a good pace, that we might arrive before he should be at the last gasp, 'Sir,' said I to him, 'you know that a testator at the point of death is apt to forget things: now, if my master should not remember me, I beg you will remind him of my zeal and attachment.' 'That I will, my child,' replied the notary; 'thou mayest depend upon me for that. I will even advise him to give thee something considerable, let him be never so little disposed to re-

ward thy service.'

"The licentiate, when we came into his chamber, had still the use of his senses, and dame Jacinta, who was with him, her visage bathed in tears, which she had at command, had played her part, and bespoken the good man's benevolence. So that she and I left the notary alone with him, and went into the ante-chamber, where meeting the surgeon whom the doctor had sent to make one evacuation more, we stopped him. 'Hold, Mr. Martin,' said the governante, 'you can not go into Signor Sedillo's chamber at present; he is dictating his last will to a notary who is with him; when that is done, you shall have leave to do your office.'

"This pious gentlewoman and I were much afraid that the licentiate would die before his will could be finished: but happily for us, the deed that occasioned our disquiet was ex-

ecuted; and the notary, finding me in his way as he came out, clapped me on the shoulder, saying, with a smile, 'Gil Blas is not forgotten.' These words inspired me with excessive joy; and I thought myself so much obliged to my master for having remembered me, that I promised to pray with all my heart for his soul, after his death, which soon happened; for the surgeon, having blooded him again, the poor old man, who was but too much exhausted before, expired almost during the operation. As he breathed his last sighs, the physician came in, and looked very foolish, notwithstanding his long practice in dispatching patients. Nevertheless, far from imputing the canon's death to his watery draughts and evacuations, he observed, as he went out, with an air of indifference, that the patient had not lost blood enough, nor drank a sufficient quantity of warm water; while the executioner of this sublime art, I mean the surgeon, seeing also that there was no more occasion for his office, followed Doctor Sangrado.

"As soon as the breath went out of our patron's body, dame Jacinta, Inesilla, and I raised a concert of mournful cries, which were heard all over the neighborhood: the governante especially, who had the greatest cause to rejoice, uttered such doleful accents, that one would have thought she was the most afflicted person upon earth; and the chamber was instantly filled with people drawn thither more by curi-

osity than compassion.

"The relations of the deceased no sooner learned the news of his death, than they poured into the house, to seal up every thing: they found the housekeeper in such affliction, that they imagined at first the canon had not made his will; but they soon understood that there was one sanctioned by all the usual formalities; which, when they came to open, and saw that the testator had disposed of his best effects in favor of dame Jacinta and the little girl, they made his funeral speech in terms not much to the honor of his mem-

ory. They pronounced a eulogium on the devotee, at the same time, and even bestowed some praises on me, who, I must own, deserved them at their hands; for the licentiate, rest his soul! in order to make me remember him as long as I should live, explained himself in an article of his will, with regard to me, in this manner:—'Item, as Gil Blas is a young man of some understanding already, in order to complete his learning, I leave to him my library, all my books and manuscripts without exception.'

"I could not conceive where this pretended library could be, having never perceived any such thing in the house. I knew only of a few papers, with five or six volumes that stood upon a shelf in my master's closet; and these were my legacy; though the books could not be of any great service to me, one being entitled, The Complete Housewife; another treated of Indigestion and the Method of Cure; the rest were, The Four Parts of the Breviary, which the moths had almost consumed. With regard to the manuscripts, the most curious contained all the proceedings of a lawsuit in which he was once engaged for his prebend. After having examined the legacy with more attention than it deserved, I let it to the relations who envied me so much. I gave them back the very clothes I wore, and resumed my own; claiming my wages only, as the fruit of my service, and resolving to seek a place elsewhere. As for dame Jacinta, besides the money which was left to her, she was in possession of some valuable effects, which, by the assistance of her good friend, she had found means to secrete during the licentiate's last illness."

Gil Blas was educated as a physician, and hence he is able to give very amusing accounts of several branches of the medical art. He was once taken ill at Madrid, and for a long time was out of his head. When he recovered, he found that more than half his money had been taken from his wallet; some of it stolen, and some disbursed for the innumerable bills which had been brought in against him. When he asked



explanation from the nurse, she drew out of her pocket a heap of papers, among which was one of enormous length.

"I glanced over it," says our hero, "and found that it contained fifteen or twenty pages. Mercy upon me! what a quantity of poultry had been bought, while I was out of my senses. There was in broths only, to the amount of twelve pistoles, at least. The other articles were answerable to this.

It can't be imagined how much was laid out for wood, candles, water, and brooms.

"I said nothing to the old woman; I did not even cavil at the articles of her unconscionable bill, for I should have got nothing but wrangling, and every one must understand his trade; my resentment, therefore, was contented with paying and dismissing her, three days after.

"I believe, when she went from me, she advertised the apothecary that she had been dismissed, and that I was well enough to decamp, without taking my leave of him; for in a moment after he came to me, quite out of breath, and presented his bill, in which, under names that were utterly unknown to me, although I had been a physician, he had set down all the pretended medicines with which he had furnished me, while I was out of my senses. This bill might be justly said to have been written in the true spirit of an apothecary; and accordingly we disputed about the payment of it. I insisted on his abating one half of the sum he demanded; he swore he would not abate one maravedi. Considering, however, that he had to do with a young man who might give him the slip, by quitting Madrid that very day, he chose rather to be contented with what I offered, that is, three times the value of his drugs, than to run the risk of losing the whole. I gave him the money, and he retired.

"The physician appeared almost at the same time; for those animals are always at the tail of one another. I paid him for his visits, which had been very numerous, and sent him away very satisfied. But before he would leave me, in order to prove that he had earned his fees, he related all the mortal symptoms which he had prevented in my distemper; a task he performed in very learned terms, and with an agreeable air, though it was altogether above my comprehension. When I had dispatched him, I thought I had got rid of all the ministers of the Fates. But I was mistaken: a surgeon, whom I had never seen, entered my apartment, and

having saluted me very respectfully, expressed great joy in seeing me out of danger, a deliverance which, he said, he attributed to two copious bleedings that he had performed, and some cupping-glasses which he had the honor to apply. This was another feather to be plucked from my wing. I was fain to pay tribute to the surgeon also. After so many evacuations, my purse became so feeble, that it was not much better than a lifeless corpse, so little of the radical moisture remained."

After innumerable vicissitudes, and passing through every variety of fortune, Gil Blas was happily married, and he closes his eventful story by saying—

"I have for three years, gentle reader, led a delicious life with people whom I love so much; and, to crown my felicity, heaven has blessed me with two children, whom I piously believe to be my own, and whose education shall be the amusement of my old age."

## THE CUP OF TEA.

Orr in the chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I see by candle-light
The tea things all around me:
The plates, the bakes,
The tarts and cakes,
The sets of cups unbroken;
The waxen light,
The spoons so bright,
The jests, as yet unspoken;
Then in the merry light,
I draw my wrapper round me,
And sip my Pekoe tea at night
While wife and babes surround me.



# THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

A GRASSHOPPER, having sung
The summer long—
When the wintry wind blew
Found her comforts few,—
No house, from the snow and sleet
To guard her;
Not a single bit to eat
In her larder,—
Neither worm-chop nor fly-leg:
The dainty dame must starve or beg.

Hungry, she goes to her neighbor ant
With her sad tale of want.
"Pray, lend me from your store,
Till the winter's o'er;
On my faith, I'll pay
Round interest, beside the loan."

The ant, bad lender I must own,
Doubting much the pay-day,
Asks of the borrowing lady,
"What did you do last summer?"

"Night and day, to every comer, I sang, if you please."

"Sang! do you say?
Then finish out your play,—
Dance, now, at your ease."

## A STRANGER AT LEGHORN.

A SMART, active American youth, who could neither speak nor understand one word of Italian, undertook to buy an apple at Leghorn (apples, by the way, of a tough fiber and bitterish taste being abundant there), and he came near being mobbed therefor.

He met a girl, in a lonesome street, with a basket containing three qualities of apples, in three divisions. He approached, took up an apple, and intimated his desire to give in exchange two bright Louis Napoleon sous, which he offered to her view. She said something which he took for acquiescence, and he, depositing the sous upon her basket, and sticking his teeth into his juicy purchase, walked along.

Pretty soon he heard a clatter at his heels, and, on looking round, he saw the girl and about twenty other persons—beggars, apple-women, chestnut-men, turnip-boys, and other odd-looking people—all in a state of spontaneous combustion. Our youth paused, and the crowd gathered about him, murmuring like the foam in the wake of a whale. Not a word could he utter or comprehend. He began to be decidedly alarmed, especially as he saw more coats and petticoats fluttering in the distance, and gathering to the scene of uproar.

A happy thought struck him: French copper was evidently uncurrent, but whatever might be the discount on French silver, enough would remain of any such coin to indemnify the despoiled apple-girl. He thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out a two-franc piece, and put it into her palm. "Bene, bene!" said she. "Bene, bene!" said the crowd. "Beany, beany!" said the youth, and walked tall-ly away. The circumstance, however, proved a good lesson to him, for it showed the difficulty of getting along in a strange country, whose language is unknown.



A SIXTH SENSE.

It is supposed by naturalists that the surface of the wings of certain insects, as well as birds, are furnished with nerves of exquisite sensibility, which aid them very much in directing their flight. It is inferred that butterflies, which often ascend beyond sight of the land below, appreciate by this fine sense the weight of the atmosphere, and hence determine their

height in the air. The bee is enabled to proceed unerringly to its hive by an impression of the air on its wings—a fact seeming to be demonstrated by its flying in curving circles till it has felt its way, when it starts off in a straight line to its object. Carrier pigeons employ the same device in rising into the air, when they begin a distant journey, and probably for a similar reason.

Bats have a delicacy of touch, probably of this nature, which is quite marvelous. A bat with his eyes destroyed, or glued up, has been found to fly about nearly as well as before, avoiding strings and cords hung up in its way, as well as if it had sight. Bats will thread their way through the mazes of a dark cavern, without striking against the sides, and will even dart through the meshes of a net which they have not previously examined. Spallanzani, who tried many experiments, some of them very cruel it must be confessed, found that bats, with their eyes, ears, and nostrils destroyed, would perform all these things nearly as well as before. Man has this faculty in some degree, for he will tell when he approaches a wall, in the darkness, by an impression on his skin.

But it is night-flying creatures, as moths and bats, that seem to possess this curious sense in the highest degree. Beetles, however, though nocturnal insects, are of such a hardy structure, that they do not need it, and hence they often dash against the face of a traveler, or bang against the windows. "Blind as a beetle," has become a proverb.

### AN AGED INFANT.

An honest peasant woman lived, not long since, in the north of France, at the advanced age of a hundred years. She lost one of her children who had reached the age of eighty. "Ah!" said the old woman, weeping for her recent loss, "I always said that I should never be able to bring up that child!"



THE MAD ENGINEER.

THE following thrilling story is furnished by a Prussian railroad engineer:

"My train left Dantzic in the morning generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from the hotel, and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not perform his work. A railway carriage had run over him, and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine-house to procure another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there, but I was disappointed. I inquired for Westphal, but was informed that he had gone to Sreegen to see his mother. Gondolpho had been sent to Konigsberg, on the road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone no one knew whither.

"Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer in the Neufahrwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer, but they did not. I then went to the firemen and asked them if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done? "The steamer stopped at the wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking up to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets bought, the different carriages assigned to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station-house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing-house.

"It was past nine o'clock.

"'Come, why don't we start?' growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

"And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger by my side. I expected that he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

"However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant—so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"'You want an engineer, I understand,' he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as

though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

"'I do,' I replied. 'My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place.'

"'Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg: I must go, and I will run the engine for you!"

"'Ha!' I uttered, 'are you an engineer?"

"'I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country, and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running.'

"Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron-horse in the charge of the fireman, and all ready for the start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid the machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage-carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterward I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff-a groaning of the heavy axletrees-a trembling of the building—and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard-carriage, and in a few minutes more the station-house was far behind us.

"In less than an hour we reached Dirsham, where we took up the passengers that had come on the Konigsberg railway. Here I went forward, and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much.

"'But,' he added, with a strange sparkling of the eye, 'wait until I get my improvement, and then you will see traveling. By the soul of the Virgin Mother, sir, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four-and-twenty hours!'

"I smiled at what I thought his enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Konigsberg passen-

gers were all on board, and their baggage-carriage attached, we started on again. Soon after, I went into the guard-carriage, and sat down. An early train from Konigsberg had been through two hours before reaching Bromberg, and that was at Little Oscue, where we took on board the western mail.

"'How we go!' uttered one of the guard some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirsham.

"'The new engineer is trying the speed,' I replied, not yet

having any fear.

"But ere long I began to apprehend he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fright from the passengers.

"'Good heavens!' cried one of the guard coming in at that moment, 'what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how

we are going.'

- "I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.
  - "'Sir,' he gasped, 'is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

" 'Yes,' I told him.

" 'Holy Virgin! didn't you know him?'

"'Know?' I repeated, somewhat puzzled; 'what do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run on the engine, and—'

"'You took him!' interrupted the man. 'Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be? He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not fully recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a

stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow.'

"The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard, and then made my way forward as quick as possible. I reached the after platform of the after tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine-board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the throat, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver in pieces.

"'Kroller! Kroller!' I cried at the top of my voice.

"The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh! how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked.

"'Ha! ha! ha!' he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me

like a roused lion.

"'They swore that I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they are jealous of me! I made it, and when it was done they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Dantzic, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho! we're on the way to the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother, we'll be in the moon in four-and-twenty hours. Down, down, villain! If you move, I'll shoot you.'

"This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.

"'Here's Little Oscue just before us!' cried out one of the guard. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were now gone. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash—it was another engine—I closed my eyes; but still we thundered on! The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we would not head up in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went forward.

"But there was sure death ahead, if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles from us was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula, and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"'Merciful heavens!' gasped the guardsman, 'there's not a moment to lose; Schwartz is close by. But hold,' he

added; 'let's shoot him.'

"At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and we saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a huge stick of wood, and, with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision, that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's hand. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell, I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm, but I should have been nothing in his mad power had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he caught as he came over the tender.

"Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the

freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome at the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river, and before I was fairly recovered, the firemen had stopped the train in the station-house at Schwartz.

"Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform; and, as we carried him to the guard-room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there

about two weeks before.

"'He came,' said the guard, 'and swore that an engine which stood near by was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled.'

"'Well,' I replied with a shudder, 'I wish he had approached me in the same way; but he was more cautious at

Dantzic.'

"At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail for the next northern train to carry along, we saw that Kroller would

be properly attended to, and then started on.

"The rest of the trip we ran in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude, and I was glad of it; for the current of gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current, which might have poured upon my head, for having engaged a madman to run a railroad train.

"But this is not the end. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head nearly two weeks, and when he recovered from that, he was sound again: his insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterward, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his mad freak on my engine.

"But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer."



OF THE HOURS KEPT BY INSECTS.

Insecrs seem to be divided into various classes, according to the hours they keep—some going about only in the day,

and others only at night.

The spider is mainly a nocturnal animal, making his web and taking his prey chiefly at night. Other insects only appear at particular hours of the day. The clouded yellow butterfly does not fly before ten in the morning, and goes to its rest by four in the afternoon. The red underwing moth is never seen except about six or seven in the morning. Other moths, as we all know, are as nocturnal as bats. Some of the smaller beetles are always seen swarming about noon.

Most of the gnats are only observed a little before sunset, when, in huge swarms, they dance up and down over rivers and marshy spots. The musquito, like thieves and pickpockets, however, prowls about at the dead of night.

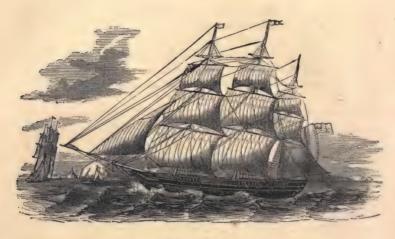


# THE SILK-WORM'S WILL.

On a plain rush hurdle a silk-worm lay, When a proud young princess came that way. The haughty child of a human king Threw a sidelong glance at the humble thing, That took, with a silent gratitude, From the mulberry leaf, her simple food; And shrunk, half scorn and half disgust,
Away from her sister child of dust—
Declaring she never yet could see
Why a reptile form like this should be,
And that she was not made with nerves so firm,
As calmly to stand by a "crawling worm!"

With mute forbearance the silk-worm took
The taunting words and the spurning look;
Alike a stranger to self and pride,
She'd no disquiet from aught beside—
And lived of a meekness and peace possessed,
Which these debar from the human breast.
She only wished, for the harsh abuse,
To find some way to become of use
To the haughty daughter of lordly man;
And thus did she lay a noble plan,
To teach her wisdom, and make it plain
That the humble worm was not made in vain;
A plan so generous, deep, and high,
That, to carry it out, she must even die!

"No more," said she, "will I drink or eat! I'll spin and weave me a winding-sheet To wrap me up from the sun's clear light, And hide my form from her wounded sight: In secret, then, till my end draws nigh, I'll toil for her; and when I die, I'll leave behind, as a farewell boon, To the proud young princess, my whole cocoon, To be reeled and wove to a shining lace, And hung in a vail o'er her scornful face! And when she can calmly draw her breath Through the very threads that have caused my death; When she finds, at length, she has nerves so firm As to wear the shroud of a crawling worm, May she bear in mind that she walks with pride In the winding-sheet where the silk-worm died!"



#### A REAL HEROINE.

Among the passengers from California, who arrived at New York by the steamer George Law, on Saturday, February 14, 1857, there was an invalid who had to be borne from the vessel to his hotel, upon a litter. By his side, superintending every movement, was a young lady of prepossessing person, but with a countenance careworn and anxious from long watching. The invalid was Captain Joshua P. Patton, late of the ship Neptune's Car, of New York, and the lady was Mary A. Patton, his wife, both of whom returned home under circumstances of peculiar misfortune.

Captain Patton left New York for San Francisco about the middle of August, 1856, in command of the Neptune's Car, belonging to Messrs. Foster & Nickerson, of this city, carrying with him his wife, who had previously accompanied him on two voyages. Sailing about the same time for San Francisco were the ships Romance of the Seas and the Intrepid, both fast clippers. Captain Patton, proud of his ship, and confident of her sailing qualities, declared his intention to beat the others, if possible, in reaching their common port of

destination, and made every exertion within the bounds of prudence to insure a quick passage.

They had not been long at sea, however, before Captain P. discovered that he was not sustained by his first officer. The indifference of the mate, which by degrees grew into sullenness and neglect of his duties, devolved extra cares and watchfulness upon the captain, who, by the time the ship had reached Cape Horn, was worn out with fatigues and cares. The mate was found on several occasions asleep in his watch, with the ship under shortened sail, when the wind and weather were most favorable for making the run. A repetition of these misdemeanors finally decided Captain Patton to put the mate off duty, which was done about the time they doubled Cape Horn.

The increased difficulties which this unpleasant state of things occasioned, brought the captain down with a fever about the time they passed the straits of La Maire. He struggled against it for a week, and was then compelled to quit the deck, not however without hope that his confinement would be but temporary. As long as he possessed sufficient strength, he conferred with his wife as to the vessel's management, and directed her, in case he was wholly disabled, to navigate the ship to San Francisco, giving the second mate the orders how to steer. Despite the constant nursing of his wife, the disease triumphed, settled into a congestion of the brain, producing delirium and blindness.

True to her husband's directions, the wife took up the sextant, and daily, at meridian and at night, made the necessary observations, and, unassisted, kept the run of the ship, giving her orders as to the course to be steered. At the same time, she consulted all the medical authorities at hand as to the treatment of her husband's case, and applied herself in every way to restore him to health.

The mate, meantime, sought to excite a mutiny among the crew, and desired to carry the ship into Valparaiso, but in

this he was foiled. Mrs. Patton assembled the sailors upon the quarter-deck, and explained to them the helpless condition of her husband, at the same time appealing to them to stand by her and the second mate. To this appeal each man responded by a promise to obey her in every command. The mate lost his power over the crew from that hour, and Mrs. P., without a rival, directed every movement on board. The men manifested their sympathy by the greatest alacrity in obeying her orders, as well as those of the second mate, who superintended the working of the ship until she arrived at San Francisco, on the 13th of November. Those who saw her enter the harbor, say no vessel ever came into that port looking better in every respect. The Romance of the Seas had arrived only eight days before her.

The case of Captain Patton and his wife becoming known to the Masons at San Francisco, of which fraternity he is a member, temporary provision was made for them, and by their assistance they have been forwarded to their friends at New York on board the George Law. They arrived here totally destitute; and the situation of the devoted wife is rendered the more trying by the near approach of the period of

her confinement.

The case having been brought to the attention of the Board of Underwriters, the matter was referred to a committee, who reported in favor of paying Mrs. Patton \$1,000 as a temporary relief. Her discretion and heroism have saved a very large sum to the insurers, which would have been lost had the counsels of the mate prevailed, and the ship been carried into Valparaiso. It is understood that some further appropriation will be made for their relief, and that the owners of the ship, and the merchants of New York, propose to take some further notice of the case.

The captain is still very low, being at present both deaf and blind, and his recovery from these afflictions is by no means certain. Mrs. Patton is yet but twenty years of age,

and has been married about four years. She is a native of Boston, a pretty woman, and a true heroine. The parties were accompanied to New York by Dr. Harris, of this city, who has had the treatment of Captain Patton's case since his arrival in San Francisco.



SENSE OF TASTE IN INSECTS.

The faculty of taste seems to be possessed by insects in high perfection. The caterpillar of the antler-moth, though it feeds on a variety of grasses, and often ravages whole fields, always avoids the fox-tail grass. Some caterpillars will only eat the leaves of the kind of tree on which they were hatched. In Scotland, a small kind of gnat, on a certain occasion, attacked a party of haymakers, and gave them great annoyance. One among the men, however, escaped. This fellow the insects evidently did not like the taste of, for they did not inflict upon him a single bite.

A certain kind of oxfly greatly prefers to live upon young cattle. The harvest-bug, a species of mite, chiefly attacks men and children; and even the musquito has evidently a choice among his customers. One minute species of insect, the red-tick, has a great fondness for taking the blood of butterflies; they even sup upon the dragon-fly, but yet they all turn up their noses at the pretty little ringlet-butterfly. Nevertheless, they occasionally take a sip out of a field-cricket, an ant, a beetle, a harvest-spider, a humble-bee, or even a dung-beetle!

Bees seem to have a less delicate taste than any other insect, and hence they display little choice in the selection of honey. Nor do they display more nicety in the choice of water, for the most corrupted marshes and deleterious pools seem to be preferred by them to the most limpid streams, or even to dew itself.

### YOUTHFUL IMPROVEMENT.

The late General Harrison, President of the United States, appears, from the following anecdote, to have considered that the moral improvement of the young is of greater value in preventing crime than the ordinary penal checks that are interposed. On one occasion, he was engaged in assisting the gardener to adjust some grape-vines. The latter remarked that there would be but little use in training the vines, so far as any fruit was concerned, as the boys would come on Sunday, while the family were at church, and steal all the grapes; and he suggested to the general, as a guard against such a loss, that he should purchase an active watch-dog. "It would be better," replied he, "to employ an active Sabbath-school teacher. A dog may take care of the grapes, but a good Sabbath-school teacher will take care of the grapes and the boys too."



SPIDER'S ALMANAC.

Spiders are supposed to be very weatherwise, and hence some persons observe their movements as a means of determining what the weather is to be. "When we see a spider spinning a long thread," says Brez, "it is a sign of fair weather for two days to come." Kirby rather confirms this opinion.

# HYMENEAL EPIGRAM.

MARRIED, in Pine Grove, Alabama, Mr. Jonas Pillow to Miss Sarah Scripture, both of that place.

> Some keep the Scripture for a show— Lettered and gilt, on their bureau— And some to dust and moths degrade it; But Jonas took the wiser part— He pressed the Scripture to his heart, And even on his Pillow laid it!



THE AMBITIOUS FROG.

There was once a large frog, who dwelt in a pond with several other frogs. This creature was of that kind which we denominate bull-frogs, and he was especially given to grumbling and bellowing. If you had heard him at night, you might have fancied him to be some huge monster as large as an ox, though he was, in fact, not bigger than your double fist.

Well, this frog was not content with being larger than any other frog in his neighborhood, but one day he must needs try to swell up and be as big as an ox that he saw grazing near by. Puff, puff, puff, he went—all the time swelling out, until at last he was as large as a good-sized rat. His success gratified him very much, and he was stimulated to prodigious efforts by some of his admirers and flatterers, who repeated every thing he said, and really considered him as the most extraordinary character of the day. They were but too happy to adopt his opinions, and to utter his praises, thinking

that they thereby caught somewhat of the glory of their great leader.

It is true that some sensible frogs laughed at the great swelling, puffing fellow, of whom we are speaking; but this only induced his followers to be more loud in his praise. So he was kept in good-humor with himself, and went on bellowing and expanding to such a degree, that he soon hoped to surpass the ox in bulk. One day, being greatly excited by the adulation of his friends, he made a tremendous effort; but unhappily he split his sides, and nothing was left of him but two flabby pieces of skin, a head, and a pair of legs! Thus perished the frog who was over-ambitious, and sought to gain celebrity by puffing himself up.

It is not uncommon to see human beings imitating this frog, and experiencing a similar fate.

## SUCCESSFUL WIT.

When Abbas the Great, of Persia, was hunting, early one morning, he met an uncommonly ugly man, at the sight of whom his horse started. Being nearly thrown off the animal, he called to his men, in a rage, to strike off the peasant's head. They therefore seized the poor man, and were on the point of executing him, when he prayed to be informed of his crime.

"Your crime," said the king, "is your unlucky countenance, which is the first object I saw this morning, and which had nearly caused me to fall from my horse." "Alas!" said the man, "by this reckoning, what term must I apply to your majesty's countenance, which was the first object my eyes met this morning, and which is to cause my death!" The king smiled at the reply, ordered the man to be released, and gave him a present instead of taking off his head.



THE OPOSSUM.

The opossum is exclusively an American animal. Everybody among us is familiar with its name and character, yet it is found only in the milder parts of the continent. It is common in Virginia and farther south; but is never met with in New England. It is about the size of a cat; but its legs are short, and its body is broad and flat. The females are remarkable for having an abdominal pouch, into which the young ones retreat in time of danger.

Their rate of motion on the ground is very slow; but in trees, where they spend the greater part of their time, they control their movements with much ease, and climb and hold on with great address. Their hind feet have the fifth toe long, which is used in much the same way as our thumb.

The opossum is a very peculiar-looking animal, and is the first of this singular order—that of pouched animals—which became known to naturalists. It has been said of the species that they have a gape like a pike, the ears of a bat, the feet of an ape, and the tail of a serpent. They have altogether a most repulsive appearance, and give out an offensive odor when molested.

The usual haunts of the opossum are thick forests, and their dens are generally in the hollows of decayed trees, where they pass the day in sleep. They sally forth mostly after nightfall, to seek their food. When the female goes forth with her family, after they have grown too large to be carried in her pouch, she presents a most ludicrous appearance, toiling along with twelve or fifteen cubs on her back, about the size of rats, each with his tail twisted round that of his mother, and clinging to her with his paws and teeth. It attacked when in this situation, she will bite the assailant with much keenness and severity.

The hunting of this animal is the favorite sport in some of the Middle States. After the autumnal frosts have set in, the opossums leave their dens in search of their favorite fruit—the persimmon—which is there in perfection; and parties of the country people go out to hunt them in the moonlight evenings, attended by dogs trained for the purpose. As soon as the latter discover the object of their search, they announce it by baying, and the hunters ascending the tree, shake the limb to which the poor frightened opossum is clinging, in hopes of hiding itself from its pursuers. It is, however, soon obliged to relax its hold, and falls to the ground. Here, however, it does not lose its presence of mind, but rolling itself into a ball, counterfeits death. If the dogs are for a moment at fault, it uncoils itself, and attempts to steal away. It often repeats this artifice, which has given rise to the phrase, "playing 'possum," which means a shallow trick or pretense. In general, however, it is of little avail against the combined attacks of dogs and hunters.

If taken young, the opossum may be tamed, and becomes very fond of human society. It then relinquishes its nocturnal habits, and even grows troublesome from its familiarity. It follows the inmates of the house with great assiduity, complaining with a whining noise, when left alone. The flavor of its flesh is compared to that of a roast pig.



#### VEGETABLE WONDERS.

THE number of known species of plants in the world is about eighty thousand, and there are doubtless eighty thousand more.

One of the largest trees in the world is the baobab, of Africa, where several negro families sometimes reside in the trunk.

The largest flower in the world is found in Java, and is six feet in diameter.

It is estimated that the oak will live four thousand years. The same is said of the baobab-tree.

The "cow-tree," in South America, produces milk, from which the people obtain regular supplies.

The nepenthus, or pitcher-plant, of India, furnishes water in its leaves, which not only have pitchers, but covers to them.

The pear-leaf has twenty-four thousand pores to the square inch, on the under side; the pink has twenty-eight thousand five hundred. Some plants have as many as one hundred and sixty thousand!

There are one hundred and forty different species of oak in

the world, seventy of which are found in America, and thirty in Europe.

The largest oak in the world is one in Dorsetshire, England, whose trunk measures sixty-nine feet in circumference.

The famous oak, at Hartford, in which the charter of Connecticut was hidden when Sir Edmund Andros came to take it away by command of James II., in 1688, was blown down in 1855.

There are forty different species of pine. The white pine grows to the height of one hundred and eighty feet.

The *Pinus Duglacus*, on the Columbia river, was, till recently, supposed to be the tallest tree in the world, as it grows to the stupendous height of two hundred and forty feet.

It is now known, however, that a similar species of tree is found in California, which grows to the height of three hundred feet, and is quite the largest vegetable production in the known world.

It is said that the greatest body of timber ever measured from a single tree was from the *Pinus Lambianus*, on the Missouri river.

A single mahogany-tree, cut in Nicaragua, and taken to London, has been sold for 1500 dollars.

Lilies are natives of North America, China, Germany, Liberia, and New Holland.

A single barley-corn in Paris produced fifty-five culms, or stalks, containing one hundred and eighty thousand corns of barley.

The celebrated botanist Ray, counted thirty-two thousand seeds in the head of a poppy.

There are three hundred and sixty thousand seeds in the capsule of a tobacco plant.

There are no less than nine thousand different varieties of roses, and fifty varieties of pinks.

It is supposed by many naturalists that an elm-tree produces five hundred and thirty thousand seeds in a year.

Barley has been sowed with success one hundred and forty years after it was produced. Wheat may be kept with the germinating principle for ages. Seeds of different grasses will vegetate after having been buried in the earth a thousand years.

The Canada thistle, the enemy of all farmers, is a native of Canada, but it has crossed the Atlantic, probably by means of wings with which its seeds are provided.

The famous yew-trees still growing in Surrey, England, stood in the days of Julius Cæsar.

There is an apple-tree in Hartford, Connecticut, two hundred years old; a fig-tree in Palestine seven hundred and eighty years old; a live-oak in Louisiana one thousand years old; a pine-tree in Asia Minor one thousand eight hundred and ninety years old. A cedar on Mount Lebanon is two thousand one hundred and twenty years old; a chestnut on Mount Etna, Sicily, two thousand six hundred years old; a sycamore on the Bosphorus four thousand years old!

Some person who had nothing else to do, has ascertained that there are five hundred and fifty thousand grains in a bushel of wheat, five hundred and twenty thousand in barley, one million two hundred and sixty thousand in oats, twenty-seven thousand in horse-beans.

# SILENCE IS NOT PROOF OF WIT.

"I was at a dinner some time ago," says Coleridge, "in company with a man, who listened to me, and said nothing for some time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, toward the end of the dinner, some apple-dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with, 'Them's the jockies for me!"



UNROLLING A MUMMY.

Mr. Gliddon, who had lived some years in Egypt, and had studied the antiquities of that country, received from thence a mummy, which was opened in Boston at the Tremont Temple, before a large audience. An eye-witness of the performance thus describes it:

"The mummy to be opened, had been taken from the outer-box, and was placed upright before the audience. While the operation of sawing the inner box, or coffin, was going on, Mr. Gliddon made some remarks upon the loss of the art of embalming, in connection with a description of the tombs in which these bodies were found, and the exhibition of embalmed birds and animals.

"The mummy exhibited was obtained at his order, by A. C. Harris, at Thebes, in February, 1846. It was found at the mouth of a pit, and no doubt could be entertained of its genuineness. In consequence of a law passed in 1835, prohibiting the carrying off of mummies, this one did not reach

him until about six months since. In taking it from the outer box, there was an adherence, in consequence of the hot pitch which had been poured over it. This inner box, nearly the shape of the human body, was originally painted and gilded, and contained upon it the name of the person, with the family, to which she belonged. The bitumen had partly obscured the name, but from what was seen, it was ascertained that she belonged to the Theban aristocracy. So much of the name as was distinguished, signified 'life.'

"The age of mummies, Mr. Gliddon said, could be determined by the style in which they were embalmed. The oldest mummy now known was that of the builder of the third pyramid, 5,000 years ago, which was now in the possession of the British Museum. Up to the twenty-second century before Christ, or near the time of Abraham, woolen cloth was used, which was afterward exchanged for linen. About this time, the square coffin gave place to the oval style, and in the fifteenth century before Christ, the smearing with bitumen, or pitch, was first practiced. Bitumen is supposed to have been brought from the banks of the Euphrates, and to have been introduced after the Assyrian conquests.

"Mr. Gliddon exhibited the skull of a girl, from the collection of Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia; also a skull and foot, to show the difference in the two periods of embalming. The foot, which was that of a woman, and very small, he supposed belonged to some one who lived twenty-two centuries before the Christian era. He had also, in glass cases, an embalmed sacred calf from Memphis, a ram from Thebes, a cat, jackals, serpents, erocodiles, and an ibis. Of this last, he said, there were two styles in which they were embalmed—one at Memphis, and the other at Thebes. Of the former, nothing was usually found but bones, dust, and a few feathers.

"The lecturer, however, showed to the audience the mummy of an ibis of the greatest antiquity, taken from a deep pit near Memphis. He said that many crocodiles were embalmed, and one of four or five feet in length was exhibited to the audience. Mr. Gliddon stated that there were millions of these kinds of mummies, and of all sizes, from that of just coming from the egg, to the length of seventeen feet.

"The sawing of the box now being completed, it was turned upon the back, and the upper part was taken off. As the bandaged mummy was brought to view, it was received with shouts by the audience. Mr. Gliddon said it would be unrolled on Wednesday, when the trinkets and other articles which should be brought to light, would be placed in a glass case for exhibition, and on Friday a report would be made upon them.

"At the time appointed, the mummy was taken from the box and placed upon its feet, and the audience were invited to examine all of the articles exhibited. The coffin in which it was inclosed, Mr. Gliddon supposed, was made of layers of cloth, glued or stuck together firmly, and was about a quarter of an inch thick. It appeared to have been put on in a plastic state, and fastened tightly on the back before hardening. In sawing the box, the folds of cloth on the body were slightly cut open.

"On being examined by the scientific gentlemen present, Mr. Agassiz, Dr. Wyman, and others, it was found to be carefully enrolled in long bandages of gummed linen. A scarf, ten feet in length, with fringed ends, was taken off. Among the bandages were some straps of red morocco, in

perfect preservation.

"When the body was unrolled so as to disclose the face, Mr. Gliddon said it had been plunged in boiling bitumen, and even the eyes and the sockets burnt out. After further unrolling, he brought out and exhibited a papyrus, which he stated was a leaf from the 'Book of the Dead.' It was rolled up, and Mr. Gliddon observed that it would have to be damped and carefully unrolled before it could be read. There was also found a scarabæus, or winged beetle, the figure of which

was placed outside on the head of the mummy. The cloth being removed from the face and upper part of the body, it was placed in a glass case, and exposed in full view of the audience.

"The boiling bitumen had reduced the body to a crisp, so that it was as brittle as burnt bone, and the features were nearly destroyed. The arms were extended upon the sides, the hands resting upon the abdomen. On the whole, it was rather a disgusting object to look upon, though interesting to men of science, as a relic of antiquity; while, to the moralist, it suggested a reflection upon the emptiness of human greatness, and the folly of attempting to perpetuate the memory thereof by any monuments of human device.

"When the mummy was thus partially disclosed, it was declared by Mr. Gliddon to be a female princess, and, being five feet four inches in height, he pronounced it to be the tallest of the sex he had ever seen. He then explained the hieroglyphics in front of the body, so far as he had been able to translate them. He said the inscriptions found on the mummies were generally parts of the formularies in the 'Book of the Dead.' This body was surmounted by a winged beetle, holding the Creator Sun. Below it was a sign, which was a musical instrument, and the sign for the word priestess. On one side was the god of science, and behind it the West. The symbol on the other side he could not find out. Below was the emblem of eternity. On either side were the wives of Osiris, the god of the dead, symbols of justice and corruption. Below were the words, 'Dedicated to Osiris, the god of the house of the living and the dead;' and under this was, 'The Syrian, or the deceased, beloved of the god of the Western Heavens, Got Thoth-Anch-ph,' which means, eternal life.

"On the leather straps were found two royal names. One of them signified 'the Sun-guardian of the world, approved by the Sun.' From these names, it appeared that the person embalmed lived in the days of Osocron, sixth in descent from the conqueror of Rehoboam. This was about nine hundred years before Christ, which took away four hundred or five hundred years from the age he had attributed to it. The scarabæus found on the breast had been submitted to Dr. Burnett, who had defined its species, and a small insect found in the linen proved to be of a species not known. The metallic plate was examined by Mr. Hayes, and proved to be tin. The bulb found proved to be a species of bean.

"Mr. Gliddon described the caves in which the mummies were placed, in one of which he had been down 150 feet, in a straight line. These caves were the burial places of a population of half a million for 4,000 years, and from this some estimate might be made of the great number of mummies in

them.

"It had been asked how the age of the mummies could be ascertained. There were several means of determining this question—by the nomenclature, or calling the names of persons after the reigning kings—by the hieroglyphics, forms of coffins, figures of deities, styles of inscription, and the manner of painting the faces of the deceased, on the coffins. So, also, in later times, the jaws of mummies were tied up. This was not the practice in more remote ages.

"Mr. Gliddon went into a calculation by which he showed that the annual cost of linen for mummies must have been \$3,330,000 a year. The highest style he supposed must have cost \$1,250 each, the next \$300, and the cheapest \$20. This was a revenue which the priesthood enjoyed, and owing to

which, he said, the art was preserved so long a time.

"Mr. Gliddon again went over the inscriptions upon the outer coffin and the inner one, both of which he said indicated that the mummy was a female priestess, but, contrary to his expectations, he was obliged to confess that it was neither, being, in fact, a man! Some might infer from this, he said, that he was either ignorant or designed to deceive the audience.

He preferred they should come to the first conclusion; at all events, he should take satisfaction from the fact that accidents happened three thousand years ago, as well as in our own days."

Since Mr. Gliddon's exhibition, an English traveler in Egypt, named Arden, brought a mummy to London, which was opened in the presence of a number of persons, principally of the Society of Antiquaries. In this instance, it appears that the case was rich with gold embellishments and hieroglyphics. The inscription on the external surface read, "Anchsenhesi," or "She who lived by Isis," thus at once determining the sex of the individual. A learned gentleman explained the three grades of preparing the mummy, as laid down by Herodotus, and in conclusion proceeded to the dirty labor of stripping off the family rags from the very brittle and bituminous lady.

The first discovery was that of the dorsal strap of leather, extending in a chevron shape from the nape of the neck to the lower part of the ribs, the lateral extremities being broader, and inscribed with certain characters descriptive of the family or individual rank, &c., of the deceased. Presently a roll of papyrus was brought to light, inscribed with portions of the Egyptian ritual. The body being exposed, and the planch incision laid bare, the tin plate covering it was removed, and some further careful explorations revealed a very unusual feature, viz., a silver plate inscribed with an eye, symbolical of the sun, over the region of the heart. The hands, on removal, proved to have been prepared with great care, all the fingers being encased in silver previous to the application of the coating of bitumen.

From the peculiarity of the rolls, as well as other objects, it was thought that the lady thus unceremoniously broken up was one of wealth and rank, who lived from 1,000 to 1,200 years before Christ, or about 3,000 years ago. Who could she have been? Probably the daughter of Pharaoh, who

found Moses in the bulrushes, and adopted and educated him. Here we see again the vanity of life, fortune, and rank—a lady despoiled, three thousand years after her death, for the edification of a number of English savans!



THE BEE AND BUTTERFLY.

Two insects, a bee and butterfly, once met upon the same flower. The latter was attired in all the gaudy colors of the rainbow: at the same time, her air and manner seemed to show that she thought only of the passing moment, that pleasure was her aim, and that, in the pursuit of this, she forgot every other object. The bee wore a very different aspect. He was clad in a homely suit of brown, and carried about him a striking air of business and bustle.

The butterfly seemed to be somewhat shocked at finding herself so near to such a common, vulgar creature. The bee perceived this, and accordingly spoke as follows: "Pray don't be frightened, my gay lady; I'll not soil your pretty dress, or interfere with your pursuits. But forgive me, ma'am, for asking how it is possible for you to spend all your time in amusement? It seems to me that I should get tired

of life, if I did not feel that a great part of my time was usefully employed."

"Our tastes, as well as our destiny," said the butterfly, "are happily very different. I could not endure an existence like yours. There is nothing so stupid as being useful. I leave utility to those who are made for drudges. My vocation is to live wholly for enjoyment. Farewell!" Saying this, the butterfly spread her wings, and, with a dancing motion, glided away upon the breeze.

Upon this, the bee made the following sage reflections: "The mere seeker of pleasure is not merely short-sighted, but he is selfish. He not only lives an idle and careless life, making no wise preparation for the future, but even his enjoyments are of a poor, vulgar, and contemptible kind. There is a never-failing source of enjoyment in usefulness, and there is no happiness so abiding and so satisfactory as the consciousness of pursuing a useful career. How despicable, then, is a life of mere pleasure! How truly low-minded is the individual who, in the pursuit of fashion and folly, sneers at those who are discharging the serious duties of life!"

# QUACKERY.

THERE can be no doubt that it is one of the weaknesses of human nature to love to be cheated by quack medicines. It is an historical fact that, in 1750, a mad enthusiast, a private in the Life Guards, predicted that London would be overthrown on a certain day. This induced an impudent quack to get up pills, which he assured the people "were good against earthquakes!" and, strange to say, he sold an immense quantity. People bought them without thinking to inquire whether they were to swallow them themselves, or to put them into the jaws of the earthquake, when it began to open its mouth.



# MUSQUITO SONG.

In a summer's night I take my flight, To where the maidens repose; And while they are slumbering sweet and sound, I bite them on the nose. The warm red blood that tints their cheeks To me is precious dear, For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite At this season of the year.

On the chamber wall about I crawl, Till the landlord goes to bed; Then my bugle I blow, and down I go, To light upon his head. Oh, I love to see the fellow slap, And I laugh to hear him swear; For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite In this season of the year.



TWO OF A TRADE.

THERE are two animals, one called the skunk, and the other the polecat, both of which are famous for a very offensive smell. This is, indeed, their chief defense; for if any creature offends them, they take revenge by discharging upon it some of their abominable odor. In this respect they are like mean persons, who, when offended with any person, impute all sorts of evil thoughts and designs to him, thus trying to sink him to their own level.

But we have a story to tell of a polecat and skunk, which is as follows:

Once upon a time, two of these creatures chanced to meet—for, although one is a European and the other an American animal, such difficulties are easily overcome in such a fable as we are going to tell. As it is said "two of a trade can never agree," so these seemed, at first sight, to feel a mutual dislike of one another. The skunk, in short, actually turned up his nose at the polecat, and the polecat turned up his nose at the skunk!

"What do you mean?" said the polecat.

"What do you mean?" said the skunk.

"I mean," said the former, "that you use monstrous bad cologne!"

"I may say the same of you," said the skunk.

"Of me!" said the indignant polecat; "of me—the sweetest quadruped in the forest? Me—me—me—you impudent, vile, vulgar skunk!"

Thus the war was opened; and pretty soon the two began to use their appropriate weapons upon each other. How the battle ended I can not say, for the air was too strong for me, and I came away. But I recommend my example to all my friends; and hereafter, when they see two mean creatures contending with each other, let them have the sport all to themselves.

#### THE UTILITY OF POCKETS.

Among the strange subjects chosen by Southey, in his "Doctor," for a chapter, are pockets; and he thus speaks of them: "Of all the inventions of the tailor, I hold the pocket to be the most commodious, and, saving the fig-leaf, the most indispensable. Birds have their craw; ruminating beasts their first or ante-stomach; the monkey has his cheek, the opossum her pouch; and, so necessary is some convenience of this kind for the human animal, that the savage who cares not for clothing, makes himself a pocket, if he can. Some of the inhabitants of Congo make a secret fob in their woolly toupet, of which, as P. Labal says, the worst use they make is—to carry poison in it. The Matolats, a long-haired race, who border on the Caffres, form their locks into a sort of hollow cylinder, in which they bear about their little implements. The New Zealander is less ingenious; he makes a large opening in his ear, and carries his knife in it."



TRAVELING BEE-HIVES.

In Switzerland, the traveler often sees a man trudging up the mountains with a hive of bees on his back. The people move the bees, because change of place is considered good for them. In France, the bee-hives are put into a boat,—some hundreds together,—which floats down the stream by night, and stops by day. The bees go out in the morning, return in the evening, and when they are all quietly at home, the boat floats on.

In Lower Egypt, where the blooming of flowers is considerably later than in the upper districts, the practice of transporting bee-hives is extensively practiced. At the time appointed for the migration, the hives are collected from the villages along the banks of the Nile, each being numbered

according to the different proprietors; they are floated down the river to a place where the flowers are in bloom, and are there carried ashore, where they remain till the honey is all collected. They are then taken in the boat again and floated to another spot, and so on for the period of three months, when they are carried back to their homes. Niebuhr, the historian, says that in one instance he saw a convoy of 4,000 hives in their transit from Upper Egypt to the coast of the Delta.

#### THE CAPTAIN'S PUDDING.

The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate: "Whenever there was a plum-pudding made, by the captain's orders all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end was placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. After this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next the captain.

"The latter no sooner perceived that the pudding had the wrong end turned toward him, than picking up the dish, and turning it round, as if to examine the china, he said, 'This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool,' and put it down, as if without design, with the plum end next to himself.

"'Is it possible?' said the mate, taking up the dish; 'I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling;' and as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plums next to himself.

"The captain looked at the mate; the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed; the mate laughed.

"'I tell you what, young man,' said the captain, 'you've found me out; so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter.'"



## THE DOVE.

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT THAT RECENTLY OCCURRED.

The rosy light of Sabbath eve
On hill and valley lay,
And lingered long, as if to leave
A blessing on the day.

The village bell had sweetly tolled Its chime upon the air, To summon to their hallowed fold The worshippers for prayer.

The organ's deep and solemn peals Fell on the listening ear, As o'er the senses gently steals The feeling—God is near!

The youthful preacher rose, and took
His theme,—'twas Jesus' love,—
When, lo! beside the sacred book
There stood a snow-white dove.

With timid gaze and folded wing
It paused—then soared away:
In vain we sought to track its course,
In vain we bade it stay.

Onward and upward still it flew, Till not a speck was seen, To tell that in the vaults of blue Its graceful form had been.

I know not if the thought be wrong,
But it hath seemed to me
That some mute herald from the skies
That gentle bird might be,—

To teach us, if to innocence
Our days on earth are given,
We, too, may plume our spirits' wings,
And take our flight for heaven.

The memory of that Sabbath eve,
That quiet sunset scene,
Did on my heart an impress leave
From which this truth I glean:—

That nature's simplest lessons tend
To show some moral plain;
For, on the page that God hath penned,
No line is writ in vain.

#### THOMAS HOOD ON HEALTH.

Take precious care of your precious health—but how, as the housewife says, to make it keep?

Why, then, don't cure and smoke-dry it—or pickle it in everlasting acids, like the Germans. Don't bury it in a potato-pit, like the Irish. Don't preserve it in spirits, like the barbarians. Don't salt it down, like the Newfoundlanders. Don't pack it in ice, like Captain Back. Don't parboil it like gooseberries. Don't pot—and don't hang it. A rope is a bad "cordon sanitaire." Above all, don't despond about it. Let not anxiety have "thee on the hip."

Consider your health as your best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles, as you can. For instance, never dream, though you may have a "clever hack," of galloping consumption, or indulge in the Meltonian belief that you are going the pace. Never fancy, every time you cough,

you are going to pot. Hold up, as the shooter says, over the

roughest ground.

Despondency, in a nice case, is the overweight that may make you kick the beam and the bucket both at once. In short, as with other cases, never meet trouble half-way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains, though it should be a Scotch mile and a bittock. I have even known him to give up his visit in sight of the house. Besides, the best fence against care is a Ha! ha!—wherefore, take care to have one all around you, whenever you can. Let your "lungs crow like chanticleer," and as like a game-cock as possible. It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and, "like a trumpet, makes the spirits dance."



## THE JACKDAW AND THE PEACOCKS.

THERE is, in Europe, a chattering, cunning bird, nearly black, and somewhat resembling a crow in character, though much smaller. It is usually found around old ruinous edifices, where it loves to build its nest. It can be taught to speak some words, and hence it has figured in a good many fables. The following is one of them:

A jackdaw, one day, observed a peacock spreading his magnificent tail, and, being greatly delighted with it, he determined to try to rival the peacock. Accordingly, he went about, and, finding some cast-off feathers of that bird, he stuck them into his tail, and began to strut about in a very fantastic manner.

"What is the matter with you?" said one of his neighbors.

"What is the matter, indeed?" said the silly bird; "just as if you didn't see my splendid tail!"

"O ho!" said his neighbor. "I see now;" and away he went, to call the rest of the jackdaws. Pretty soon they all came, and such a laughing and jeering never was heard before. Then came the peacocks, and, seeing what had been done, they were very angry at seeing a stupid jackdaw steal their feathers, and try to pass himself off as one of themselves. Upon this, they fell upon poor jack, and he not only lost his borrowed tail, but a large share of his own proper feathers.

So it usually happens with a person who attempts to pass himself off for what he is not: he is not only laughed at and ridiculed, but he is apt to be denied even the merit he might otherwise claim.

#### WHAT A LADY WON'T CONFESS.

"Punch" says, in his Pocket-Book for 1854, that there are several things which "you never can by any accident get a lady—be she young or old—to confess to." Here are some of them:

"That she laces tight. That her shoes are too small for her. That she is ever tired at a ball. That she paints. That she is as old as she looks. That she has been more than five minutes dressing. That she has kept you waiting. That she blushed when a certain person's name was mentioned. That she ever says a thing she doesn't mean. That she is fond of scandal. That she can't keep a secret. That she—she of all persons in the world—is in love. That she doesn't want a new bonnet. That she can do with one single thing less, when she is about to travel. That she hasn't the disposition of an angel, or the temper of a saint—or how else could she go through one half of what she does? That she doesn't know better than every one else what is best for her. That she is a flirt or a coquette. That she is ever in the wrong."



# THE MOTH'S MELODY.

An! what shall I do
To express unto you
What I think, what I feel, what I know, and pursue?

With my elegant face,
And my wing of lace,
How lightly the motes of the evening I chase!

Though I am but a moth,
And feed upon cloth,
To me it is pleasant and nourishing both.

And this region of light,
So broad and so bright,
It makes my heart dance with a strange delight.

If dismal to you,
'Tis the best of the two,
For oh, it is pleasant, this wide, shining view!

There are lights afar,

More bright than a star.

You say they are candles,—I'll see if they are.

I go, and I fly,
And so, good-by!
Ah me! what is it? I die! I die!

#### CHINESE LADIES.

Dr. Bowring stated, lately, at Liverpool, that there is no lady in China who aspires to a high position, who does not look upon it as a great accomplishment not to be able to walk.

"I have seen beautiful women," said he, "carried to their marriage ceremonies on the backs of their slaves, wholly unable to walk from one end of the room to the other. Not long ago an English lady, a friend of mine, was introduced into high society in Canton, and the Chinese ladies, not having seen an Englishwoman before, were very curious to look at her feet. They said, 'It is very strange; she has very good manners; what a wonder it is that such a savage as that should be able to behave herself in good society; look at her great feet—what could her father and mother be thinking of to let her grow to this size, and to let her feet grow with her person? One of the Chinese ladies observed, 'To be sure, she knows how to behave herself; but you know she has been in our company, for some time, in Canton.'"



OF THE BUTTERFLY AND THE FROST.

The butterfly was full of life and gayety during the soft, warm days of summer. As soon as the sun arose, he was seen spreading his golden wings in the light, and all the joyous day he glided from flower to flower, sipping the honey, or bathing in the sunshine.

One day, as he sat aloft on the open blossom of a lily, which he found growing by the side of a brook, he chanced to look down, where he beheld an ant, toiling at his hill. The ant was carrying bits of earth and gravel out of a small hole in the ground; and such was their size, that the whole strength of the insect was required to roll them along.

The butterfly, having feasted on the honey of the flower, sat picking his teeth, while he gazed on the laborious ant for

some time; then, curling up his nose in contempt, he spoke to him as follows:

"Halloo, there, neighbor! what in the world are you about, tugging and toiling, down there in the dirt, in such a manner?"

"I'm clearing out my house," said the ant, "so that I may store food for myself and family."

"Poh, nonsense!" said the butterfly. "Why don't you get wings, fly about, make a dash, and live on honey, like me?" and while he said this, the creature waved his wings up and down, to excite the envy and admiration of the ant.

"I have no wings," said the latter, in reply. "I am but an ant, and must live according to my degree."

"Poor creature!" said the butterfly, and flew away in disdain. But some months after, toward the latter part of September, he was seen, with a feeble flight, hovering over the same lily where we have before described him.

He settled upon the flower, but his beauty was gone. The gold-dust had disappeared from his wings, and his limbs were now withered and tremulous. He sought for food, for his lips were dry and parched; but the first frost had come; the lily was dead; and its leaves hung blackening upon the stalk. The poor insect sought to fly to another flower; but his wings failed, and he fell dead upon the ant-hill below.

The sage citizen of the hill saw what had happened, and readily recognized the butterfly that had sneered, in his day of prosperity, at his own humble industry. "Alas, poor prodigal!" said he. "Your hour of mirth and pride is over; and now, fallen, withered, and ruined, you must be my prey." So saying, the ant cut the butterfly in pieces, carried him into his den, and feasted on his carcass.



THE TWO OLD OWLS-AN APOLOGUE.

Two old owls lived in domestic quiet, in the oriel window of an ancient ruin. They had lived there for years, staring at the world with large round wondering eyes, but mingling no more with it than was necessary: their experience of it had made them hermits. If, as would occasionally happen, they ventured into the sunlight, they were blinded and bewildered by the glare, buffeted and insulted by the smaller birds, who made game of them. And so they secluded themselves in their mossy solitude, and lived there in plump, cosy, downy contentment. A few worms and mice sufficed for food; and for affection, each sufficed to each.

One night a hawk, an old acquaintance of their childhood, flew into their nest. The meeting was cordial with the reminiscences of youth. They talked of old times till the dawn was gray, and the twitter of the smaller birds rose sharp into the morning air. They marveled, indeed, to see how young the hawk looked, with his bright restless eye, his slim legs,

and barred plumage, like those of a gay young bachelor. He told them it was because he had lived. And then he dazzled the old owl with sparkling narratives of the outer world, and raised strange longings in his breast to see something of the varied forms of life so eloquently described.

"Whenever I have ventured out by daylight," said the owl, "the other birds have mocked me; so, thinking I was

out of my proper sphere, I returned to my home."

"That is because you have not boldly taken your position," replied the hawk. "In the world you must take what you want: no one gives. When I make my appearance, you should see how the birds rush to the nearest wood and thicket, giving vent to their scandalized terror in various cries!"

"Do they never fly after you?"

"Sometimes; but that is only when I have got one of them in my talons. Coming here this afternoon, I carried off the wife of a most respectable partridge," said the hawk, with a libertine shake of the head. "I wanted her, and so I took her. The whole covey followed me, making an uproar like a village of outraged women. They thought I wanted her for my seraglio. Not I: I ate her."

As the hawk said this, the old owl looked at him with envy and respect; but his wife shuddered, and thought the hawk would be a bad companion for her lord. She was glad when he flew away, and devoutly wished he would never fulfill his

promise of "looking in upon them" some fine day.

The words of the tempter dwelt in the old owl's mind. He was moody, taciturn, abstracted. Visions of the gay life led by hawks tormented him. The ruin where he had spent so many happy years seemed now a monotonous prison; mice and worms seemed now a monotonous regimen; his old wife "twaddled," he thought; and he himself felt old, as he remembered how much younger seemed his friend. The hawk had been to court, and, indeed, was related to the emperor

eagle. Why should not he, also, make a figure at the eagle's court? Why should he remain the terror of mice, when he might make the dovecots flutter?

In this mood he saw the hawk return, and gladly accepted the proposition to "see life," in his company; but, afraid of his wife's tears and reproaches, afraid of his own conscience, he dared not tell her of what he was about to do. He slipped away, leaving her dozing on her perch. She awoke to her bereavement.

It would be a long tale to tell how the truant owl was disenchanted by reality; how vain his efforts to become a young dandy, like the hawk; how miserable the sunlight made him; how the food disagreed with him; how he went to court, and was haughtily disowned by the eagle, and mercilessly quizzed by the courtier birds; how heartsick and feeble he returned to his old oriel window, to spend his days in such peace as remorse would leave him.

As he flew homeward, all the dear familiar scenes came soothing to his mind, like a breeze from the sea-shore on a feverish brow. The image of his old and loving companion, with whom all joys and sorrows had been shared, became an alternate anguish and joy to his troubled heart, filling him with remorse and with hope. As he came into the ruin, a huge and murderous rat slunk away into his hole, licking his bloody lips. As he flew up to his nest, a film overshadowed his eyes, for there before him lay the mangled body of his murdered wife. He had left her old and unprotected; he found her a corpse.

# SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS.

Were it not for the tears that fill our eyes, what an ocean would flood our hearts! Were it not for the clouds that cover our landscape, how insolent would be our sunshine!—Simms.



#### NOVEMBER.

The summer lays her garlands down,
She rends aside her rich array,
And like a glorious queen, uncrowned,
Glides from her vanquished realms away.
The weeping-willow sadly stands—
A mourning sibyl she in sooth!
I hear her waving besom-wands
Sweeping dead leaves from off the roof.

I hear the weird and solemn pines
Moan incantations to the blast!
Defiant, shriek the reckless winds,
Rushing on rapid pinion past.
Fantastic clouds creep o'er the hills,
And shroud in shadow all the town;
While howling through the mountain pass,
The wolfish, wintry night comes down!

In Heaven's high halls the storms contend,
Like viewless giants, fierce with wrath;
Enthroned in space, mysterious stars
Look coldly on the warring path.
'Tis thus despair and doubt have made
My anguished heart their battle-ground;
And thus, methinks, the Eternal Eye
Looks coldly on my bosom's wound!

Could my great sorrow find a voice,
'Twould be a wild, imploring cry,
To rend the ear of space, and win
Those frigid stars to sympathy!
And could the wail of human woe
Pierce where their shining feet have trod,
Would it not melt the stern resolves
Of an inexorable God?

As the old patriarch on the plain,
With power 'twould strive 'till night grew pale,
And as the patriarch, once again,
'Twould win a blessing, and prevail!
But no! the glorious vision fades,
And phantom fears beset my path;
A nameless horror to my heart
The dark and shadowy future hath!

Oh! I would fold the best beloved
Close to my apprehensive breast,
And from the threatened peril, pass
To peace and rest! To peace and rest!

#### TROUBLES.

TROUBLES are said to be like babies, that only grow bigger by nursing.



# AGRIPPINA.

AGRIPPINA, the daughter of Germanicus and Agrippina, the renowned empress, was married to Ænobarbus, at the age of fourteen, by order of the emperor Tiberius. She has two special claims to notoriety, for she was the sister of Caligula, and the mother of Nero.

She became distinguished by her scandalous conduct, and was banished from Rome. She returned, however, and her husband being dead, she married Crispus Passienus. Him she assassinated, and then contrived to marry her uncle, the aged emperor Claudius, though the connection was held to be incestuous.

She soon poisoned her imperial husband, and thus made way for the accession to the throne of her son Nero. For a time she was his mistress, and thus held influence over him; but another favorite gained the ascendency. This was Poppæa, who persuaded Nero to attempt to remove his mother by poison; but she was too skillful in such practices to be thus overcome. Nero then purchased a vessel with a false bottom, and sought to drown her, near Baiæ; but from this also she escaped! At last, he hired assassins to dispatch her with swords. When she saw the weapons of her murderers about to commit the fatal deed, she said, "Strike the womb which has given birth to such a son!"

It would require volumes to tell all the iniquities of this dreadful woman.

## TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

"We were once listening to an eloquent preacher," says an Edinburgh reviewer, "who enforced this doctrine, that it is the highest attainment of Christian grace to delight in contemplating the execution of Divine vengeance on the wicked, and quoted the standard illustration of Agag, viz.: 'We must attain, my brethren, to the same grace with Samuel, who hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord,' when a friend at our side whispered, with great energy, 'I have attained it; I could chop the preacher into mince-meat, with pleasure.'"



## THE BOY THAT TOLD LARGE STORIES.

THERE was once a boy who had the habit of telling very large stories. When he saw a squirrel in the woods, he would come home and say that he had seen something as big as a bear. If he killed two birds at a shot, he would boast that he had killed a couple of dozen.

One day, this boy came home to his father, and he declared he had seen a most enormous rat—as big as an ox. "Oh, no," said his father, "not so big as an ox." "I say it was as big as an ox, certain true."

The father said no more, but the next day he and his son set out upon a journey. They traveled on foot, and soon came to a broad river. "What stream is this?" said the boy. "It is a very dangerous one," said the father, "to those who tell large stories. Come, my son, we must swim across it."

The boy immediately turned pale, and began to shiver, as if he had the ague. "What's the matter with you?" said the man. "Why, I was thinking of that rat," said the boy. "Well, what of the rat?" was the reply. "Why, I don't think it was bigger than a sheep," said the youth. "Well! well!" said the father, "let us proceed."

The two now entered the water, and soon got beyond their depth. The boy was taken down the stream, and became very much frightened. "Father, father," said he, "help, help; I am drowning. Oh, that rat, that rat! I do not think it was bigger than a woodchuck."

The boy now had nearly lost his breath. He began to sink, and the water gurgled in his throat. "Oh, father, father," said he, "after all, that rat was only a mouse!" Upon this, the father came to the boy, took him upon his shoulders, and bore him safe across the stream.

#### MY FATHER'S HALF-BUSHEL.

My father's half-bushel comes oft to my mind,
And wakens deep feelings of various sorts:

'Twas an honest half-bushel, a noble half-bushel;
It held a half-bushel of thirty-two quarts!

When I think of that bushel,—my father's half-bushel;.
That dear old half-bushel, so honest and true,—
Then look at the bushels,—our city half-bushels,
Little dandy half-bushels,—it makes me feel blue!

Oh, my father's half-bushel, that country half-bushel, Say, when, with blest vision, its like shall I see? "Twas a blessed half-bushel, and he was a true man, For he filled his half-bushel, and something threw free! Yet all the half-bushels, if mean, are not small;
I'm vexed with the big ones still more and more:
Oh, mark out that ashman's next time he shall call;
You see his half-bushel holds quarts sixty-four!

'Tis a fact I am stating—no slanders I utter— But who can forbear, when cheated, to mutter?— In New York, a barrel—I pray you, don't laugh— Will not hold so much ashes as potatoes by half!

Oh, what are the lawyers, and what are the laws, But bugbears and phantoms,—mere feathers or straws! Unless our half-bushels are all made as one, Like father's half-bushel, I say, we're undone!



SENSE OF SMELL IN INSECTS.

That insects possess the faculty of smell as well as taste, in high perfection, is obvious. A butterfly flying high in air, is often seen to dart suddenly down upon a flower beneath it, evidently attracted by the odor. If you will put a little honey on a row of elms frequented by the tortoise-shell but-

terfly, you will see crowds of them flocking speedily to the spot. If a horse drops his manure along the sea-beach, the flies that inhabit these regions come trooping to it from all quarters—often in the face of a smart breeze.

Beetles, flying at the height of twenty feet, have been seen instantly to descend and crawl beneath a dead frog, which they had evidently scented. Bees are powerfully attracted by the odor of honey. Ants are known to find out sugar and sweetmeats by their scent, and thus they will often pass across a cellar or the body of a house, in pursuit of these delicacies.

Dr. Franklin made an experiment to ascertain the capacity of ants for imparting intelligence. He put a little earthen pot containing molasses into a closet, and soon found a number of ants feasting upon it. He shook them off and suspended the pot by a string from the ceiling. It happened that one ant was left in the pot. This, having eaten what he wanted, climbed up the string and along the ceiling, and joined his companions. In a short time the Doctor saw a whole swarm of ants issue from their home, climb to the ceiling, descend the string, and enter the pot. In a short space of time there were regular lines of goers and comers to this treasury of sweets.

#### PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

In the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility of France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry.

This is happily satirized by a device in the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the Duke de C——, which is a representation of the deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the C—— family, I pray you!"



THE MISER.

A MISER is one who has become insane in respect to money. The proper use of this article is to do good—to supply first our own wants, and then to dispose of it for the good of others. But sometimes persons become so fond of it that they hate to part with it: they go on collecting more and more of it, and at last, in the insane desire of increasing their store, they sacrifice the pleasures, comforts, and duties of life.

At this point, a man becomes a miser, and is a monomaniae; that is, he is mad. He has lost his reason upon this particular subject. He may act wisely in other matters, but in this he is a fool. His thirst for more, and more, and more treasure, leads him to grind the poor, to starve his body, to deny the sacred claims of charity. At the same time, he becomes so anxious about his gold and silver, that he can not sleep peacefully; every gust of wind that rattles a window or door he fancies to be thieves coming to rob him of his money. Thus he goes on, till at last he sinks into his grave, and his soul goes where money can do him no good, and where deeds of charity and usefulness, performed on earth, would be a thousand times more for his happiness.

The following story will give some idea of the extent to which this money madness may be carried; and we may

add, that it is by no means a singular case:

An old man died in Paris, a few years since, at the advanced age of eighty-five, who was a perfect miser. He came to Paris, accompanied by his son, three years before, apparently in the most abject state of poverty. They seemed to depend entirely upon the charity of their neighbors for subsistence, and were in the daily habit of begging from door to door for something to support them. One of the neighbors, having missed seeing the old man for a few days, went in search of him, and found him just breathing his last in a miserable hovel, destitute of every necessary. He was lying on a heap of straw, in one corner of the hut, without any covering. In the same place was his son, about sixteen years old, with scarcely a rag to cover him, crying most piteously. On asking the reason, he said his father had been without any food for more than two days, and that he had not a sou to purchase any.

Observing, near the straw, a large iron-bound chest, he inquired what it contained. The son replied that his father had told him it was full of iron. He then proposed selling it; and, having procured a key, they opened it; but what

was their astonishment on finding it filled with gold pieces—coins of Louis XVI.—instead of iron, amounting in all to one hundred and fifty thousand francs!—thirty thousand dollars. It was supposed the old man had accumulated this large sum by begging. His son became almost insane on the receipt of this fortune; but he amply rewarded the neighbors who had assisted him.

#### STATISTICAL FACTS.

The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 3,064. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter die previous to the age of seven years; one half before reaching seventeen; and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one half the human species.

Of every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of life; of every 100, only six reach the age of 65; and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on the whole earth, 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of these, 33,333,333 die every year; 91,824 every day; 3,700 every hour; and 70 every minute, or one in every second. These losses are about

balanced by an equal number of births.

The married are longer lived than the single, and, above all, those who sustain a sober and industrious character. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chance of life in their favor previous to being fifty years of age, than men, but fewer afterward. The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to every 100 individuals. Marriages are most frequent after the equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is estimated at one fourth of the population.



# THE BIRD-CATCHER.

A MIMIC I knew,
To give him his due,
Was exceeded by none, and was equaled by few.

He could bark like a dog,
He could grunt like a hog,
Nay, I really believe he could croak like a frog.

Then, as for a bird,
You may trust to my word,
'Twas the best imitation that you ever heard.

It must be confessed

That he copied them best;
You'd have thought he had lived all his life in a nest.

The chaffinch's tone
Was completely his own;
Not one of the tribe had the difference known.

The goldfinch and thrush
Would often cry, "Hush!
Our brothers are singing in yonder bush."

And then what a race,

To fly to the place!

Where the cunning rogue cleverly caught the brace.

Now it happened, one day,

That he came in the way

Of a sportsman, an excellent marksman, they say.

While near a hedge-wall,
With his little bird-call,
He thought it fine fun to imitate all.

And so well did he do it,

That many flew.to it;

But alas! he had certainly cause to rue it,—

As it proved no fun;
For the man with the gun,
Who was seeking for partridges, took him for one.

He was shot in the side;
And he feelingly cried,
A very few minutes before he died,—

"Who for others prepare
A trap, should beware
That they do not themselves fall into the snare."



THE QUACK.

THERE are probably many people now living who remember the celebrated quack, Dr. Reuben Nathans, who flour-ished some forty years since, and whose medicines, the "Chinese Balsam of Life," and the "Celebrated Hair-invigorating Lotion," made so much noise at that time. But few, I presume, have heard the anecdote I am about to relate concerning him.

When the "Doctor's" medicines were first announced to the world, a respectable man in the country purchased one bottle of the lotion and another of the balsam, for his wife, who had a consumptive cough of many years' standing, and was besides threatened with the total loss of her hair.

The woman used both remedies according to directions, and, as is usual with ignorant people in such cases, thought they were really doing her a vast deal of good. The cough seemed to her to be going away rapidly; she "breathed freer," while her hair appeared to be coming back again thicker than ever. As a natural consequence, she felt very great confidence in the medicines; and when her first lot of balsam was all used, she sent her husband to get the bottle filled again. The doctor asked the man how the medicine operated.

"Oh, grandly!" replied the husband; "my wife's cough's e'en-a'most gone, and her hair's all coming back agin as fiery as ever."

"Ah," said the doctor, "that's the way my medicines always work. There's no mistake about them. They're just what I call them, 'the greatest wonder of the age.' I s'pose you've no objection to give me your affidavit?"

"Oh, no," replied the man; "that's just what my wife wants me to do."

The couple then repaired to the mayor's office, where an affidavit was drawn up, sworn to, and witnessed. On returning to the doctor's shop, the quack took up the empty bottle for the purpose of refilling it. Uncorking it, he put it to his nose and smelled of it.

"Why, what can this mean?" he exclaimed, in some astonishment; and then, after looking at the label, he smelled of it again. "Why, sir, this isn't 'balsam,' though the label says so, but the 'hair lotion.'"

"Hair lotion or not," replied the man, pointing to the bottle, "that's what cured my wife's dreadful cough, and the stuff in the other bottle at home is what made her hair grow again."

"Strange! strange!" repeated the doctor, with a puzzled countenance; "I don't know what to make of it. Will you be kind enough, sir, just to step back and get me the other bottle!—the hair lotion, I mean."

The man did so, and soon returned with the lotion bottle. The doctor took it, and applied his nose to the mouth.

"And this," said he, "is just as surely the balsam as the other is the lotion. Don't you think there was some mistake on your part, sir? Are you sure that what was in this bottle made your wife's hair grow again?"

"Just as sartin as I'm alive," replied the man; "for I al-

ways turned it out, while Betsey held the spoon."

The doctor sat down in a chair, and, laying a finger on his nose, seemed buried in profound thought.

"Ah! I see," he at length exclaimed, and, jumping up, he filled the empty bottle again. "There, sir," said he, giving it to the man and hurrying him to the door; "all's right, sir; I was a little bothered, that's all. Call again when that's gone, and you shall have a supply for nothing."

As soon as he had shut the door on his customer, the doctor called in his "confidential" man from the "labora-

tory."

"Moshes," said he, "we've made a great mistake in our guess-work, after all. I've been studying ver' hard lately, and have just discovered that our *lotion* is the stuff to cure the coughs and the consumptions, and the *balsam* is the besht to make the hair grow. We must change the labels."

"That's unlucky," replied the man, "for we've got four thousand bottles, two thousand of each kind, all ready to send

away to-morrow."

"Vel, vel," said the doctor, "you can change the labels if you have time; if not, send them off as they are. 'Tisn't mosh matter!"



MARIE ANTOINETTE AND LOUIS XVI.

MARIE ANTOINETTE had not escaped the breath of calumny even before her entrance into France. When she arrived in Paris, in 1770, at the age of fifteen, it was to take her place in the most dissolute court in Europe—then governed by a courtezan, Madame du Barry, mistress of Louis XV.; and she was to be the wife of a youth who seemed half idiot and half ascetic. Lamartine thus speaks of her:

"Her precocious beauty eclipsed that of Madame du Barry, the favorite of the king, and the modern Phryne. But the beauty of this woman was that of a courtezan; the beauty of Marie Antoinette was that of a princess. Nature had adorned her with all the gifts that made her, as a woman, an object of admiration, and, as a queen, an object for adoration. In shape tall, her movements were swan-like in carriage and deportment; in elegance such as to lose nothing of her majesty. Her hair was blonde and silken, and its warm tints reminded the beholder of the wavy tresses of Titian. A lofty oval forehead, like to those of the fair daughters of the Danube; eves of liquid azure, in which the calm and the tempest of the soul made the look by turns sleep or undulate; the nose slightly aquiline; the mouth Austrian, of her family, that is, a ming ling of pride and of a smile; the chin turned up; her color heightened by the chill climate of the north: over these features an irresistible grace was shed like a youthful vapor, which did not allow her to be viewed but through an atmosphere of fire or of inebriation."

Of her husband, the same historian says:

"A prince of his age, and of another temperament, would have been infatuated; he remained cold, absent, and indifferent to all those charms. Nature approached in vain to the circle of his passive soul, in order there to awaken love. The princess was, for a long period, nothing more to her husband than the Dauphiness, to be ostentatiously presented at the public ceremonies, for the admiration of the court and of the people."

Thus neglected, we are told that Marie Antoinette, "surrounded on the one side by persons for whom she felt antipathy, and on the other by characters who exposed her to great dangers, experienced all the wearisomeness of youth, the ennui of gravity, and the eagerness for amusements, with the headstrong levity of a child, to whom toys are shown and

then taken away.

"With melancholy feelings, she compared the morose and disgraceful coldness of her husband with the handsome, agreeable, elegant, and complaisant Count d'Artois, who was then the delight of the court. She formed a connection innocently, but futilely, with this prince, and the females who were the equivocal companions of his amusements. The extravagant freaks of this young party, which were concealed from the eyes of the Dauphin, or tolerated by him with apathetic indifference, became the amusement of the courtiers, the talk of Versailles, and the scandal of Paris. Youth, inexperience, the absence of all serious advice, the thirst of amusements interdicted to her rank, the seductions of opportunities, and the facile complicity of the women in her service, threw Marie Antoinette into imprudences which sometimes assumed the appearance of irregularities. Unknown to her husband, she planned a nocturnal trip to Paris, under the escort of the Count d'Artois, who was of her own age. She, with one or two of her women, threw herself into a private carriage, which whirled her rapidly to Paris, and there, disguised in the dress of a shepherdess, which concealed her majesty without hiding her name, she passed the night under a mask at the public festivities, or in a ball at the opera. She' was pleased to be there recognized by the pliancy of her form, or by the beauty of her hands. She there listened without anger to the homage offered to her beauty, as it flattered her pride, without having the right to offend her rank. Sometimes, accompanied by a single servant-woman, she got into the common coaches, then stationed on the public roads, and a vehicle, without a name, transported in the night-time the future Queen of France to the portal of a theater, while her husband, who was the butt of raillery with the courtiers, was fast asleep at Versailles!

"These levities, applauded by those who participated in them, betrayed at Versailles, talked of in Paris, magnified and incriminated by public malignity, became the conversation of France, and the scandal of Europe. Motives were attributed to them, which perverted the whole. The favorite beauties were named; the favored lovers were pointed out; the Dauphin was pitied; the Count d'Artois was blamed; the almost general licentiousness of morals then prevailing revenged itself by condemning, with the most rigid severity, the thoughtlessness of youth at court. Public opinion, which had at first idolized Marie Antoinette, then conceived impressions against her, which were never effaced."

That Louis awoke at last to a sense of the incomparable beauty of his wife, is well known. That he then doated on her, trusted her, indulged her whims and crotchets with a fondness and a folly only equaled by his former apathy, is also known. It was the same to her. Nothing serious, either in pleasure, business, or passions, ever entered into that volatile and flighty head. Her love of female favorites, though seemingly harmless, in its results was as mischievous as are generally the private preferences of royalty in the other sex.

The terrible retribution for all these follies was the igno-

minous scaffold.

### POST-OFFICE DIALOGUE.

The editor of the Boston Journal tells us, that passing one of the delivery windows at the post-office, he overheard the following dialogue between the clerk in attendance and a dilapidated specimen of the "Green Isle:"

Clerk (holding up a letter).—"Where do you live?"

Pat.—"An', sure, it's meself that's not married at all."

Clerk.—"But tell me—where do you live?"

Pat.—"I have three sisters living around here somewhere."

Clerk.—"I don't wish to know any thing about your sisters, or whether you are married, but where you live."

Pat.—"By the holy St. Patrick, I don't live anywhere. I make boots out in the country!"

166 NERO.



NERO.

THE life and character of the Roman emperor, Claudius Cæsar Nero, are so monstrous, that we could scarce believe them possible, were they not certified by the most indisputable records of history.

He was born A. D. 37, and was carefully educated under the philosopher Seneca. On the death of Claudius, he succeeded

to the imperial throne, A. D. 44. The first year of his reign was distinguished by justice and clemency, but his natural disposition was bad, and, stimulated by his infamous mother, Agrippina, he soon gave himself up to a career of dissipation, crime, and cruelty.

He was accustomed, by way of frolic, to sally into the streets of Rome, in the night, accompanied by other young men, abusing, beating, and robbing the inhabitants. As the climax of his crimes, he caused his mother to be murdered, at the instigation of an infamous woman, named Poppæa, whom he afterward married, divorcing his wife Octavia for that purpose.

In the tenth year of his reign, Rome was almost destroyed by fire, and such was Nero's character, that it was suspected he caused the conflagration. There is a legend, that he sat in his palace and fiddled, while he looked forth upon the raging flames, devouring the city. The final result was, that an insurrection broke out against him, which led him to attempt suicide. Not succeeding in this, he was dispatched, at his own request, by one of his attendants, A. D. 68.

The only light that is shed upon the character of this bad man is, that, on the whole, the government of the Roman empire was well administered during his time.

## A SHARP HIT.

Sherdan was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member of Parliament, who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear, hear!" At length, while describing a political opponent, who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to act the fool, Sheridan exclaimed, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear, hear!" cried the troublesome member.

Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for the information, sat down in the midst of a roar of laughter.



## THORWALSDEN.

Bertel Thorwalsden, one of the greatest sculptors of modern times, was born in Copenhagen, Nov. 19, 1770. His father, a native of Iceland, was a carver in wood; his mother was of a Danish family.

Young Bertel attended the Danish Academy, and soon made such progress as to undertake the carving of figure-heads for ships. In 1793 he obtained the principal gold medal of the academy, which gave him the privilege of studying abroad, at the expense of the government.



He set out for Italy in 1790, and landed at Naples; thence he went to Rome in 1797. Here he became famous as a sculptor, and so engrossed was he that he did not visit his native city till 1819. His first important commission was from the celebrated Thomas Hope, of London, in 1803. It was chiefly owing to the patronage of this individual, that he was able to continue his studies in the Eternal City.

In 1812, on the occasion of Napoleon's expected visit to Rome, he greatly distinguished himself by the sketch of Alexander's triumphal entry into Rome, and which he execated with such expedition that the frieze, for which it was edesigned, was fixed in one of the halls of the Quirinal palace within three months from the date of the commission. It is a composition of great extent—120 feet in length and four in height. It is also much admired, and has been twice executed in marble. It has been finely engraved by Amster, of Munich.

Thorwalsden's greatest works, however, were executed at a later day—subsequent to his return to Rome in 1820. These are of various kinds, consisting of reliefs, single statues, and groups. Among the most celebrated of the former are Day and Night, of which outlines are presented on the two preceding pages. St. John preaching in the wilderness, Christ and the Twelve Apostles, and Pius VII., are among his other most admired productions.

Thorwalsden finding the climate of his native city too severe, spent the greater part of his life at Rome. He, however, died at Copenhagen in 1844, of a disease of the heart, while he was at the theatre. He bequeathed all the statues in his possession, to Copenhagen, for the purpose of founding a gallery of art. This has become a noble institution, known as the Thorwalsden Museum.

## THE WOMEN OF HOMER.

Homer's idea of what entitles a woman to praise, is hinted, at in the names by which his heroines are designated. These names are not given to keep alive a grandmother's memory; nor because they are musical or fashionable; nor because novelists have clothed them with a fictitious charm; but for the sake of their meaning—their significance.

Andromache, when interpreted, means "the hero's battle-

prize;" Theano, "the heavenly-minded;" Arete, "the soughtfor;" Calianassa, "ruling by beauty;" Hecamede, "the farthoughted;" Euryclea, "the widely-praised;" Iphimedia, "the strong-thinker;" Polyxena, "the very hospitable;" Nausicaa, "the ship-gaited" (in allusion to her easy and graceful movements); Penelope, "the web-unraveler,"—and thereby hangs a proverb.

"The weaving of Penelope's web" is, at this day, a proverbial phrase for the doing of a deed which is never finished. Penelope was pressed to select a second husband from the many princely suitors for her hand. She promised to think of the matter, after she had woven a shroud for the aged hero, Laertes. Her trick to prolong the weaving of the shroud is thus described by herself: "During the day, I wove the large web, but by night, when the torches were lit, I unraveled it. Thus, for three years, I kept clear of the suitors; but when the fourth year came, they found me out, through the connivance of my maid-servants—careless creatures!—and they gave me a scolding. Then I finished the shroud, though against my will, and by compulsion."

## PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

When a man sounds his own trumpet, be sure there's a crack in it. There are minds, as well as streets, that want draining. Many fall in love as they fall asleep, with their eyes shut. There is nothing more uncertain than "a certain age." He that confesses to one particular weakness has many more in reserve. Mammon ties as many marriage-knots as Cupid. A heart once given should be "not transferable." Many are great because their associates are small.

#### THE SHEFFIELD GRINDERS.

Few people know the cost of life and happiness, at which many of our wants and luxuries are supplied. The following account may suggest serious reflections upon this subject.

Sheffield (England) is a place remarkable for its manufactures of iron-ware. Who has not heard of the cutlery of Sheffield? It is noted all over the world. It may not, however, be so generally known that the work-people who produce those beautiful articles which are to be found in almost every dwelling in this country, are subject to diseases which carry thousands to a premature grave.

Many hundreds of individuals are constantly employed, in Sheffield, in the pernicious occupation of grinding; and many thousands depend upon these grinders for their daily bread. The evils under which these persons labor are not only productive of misery and wretchedness to the artisans and their families, but to the town at large. A few facts will show this more clearly.

Scissor-grinding is exceedingly pernicious to health. Many of the artisans in this branch are emaciated and shattered in constitution at an age considerably under the prime of life. Much, however, depends upon the habits of the workmen, and the circumstances under which the occupation is followed. The grinders themselves never seem to be sensible of the incipient stages of pulmonary disease, though invariably accompanied with cough, and some degree of difficulty in breathing. They complain only when disease interferes with their ability to pursue their usual occupation. Of one thousand scissor-grinders, not one has reached the age of sixty-five; of one hundred deaths, eighty-five took place under the age of forty-five, and only five reached the age of fifty. The chief symptoms of the disease are—difficulty of

breathing, spitting blood, passing small particles of sand by the urinary organs. These are followed by inflammation of the chest, rheumatism, &c.

Fork-grinding is considered of such a destructive tendency, that other artisans frequently refuse to work in the same room with the fork-grinders, and many "sick-clubs" have an especial rule against their admission, in consequence of their frequent and long-continued sickness. An immense proportion of them die under the age of thirty. In 1820, it was found that one-fourth of their number died every five years, a rate of mortality unknown in other branches of industry. Of 1,000 deaths, 475 were between the ages of twenty and thirty, and 885 between twenty and forty. The average deaths in England and Wales, between twenty and forty years, is 296 in 1,000!

Needle-grinding is not very extensively carried on in Sheffield, where it has only been introduced of late years. The new hands are taken into this business fresh from the plow, with vigorous constitutions, at a time of life when the animal system possesses considerable energy—that is, from the ages of seventeen to twenty. They are employed only six hours a day, having the rest of their time for gardening and other amusements; and yet, with all these advantages, the majority of them are killed off under thirty years of age, after two or three years of painful suffering. At Hathersage, in Derbyshire, where there are several needle manufactories, the average age of twenty-three workmen, employed in 1844, was twenty-five years: the age at which they began to work, eighteen. Of twelve who had died, the average duration of life, after they commenced needle-grinding, was thirteen years.

When the needle-grinder is exceedingly ill, suffering from a constantly distressing cough, and great difficulty of breathing—symptoms which usually continue for several years—he follows his occupation until his strength is quite unequal to any exertion. He is then a miserable object. His figure is

bent forward, his looks haggard, his frame emaciated, and a train of other symptoms, indicative of wretchedness, are obvious to the most superficial observer. The average of individual suffering of nine workmen, who died at Hathersage, of the grinder's disease, was fifteen months—the longest period being thirty-six months, the shortest, five weeks. The needle-grinders are generally ignorant and dissipated. The dust which is evolved in the process of needle-grinding contains a much larger amount of steel than is produced by any other kind of grinding.

Razor-grinding is a much more laborious occupation, requiring, in some of the stages, a continual concentration of muscular power, while, at the same time, the body is bent at a right-angle over the revolving stone—a position which is peculiarly unfavorable to respiration. The back and tang of the razor are invariably ground on a dry stone—the rest on a wet one. During the latter process, a gaseous matter is evolved, not only exceedingly disagreeable, but prejudicial, and which is necessarily inhaled. Of 275 workmen employed in this business in 1844, 154 were under thirty-one years of age, and only twenty above forty-five. The falling off in numbers, before the prime of life, is owing to the destructive tendency of the occupation.

Penknife-grinders use both the dry and the wet stone, and the atmosphere they breathe is exceedingly injurious, though less so than that used by the fork-grinders. These men suffer much, and generally die young, unless they change to some more healthy occupation.

Table-knife-grinding is almost always effected on the wet stone, but the artisans are generally exposed to the dust caused by dry-grinding carried on in the same room. Their condition, in regard to health and longevity, is intermediate between the most deleterious and the least pernicious branches.

Saw, file, and scythe grinding is less pernicious. Scythes are entirely ground on the wet stone. The occupation is

laborious. The men live and work in the country, and are a fine and healthy set. They are better educated, and live longer than most other workmen.

### DISINTERESTEDNESS OF A MORAVIAN.

In one of the German wars, a captain of cavalry was appointed to procure forage. He accordingly went at the head of his troops to the place assigned them for the purpose: it was a solitary valley, in which the eye perceived nothing but clusters of trees. At last the officer discovered a cottage, and knocking at the door, it was opened by an old Moravian with a white beard.

"Father," said the captain, "show me a field where we can procure forage."

"I will," replied the old man.

He then put himself at their head, and conducted them out of the valley. After riding for about a quarter of an hour, they arrived at a fine field of barley.

"Stop," said the officer to his guide, "this is what we want."

"Wait a little," replied the Moravian, "and you shall be satisfied."

They then continued their progress, and at the distance of a quarter of a league, they found another field of the same grain. The Moravian told them to reap this field, and they did so.

When the soldiers had remounted their horses, the officer said to his guide—

"Father, you have brought us a great way, unnecessarily; the first field was better than this."

"True," replied the old man, "but that field does not belong to me."

What a noble instance of truly Christian virtue! Rather than injure his neighbor's property, the worthy Moravian sacrificed his own.



CORONATION OF GEORGE III.

# GEORGE III.

George III. was born in 1736, and came to the throne in 1760. In many respects his reign was remarkable, extending through a period of sixty years. The circumstances which most distinguished his career with us Americans, were that series of measures which led to the War of Independence, and resu'ted in our separation from the mother country. During

his time, however, the French revolution broke out, and Napoleon entered upon his astonishing career. During his time, also, Fox and Pitt figured in Parliament, Dr. Johnson in literature, and Reynolds in art.

The king himself was a man of good common sense, and considerable tact in government. His character, however, was assailed at every point in this country during the Revolution, and hence we are accustomed to regard him as a stupid and stubborn tyrant, scarcely up to the level of common sense.

John Wolcott, known as Peter Pindar, made him the particular object of ridicule. His lampoons were republished in the United States, and became immensely popular. One of these represents the king as going into the kitchen of an old woman, whom he saw making apple-dumplings, at which he was much puzzled, not being able to conceive how she got the apples into the dumpling. Absurd as the story doubtless is, it is traditionally believed to be true in this country.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Lessing, the German poet, throws some light on the true answer to this common query, thus:

I asked my fair, one Lappy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name, from Rome or Greece:
Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,
Dorimene, or Lucrece?

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
"Beloved, what are names but air?
Take thou whatever suits the line—Clelia, Iphigenia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,

But don't forget to call me thine!"

#### THE SUN-DIAL AT WASHINGTON.

In the House of Representatives, in the recess of a window looking toward the Potomac, hangs, in a frame, the following lines, written by the late John Quincy Adams: "To the Sundial, under the window of the House of Representatives of the United States." What a rebuke do they convey, of the waste of time which the members have too often displayed! Let the people of the Union reflect upon these lines:

Thou silent herald of Time's ceaseless flight!
Say, couldst thou speak, what warning voice were thine!
Shade! who canst only show how others shine!
Dark, sullen witness of resplendent light!

In day's broad glare, and when the noontide bright Of laughing fortune sheds the ray divine,
Thy ready favors cheer us—but decline
The clouds of morning and the gloom of night.

Yet are thy counsels faithful, just, and wise;
They bid us seize the moments as they pass—
Snatch the retrieveless sunbeam as it flies—
Nor lose one sand of life's revolving glass;
Aspiring still, with energy sublime,
By virtuous deeds to give eternity to time.

There is not, perhaps, one member out of ten in Congress that has ever seen or read the above lines; we therefore most especially commend them to their favorable consideration, hoping that the country at large may reap the benefit thereof.

## JOHN WILKES SILENCED.

"Madam," said John Wilkes to a lady to whom he wished to make himself agreeable, "I am a plain man." "Exceedingly plain, sir," rejoined the lady. He said no more.



CRONBORG CASTLE.

This structure, at Elsinore, has many claims to notice. It was built by Frederick II. in the boldest Gothic style, and is one of the finest edifices of its kind in Europe. Though of great extent, it is so light and elegant in its proportions, that it seems built more for ornament than use. It is, however, of immense strength; its fortress combines all the advantages known to military art.

It is situated on the narrowest part of the sound of Elsinore, and being placed low, its batteries can completely sweep the channel, which is the thoroughfare for ships passing between the Cattegat and the Baltic. Hence it has been the means of

enforcing the toll demanded by Denmark of all ships going into or out of this sea. This tribute dates back many years, England yielding to it as early as 1450. It originated in an agreement with the Hanse towns to pay toll, in consideration of erecting and keeping in repair lighthouses along the coast. In consequence of the remonstrance of the United States, this tax is likely to be commuted for a fixed sum to be paid to Denmark by the governments of Europe.

The view from the castle is said to be very beautiful. It is now chiefly used as a prison, and as a fortress for collecting the toll. It is noted as being the place of incarceration for several years of the unfortunate Queen Matilda, sister of George III., who was separated from her husband and her children in consequence of indiscretions, to find an early death, in a species of stately exile, at Hanover. Elsinore is the scene of Shakspeare's play of Hamlet.

# SATURDAY EVENING.

How sweet the evening shadows fall, Advancing from the west, As ends the weary week of toil, And comes the day of rest!

Bright o'er the earth the star of eve Her radiant beauty sheds; And myriad sisters calmly weave Their light around our heads.

Rest, man, from labor! rest from sin!

The world's hard contest close:

The holy hours with God begin—

Yield thee to sweet repose.

Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
Its sacred light will cast,
Fair emblem of the glorious day
That evermore shall last,



BANKS OF THE DANUBE.

The Danube is inferior to the Wolga in length, but me every other respect it is the first river in Europe. Its general course is from west to east; its whole length, from its source in Baden, to its entrance into the Black Sea, is 1,800 miles. It passes through the heart of Germany, having Vienna on its southern bank; and after receiving 30 naviga ble rivers, it debouches by several mouths.

The Danube abounds with islands; its current is rapid, and winds more than any other river in Europe. Hence its navigation is difficult, though it has of late years become a great thoroughfare of steamers. The free navigation of the Danube, before embarrassed by Russia, is one of the fruits of the late "Eastern war."

The upper portions of the country through which it passes is distinguished by its wildness. Near Moldavia it is pent in between two mountains, and for 80 miles its path is beset with rocky rapids. A short distance from the termination of this defile, and near Orsova, is the "Iron Gate," of which we give a sketch. Here the river rushes by three channels over a fall of 15 feet.

#### BIBLE RECORD.

THE last number of the "Bible Record," the useful and suggestive little paper of the Bible Society, states the issues of the Society for the past year to be 800,000 Bibles and Testaments. These books, he estimates, if they were spread out on a plain surface, and computed by square measure, would cover more than four acres. If the same issues were computed by long measure, they would extend more than eighty miles. If by solid or cubic measure, they would measure more than one hundred and fifty solid cords. And these cords, piled one upon another, would reach higher than the spire of Trinity Church in New York, or the Falls of Niagara. The entire issues for the thirty-seven years of the Society's existence, would cover more than forty acres with Bibles and Testaments; or extend in long measure nearly a thousand miles; or make more than eighteen hundred and fifty solid cords.



# THE FOX AND THE COCK.

A rox, in his rambles, happening to look through the window of a hen-roost, saw a cock perched upon his seat. Accordingly he approached, and assuming an amiable expression, said—

"Good morning, Chanticleer-have you heard the news?"

"No, indeed," said Chanticleer, "what is it?"

"Well," said Renard, "it is this: a treaty of peace has been signed between the birds and beasts, by which a state of friendship and good-will is established between them for ever."

"And so," said the cock, "you are to eat no more poultry."
"Precisely," was the reply; "and now, good neighbor Cock, come down, I pray you, and let us kiss and be friends."

The cock accordingly came to the window, but, looking out, remarked, "What you say is doubtless true, friend Renard; yonder are a couple of fox-hounds coming this way, no doubt, to ratify the intelligence you have brought."

Upon this, Chanticleer called to the hounds, and instantly they came bounding toward the place. The fox, sorely vexed that his fraud was detected, gnashed his teeth at the rooster, and scampered away as fast as his legs could carry him.

It was indeed time, for the hounds came near seizing him so that his attempt at deception nearly cost him his life.

## A MAN ATTACKED BY WEASELS.

A FEW weeks ago, a laborer named Hagarth, while proceeding along the turnpike-road near the village of Smallholm, in England, was set upon by twelve of these creatures. At first he observed them emerge out of a dry stone dike, and when he was within fifty yards they made toward him in a body. He armed himself with a "grievous crab-tree cudgel," and awaited the approach of the assailants. They came leisurely on; and when close to him, despite the menacing attitude he assumed, nine of their number attacked him in front, and made two or three ineffectual attempts to fasten their teeth in his trowsers; but, by the active use of his weapon, five of the nine were killed, while the other four escaped. By this time three of them had got behind, and hung tenaciously to his legs, actually suffering themselves to be killed rather than release their hold. Of the attacking forces he succeeded in destroying eight.



EARTHQUAKE IN LISBON.

THE earthquake at Lisbon, which took place in 1755, was the most tremendous which has occurred in modern times.

On the 1st of November, which was a festival day, the churches, as usual, were all lighted up and crowded with people: suddenly a sound like thunder passed along under ground, and immediately a shock occurred which threw down the greater part of the city, and in the space of six minutes destroyed the lives of 60,000 people!

The neighboring mountains, among the highest in Portugal, were, at the same time, impetuously shaken, and some

were opened at the summits with huge rents, enormous rocks being thrown down into the adjacent valleys.

In the city an extensive marble quay suddenly sunk, carrying down with it crowds of people who had gathered upon it for safety. Those who went upon the Tagus, in the hope of escape, were engulfed in the whirlpools caused by the undulations of the earth beneath. Violent shocks were experienced at the same time all over Europe, in the north of Africa, and even in the West Indies and in South America.

#### THE CONFESSION.

There's somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast;
The livelong day I sigh, father,
At night I can not rest.
I can not take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so:
A weary weight oppresses me—
A weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor lack of worldly gear:
My lands are broad and fair to see;
My friends are kind and dear.
My kin are real and true, father;
They mourn to see my grief;
But O, 'tis not a kinsman's hand
Can give my heart relief.

'Tis not that Jenet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind;
Though busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind.
'Tis not her coldness, father,
That chills my laboring breast:
It's that confounded cucumber
I've ate, and can't digest.



BOSTON IN 1776.

In 1776 Boston had about 10,000 inhabitants, which, in the early part of that year, were under martial law, imposed by General Gage and his soldiers.

It is difficult, in looking at this city now, comprising a population of nearly two hundred thousand souls, to realize its condition at the period referred to. There is now not a single street—one might almost say a single building—which remains as it was at that period. Every thing is changed. Not only is the city now the metropolis of a free, sovereign, and independent State, numbering nearly two millions of people; not only is its population increased nearly twentyfold; but Boston is at the present time the focus of a degree of civilization, which, all things considered, is almost without parallel in the history of mankind. It will be difficult to

point out another State of equal population, where the great standard of education, intelligence, and morals are so high as in Massachusetts, of which Boston is the representative. What suggestive progress in less than a single century!

### THE HAND THAT SAVES US.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding, constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and, in admiration, stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight.

Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying carefully the work of his pencil, until he neared the edge of the plank on which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost paralyzed with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath! If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush flung it against the wall, spattering the picture with unsightly blotches of coloring.

The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraiding; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering at the dreaded space below, and with tears of gratitude he blessed the hand that had saved him.

Just so we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world; and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty, in mercy, dashes out the beautiful images, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of His dealings, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love!



### BUNKER HILL.

The battle of Bunker Hill took place on the 17th of June, 1775. Boston being in possession of the British, the Americans, who had been roused by the affair of Lexington and Concord, having gathered in large numbers around the city, began to think of bearding the lion in his den.

Accordingly, on the night of the 16th June, Colonel Prescott and one thousand men started to raise redoubts on Bunker Hill, in Charlestown: by mistake they went to Breed's Hill, much nearer to Boston. By daylight of the 17th, these men had thrown up a redoubt eight rods square and four feet high, on a spot which overlooked the city. When the morning dawned, the British gazed with amazement upon what had been done.

Immediately preparations were made to drive the audacious rebels from their intrenchments. While the British ships hurled shot and shell at the rebels, three thousand troops, under General Howe, advanced also upon them. Having set fire to Charlestown, they came up the hill, against the redoubts. The Americans waited till a given signal, when their fire mowed down the troops like a scythe. The green sward was covered with the red-coats. The British retired, but soon returned, and were again driven back like chaff before the wind. General Howe had not one officer left him in the field. General Clinton now came on with reinforcements, and at last the Americans, having exhausted their ammunition, were forced to retire. The British lost one thousand men, and the Americans about half as many.

The result of this battle was greatly to encourage the Americans, who, although compelled to retreat, had proved that the British were not invincible. Both parties claimed the victory, but still, the patriots seem rather to have beaten the enemy in boasting, as appears by the following lines, published at the time:

"We came, we saw, but could not beat—And so—we sounded a retreat:
On Roxbury Hill again we saw 'em,
And did like devils clapper-claw 'em;
But warlike casuists can't discuss
If we beat them, or they beat us:
We swear we beat them; they say we lie:
We'll tell you more on't, by and by!"

## THE LATEST "TIE."

A TRAVELER assures us that at Bermuda he met with a negro "walking, whistling along the road, with a sheep tied round his neck like a cravat, the feet in a bow-knot in front!"



THE ABBET OF ST. ALBANS.

#### ST. ALBANS.

Saint Albans, in the county of Hertford, England, about twenty miles northwest of London, is an old town, supposed to be nearly on the site of the ancient Roman city of Verulamium.

It is a dull old place, its chief industry being that of straw plait. But there is one object of interest here—the Abbey Church, which is enormous in extent, and of great antiquity. It has lately undergone thorough repairs, and is now not only interesting, but impressive to all from its grandeur and its historical associations.

In the church of St. Michael, in this place, may be seen the tomb of Lord Bacon, who received the title of Viscount St. Albans from James I., to whom he had been an assiduous courtier.

#### THE FROSTY NIGHT

As one that worketh miracles, the moon
Transfigures all the silence into light;
And filigreed with frost the hillsides white,
And sloping uplands flecked with drifted snow,
Seem through their statued chill to whine a low
And plaintive croon.

The groves that were in summer-time all song, Profuse in clear soprano tones of glee,

Now hoarsely dull, like voice-cracked choirs dree
Their shivering existences, and make
Night mournful, as the dirges slowly take

Their woes along.

The mountain gorges that like arteries ran
With June-breath, hot as blood, are weirdly numb;
And here and there the trickling streamlets come
And break the frost in many a wild device,
Struggling through thin barricades of ice
That all the gulleys span.

The lonely trees, scant-robed in crispy snow, Stretching their bare arms upward to the sky, Seem like poor buried souls, who did not die, That waking, burst their sepulchres, and strive, With piteous plaints, to prove themselves alive To their mad woe.

As o'er the ghostly landscape peers the sight,
The moonlight seeming an unbroken flood—
The stars that in their planet coteries brood
Over earth's solitude—the distant trackless sea—
Roll to thought's store the ebbless tide—Eternity,
This vast pale night.



THE SEA-BIRD.

EVERY person who has been at sea, has been struck with the shricking, melancholy cries of the sea-birds, which sound only the more sad from the lonesomeness of the scene—a spreading waste of waters, offering neither rest nor safety to any living thing that wanders upon its surface. The voice of the sea itself is mournful, and the cries of the feathered tribes which seek a living along its shores are in harmony with it. These ideas seem to have been impressed upon the mind of the poet Brainard when he wrote his famous song of the

"SEA-BIRD."

On the deep is the mariner's danger,
On the deep is the mariner's death—
Who, to fear of the tempest a stranger,
Sees the last bubble burst of his breath!

'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair:
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.

Who watches their course, who so mildly Careen to the kiss of the breeze? Who lists to their shricks, who so wildly Are clasped in the arms of the seas? 'Tis the sea-bird, &c.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
And her who has clung to his neck?
Whose wing is the wing that can cover
With its shadow the foundering wreck?
'Tis the sea-bird, &c.

My eye in the light of the billow,

My wing on the wake of the wave,
I shall take to my breast, for a pillow,

The shroud of the fair and the brave.

I'm the sea-bird, &c.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,
When hoarse the wild winds veer about;
My eye, when the bark is benighted,
Sees the lamp of the lighthouse go out!
I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair:
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.

## OPPORTUNITY.

"An!" said Seraphina Angelica, speaking on some subject in which her feelings were warmly enlisted, "how gladly I would embrace an opportunity!" "Would I were an opportunity!" whispered her bashful lover.



### THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

This battle, the first fought in our revolutionary struggle, will ever remain as a prominent event in our annals. It was not only the opening of the war, but it was a remarkable illustration of the nature of the conflict about to ensue—a conflict between trained soldiers, fighting for conquest, and a brave people, fighting for liberty.

It was late in the evening of April 18th, 1775, that Gen. Gage, the British commander at Boston, sent out eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry, to destroy some stores which the government of Massachusetts had gathered at Lexington and Concord, some fourteen miles distant.

In spite of the secrecy of the movement, the news spread

from house to house and village to village, and, though it was night, the people seized their firelocks, and rushed to the field. As the British troops reached Lexington, in the morning, they found already a few Americans gathered upon the meeting-house green. They fired and dispersed the rebels, and pushed on to Concord. Here they were met by a few hastily gathered militia, and with them a smart skirmish took place. But now the storm began to thicken. The Americans came hurrying in from hill and valley, and their muskets flashed and cracked from behind trees, and stumps, and rocks, and fences.

The British commander now retreated in a style which McFingal calls "the manual exercise of heels." At Lexington, he was reinforced by nine hundred men from Boston,—a lucky support, without which he and his whole forces had speedily capitulated to the rebels. They made the best of their way back to Boston, but harassed on all sides by the well-aimed firelocks of the Americans. The loss of the British was about three hundred; that of the Americans, less than one-third as great. The British also lost what was more important—the prestige of victory. They set an example of running away before American villagers, fighting without command, each one on his own hook. If these could beat the British in this fashion, what might they not accomplish with experience and organization.

The spirit excited among our people by this event, is indicated in some lines published at the time, entitled "The Irishman's Epistle—addressed to the British troops in Boston." The following is an extract:

"How brave ye went out with your muskets all bright,
And thought to befrighten the folks with the sight!
But when you got there, how they powdered your pums!
And all the way home, how they peppered your ——!
And is it not, honies, a comical crack,
To be proud in the face, and be shot in the back!"



FORT AT STRATFORD, WHERE SHARSPEARE WAS RAPTURD.

#### SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, born in 1564, and deceased in 1616, is generally regarded as the greatest genius which the English nation has produced. We have his works in a dozen volumes, and they are the delight of all enlightened minds, yet it has been truly said of him, that we have nothing of his boyhood; nothing of his last sickness, or his deathbed. There is not a single letter of his writing in existence; there is no record of a conversation with him; there is but here and there a glimpse of his looks and manners. That he was lively, frank, witty, and agreeable, we know; that he drew friends around him, and charmed them by the graces of his conversation, the play of his fancy, and the truth of his soul, we also know; but scenes, anecdotes, sayings, and incidents, there are none. We look into his productions, and see the workings of a mind that "exhausted worlds, and then created new"-a soul that mirrored all other souls, as the lake gives back the image of every star that shines upon it. We admire, we all but worship a genius that seems so near to inspiration. But we still yearn to sympathize with the man; we wish to gambol with him in boyhood; to saunter through the mead

ows of Avon by his side; to go with him to the revels of Kenilworth; to stand by and see him look up to the battlements of Warwick Castle; to dream with him amid the monastic ruins of Evesham. We wish to see him returned from London, and now a farmer at New Place. We wish to go with him to his garden; to see him plant the mulberry, and engraft the pippin; we wish to go to his study, and observe him while he indites the "Tempest," or pens "Macbeth." What a gift would it be to the world, if some one could now bestow such an account of Shakspeare as Boswell has given of Johnson, or Lockhart of Scott! But it can not be. We must be content, that while scantiness and dearth attend the biography of one of the greatest minds that has enlightened the world, the exhaustless riches of its productions are preserved and bequeathed to mankind.

### WISHING.

How many sick ones Wish they were healthy; How many beggar men Wish they were wealthy; How many ugly ones Wish they were pretty; How many stupid ones Wish they were witty; How many bachelors Wish they were married; How many benedicts Wish they had tarried. Single or double, Life's full of trouble: Riches are stubble. Pleasure's a bubble!



# SWISS COTTAGES.

THE houses in Switzerland, especially those among the mountains, have a very picturesque appearance, and hence they have become fashionable for cottages of wealthy people in other countries.

Their particular form was, no doubt, dictated by the circumstances of the inhabitants. The vast roofs extending over the eaves, furnished a shelter, not only for the people, but also for the horses, sheep, goats, and cattle, which were often huddled together in close proximity to the human family. I have dined in a Swiss kitchen, into which the cow and the ass were both staring with vacant eyes from their stalls.

The galleries of these buildings, on the outside, are substitutes for entries—being cheaper and saving room. Thus what was dictated by a necessary economy, has been imitated in the desire to gratify a refined and luxurious taste.

### THE WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Ir we look through a telescope, up to the skies above us, we shall see that every part of space into which our vision penetrates is occupied by systems like our own, each fixed star being a sun, with troops of planets wheeling around it. As our imagination expands, we see worlds on worlds, still coming into view, until at last we feel that space is boundless; that the works of God are infinite in extent.

Such is our feeling as to the revelations of the telescope; but we are hardly prepared to admit what the microscope reveals—that there is a universe as much beyond our comprehension by its littleness, as that of the skies by its vastness.

The following is a passage from the clever work on "Life," by P. H. Gosse:

"The most minute and the most simple of all living beings, so far as the powers of the best microscopes have yet reached, closely resembles a ciliated cell. It has been called the twilight monad, so named, because it is considered to be, as it were, the unit of existence—the point where the glimmering spark of life first emerges out of the darkness of nonentity. It consists of a tiny speck of pellucid matter, rounded in form, and supposed, from its movements and from analogy, to be furnished with a single cilium, by the lashing action of which it rows itself through the water.

"No words can convey an adequate idea of the size of an animal so minute as this; but the imagination may be assisted by supposing a number of them to be arranged side by side, so that 12,000 of them would go within the limit of a single inch. Eight hundred thousand millions would be contained in a cubic inch, and as they are found swarming in water to such a degree as that each is separated from its neighbors by a space not greater than its own diameter, a single drop of such water has been estimated to contain many thousands of living, active beings."



### THE ROMAN FORUM.

In the present city of Rome, the Forum is one of the chief objects of interest. It contains only a few scattered fragments of columns, cornices, arches, and walls; but these are sufficient to indicate the situation of some of the principal edifices of this gathering-place, where Cæsar and Cicero, Virgil and Octavius, Nero and Trajan, once appeared in the midst of the assembled people.

This Forum was not indeed of great extent, covering little more than two acres. It derived much of its magnificence from the temples, basilicæ, curæ, and other buildings which surrounded it. It was indeed so small that Julius Cæsar built a new one. Trajan followed his example, as did other

emperors, so that there are several forums, all, however, annexed or contiguous to the Roman Forum. Of the latter, Byron says-

"The Forum where the immortal accents glow, And still the eloquent air breathes—burns of Cicero; The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood, Where a proud people's passions were exhaled, From the first hour of empire in the bud, To that when further worlds to conquer failed.

#### PHILOSOPHY.

One man sucks an orange, and is choked by a pit; another swallows a penknife, and lives; one runs a thorn into his hand, and no skill can save him; another has a shaft of a gig driven completely through his body, and recovers; one is overturned on a smooth common, and breaks his neck; another is tossed out of a gig over Brighton Cliff, and survives; one walks out on a windy day, and meets death by a brickbat; another is blown up in the air, like Lord Hatton in Guernsey Castle, and comes down uninjured.

The escape of this nobleman was, indeed, a miracle. An explosion of gunpowder, which killed his mother and some of his children, and many other persons, and blew up the whole fabric of the castle, lodged him in his bed on a wall overhanging a tremendous precipice. "Perceiving a mighty disorder (as well he might), he was going to step out of his bed to know what the matter was, which, if he had done, he had been irrecoverably lost, but, in the instant of his moving, a flash of lightning came and showed him the precipice, whereupon he lay still till people came and took him down."



### IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

In the early ages of the world, mankind supposed that this earth of ours was the center of the universe; that it was the chief part of creation; that it was first created, and that all other things were made subservient to it. Such were the notions even of the learned Greeks and Romans; nor were these fully dispelled till within a very recent period. It may be stated, as a literal fact, that this earth, in comparison with the universe as it is now discovered and known, is not larger than is a mustard-seed, compared with the earth itself.

The recent discoveries of astronomy have proved that the sun is a vast globe, thousands of times larger than this earth, with about fifty planets revolving around it. This sun is of such bulk, that if it were to take the place of the earth, its volume would fill up the entire space between the earth and the moon!

Yet although such is the amazing grandeur of the sun, still every fixed star in the sky is a sun, doubtless of similar magnitude. The telescopes have revealed to us twenty millions of such suns, each with its troop of planets and satellites.

Some of these are millions of millions of miles from us, yet we have only caught a glimpse along the edge of space; beyond and beyond, and still beyond, without limit, countless millions of worlds on worlds are performing their majestic revolutions.

To man, the sands of the sea seem innumerable, but God counts, and measures, and governs more worlds of the magnitude of the sun, than there are leaves on the trees, grains of sand in the earth, or blossoms in the boundless fields. We are the ephemera of threescore years and ten; He is from eternity to eternity. We see slowly and successively a few objects immediately around us; He measures infinite space at a glance. Stars glimmer in his path like mere clouds of vapor; the Milky Way, which we know to be a glittering throng of worlds, wheeling in orbits surpassing human comprehension, is but a little patch of star-dust in the outskirts of his illimitable domain. Our sun and all its planets are but as a few drops of dew at his feet!

Light travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second: what must He be who said, "Let there be light, and there was light!"

## A PRACTICAL MISSIONARY.

Good old Captain Davis, the celebrated navigator, once wrote to Secretary Walsingham on the subject of the conversion of the "Red Indians," with an open-mindedness quite amusing. He says:—"If these people (the Indians of America) were once brought over to the Christian faith, they might soon be brought to relish a more civilized kind of life, and be thereby induced to take off great quantities of our coarser woollen manufactures."

How like an Englishman was that!



GÖETHE.

John Wolfgang Von Göethe is regarded by the Germans as one of the greatest men of modern times. He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1749, and devoted himself chiefly to literature. One of his works best known in America is the "Sorrows of Werter," which, however, is here regarded as very lackadaisical, as well as immoral. He afterward wrote various works, chiefly poetical, of which the dramatic pieces entitled "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" are the most celebrated.

Göethe enjoyed extraordinary reputation during his lifetime, his countrymen considering him the equal of Shakspeare. He wrote on a great variety of subjects, and held some diplomatic situations. He died at Weimar in 1832, aged 83.

None of Göethe's works have any remarkable interest, when translated into English. The following extracts from them show that he was a man of thought, and had a happy talent of setting his observations in pointed sentences:

Originality provokes originality.

Great talents are essentially conciliating.

None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free.

Few are open to conviction, but the majority of men are open to persuasion.

Sound and sufficient reason falls, after all, to the share of but few men, and those few usually exert their influence in silence.

"Act considerately," is the practical version of "know thyself."

Which is the best government? That which teaches self-government.

Time is continually on the move, and human affairs change their aspect every fifty years. An institution which was perfect in 1800, may be a great nuisance in 1850.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure, is as the sun after a shower.

We ought not to isolate ourselves, for we can not remain in a state of isolation. Social intercourse makes us the more able to bear with ourselves and with others,

Age makes us tolerant; I never see a fault which I myself have not committed.

It is a terrible thing to see a great man made much of by a party of blockheads.

To find out an error is easy; to discover the truth is difficult. Error is on the surface, but truth dwells at the bottom of the well.

I now understand that the majority consider science merely as a means of subsistence, and that they worship error itself, so it but feeds them.

There are three classes of readers: some enjoy without judgment; others judge without enjoyment; and some there are who judge while they enjoy, and enjoy while they judge. The latter class reproduces the work of art on which it is engaged. Its numbers are very small.

There is no trifling with nature; it is always true, grave, and severe; it is always in the right, and the faults and errors fall to our share. It defies incompetency, but reveals its secrets to the competent, the truthful, and the pure.

Our modern poets dilute their ink.

Nothing is so atrocious as fancy without taste.

Whatever you can not understand, you can not possess.

If you would create something, you must be something.

Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance.

Ingratitude is a sign of weakness. I never knew a strong character ungrateful.

Great passions are incurable diseases. The very remedies make them worse.

The confidant of my vices is my master, though he were my valet. Water is not indicative of frogs; but frogs are indicative of water.

All clever thoughts have been thought before. You must try to think them again.

We ought to judge a poet from his best production, not from his worst.

Hatred is active, and envy passive, disgust: there is but one step from envy to hate.

The world can not do without great men, but great men are very troublesome to the world.

Superstition is the poesy of practical life; hence, a poet is none the worse for being superstitious.

I will listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.

The decline of literature indicates the decline of the nation. The two keep pace in their downward tendency.

Our adversaries think they refute us when they reiterate their own opinions without paying attention to ours.

The effect of good music is not caused by its novelty. On the contrary, it strikes us more, the more familiar we are with it.

Certain books are written, not to instruct you, but to let you know that the author knew something.

How can I come to know myself? Not by contemplation; by action only. Do your duty, and you will know your value.

I hate all bungling as I do sin, but particularly bungling in politics, which leads to the misery and ruin of many thousands and millions of people.

Literature deals in endless repetitions, showing how cabined, cribbed, and confined the human mind really is.

The sentimentality of the English is humorous and tender; that of

the French is popular, lachrymose, and maudlin; German sentimentality is naive and realistic.

Lord Byron's talent has all the truth and grandeur of nature, but also its savageness and discomfort. He stands alone; nobody comes near him, and nobody is like him.

Superstition is part of our being. Try to expel it, and you will find that it makes its escape into the strongest holes and corners of the mind. Give it a few moments' respite, and it will come out again.

Nobody, they say, is a hero to his valet. Of course; for a man must be a hero to understand a hero. The valet, I dare say, has great respect for some person of his own stamp.

Generally speaking, an author's style is a faithful copy of his mind. If you would write a lucid style, let there first be light in your own mind; and if you would write a grand style, you ought to have a grand character.

Originality! what do they mean by it? The action of the world upon us commences with the hour of our birth, and ends only with our death. It is here and there and everywhere. There is nothing we can claim as our own, but energy, strength, and volition. Very little of me would be left, if I could but say what I owe to my great predecessors and contemporaries.

I have never made a secret of my enmity to parodies and travesties. My only reason for hating them is because they lower the beautiful, noble, and great, that they may annihilate it. Indeed, where there is no reality of such, I would still preserve the semblance. The ancients and Shakspeare, while they seem to deprive us of things great and beautiful, create and establish in their place something which is highly valuable, worthy, and satisfactory.

### EFFECT OF HABIT.

COURTERS sleep on horseback; a cabman will drive while sleeping, and the exhausted soldier may fall asleep and still march on.



#### WHAT THE WIND SAYS.

"Do you know what the winter's wind says, grandpa?" asked a little child on an old merchant's knee.

"No, puss; what does it?" he answered, stroking her fair hair.

"'Remember the poor!' Grandpa, when it comes down the chimney it roars, 'Remember the poor!' when it puts its great mouth to the keyhole it whistles, 'Remember the poor!' when it strides through a crack in the door it whispers it; and grandpa, when it blows your beautiful silver hair in the street, and you shiver and button up your coat, does it not get at your ear and say so too, in a small voice, grandpa?"

"Why, what does the child mean?" cried grandpa, who, I am afraid, had been used to shut his heart against such words. "You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon; a pretty way to get them out of your old grandfather."

"No, grandpa," said the child, earnestly, shaking her head; "no; it's the *no* muff and tippet children I'm thinking of; my mother always remembers them, and so do I."

210 BIRDS.

After the next storm the old merchant sent fifty dollars to the treasurer of a relief society, and said, "Call for more when you want it." The treasurer started with surprise, for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a dollar from him, and that, he thought, came grudgingly.

"Why," said the old merchant afterward, "I could never get rid of that child's words; they stuck to me like glue."

"And a little child shall lead them," says the Scripture. How many a cold heart has melted, and a close heart opened, by the simple earnestness and suggestive words of a child!

#### BIRDS.

A BIRD is a model ship constructed by the hand of God, in which the conditions of swiftness, manageability, and lightness are absolutely and necessarily the same as in vessels built by the hand of man. There are not in the world two things which resemble each other more strongly, both mechanically and physically speaking, than the carcass and framework of a bird and a ship. The breast-bone so exactly resembles a keel, that the English language has retained the name. The wings are the oars, the tail the rudder.

That original observer, Huber, the Genevese, who has carefully noticed the flight of birds of prey, has even made use of the metaphor thus suggested to establish a characteristic distinction between rowers and sailers. The rowers are the falcons, who have the first or second wing-feather the longest, and who are able, by means of this powerful oar, to dart right into the wind's eye. The mere sailers are the eagles, the vultures, and the buzzards, whose more rounded wings resemble sails.



ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

"It is an unpleasant fact," says an experienced hunter, "that a tiger-hunt is generally fatal to some of the parties engaged in it. During the night, and in the midst of a frightful storm at Singapore, in the year 1819, an enormous tiger marched coolly into the great bazaar, and quietly waited for the awakening of the inhabitants, as if he had been on terms of the most intimate friendship with the human race. A grocer in opening his shop was the first to perceive the fercious animal, and having barricaded himself in his house, gave the alarm to his neighbors. The tiger responded to this warning by an angry growl, and in a few moments the

entire neighborhood was alive and resolved on the destruction of the animal.

"Captain Fielding, an English officer, placed himself at the head of twenty Sepoys, armed with muskets, while a huge crowd of the natives followed him, brandishing sticks, and spears, and pistols. At their approach the tiger rose and slowly retreated, like a foe who does not wish to fight, but who will not betray any cowardly terror. Captain Fielding, separating himself from his party, advanced alone upon his savage antagonist, who, apparently surprised at such insolence, cast a glance of mingled astonishment and rage at the rash intruder. Fielding in a moment saw the fatal error that he had committed: he saw that a royal tiger was not a foe to be approached carelessly, and while trembling at the danger in which he stood, he, nevertheless, with his finger on the trigger of his rifle, bravely kept his position.

"On his part, the tiger, thinking perhaps that if he could avoid the fatal bullet which lay at the bottom of the rifle-barrel which followed his every motion, it would be as well, still retreated slowly,-always, however, facing his enemies, as if he was determined, in any event, not to die alone. Presently, by these maneuvers, he found himself in a very narrow street, of which one end was closed. Fielding was not slow to avail himself of this lucky chance, and taking deliberate aim, fired at the tiger. His bullet took effect in the eye, and the wounded animal roared so frightfully that the entire crowd tumbled one over the other in their hurry to escape. In less than ten minutes Captain Fielding found himself entirely alone with the savage brute, who tore the ground with his powerful nails while he vainly tried to lick up the blood that flowed from his wound.

"Fielding, throwing away his rifle, drew a pistol, while he held a poniard in his left hand. Like a flash of lightning the tiger sprang upon him; the captain who felt that his life depended on his aim, fired deliberately, just as his antagonist

was descending on his shoulders. The ball was fatal, going right to the animal's heart, and with a smothered growl, he rolled over on the pavement; but he was avenged. In that brief instant, one stroke of his resistless fore-paw had broken the unfortunate officer's neck; and when the cowardly natives returned, the two foes were found dead, within a couple of yards of each other.—Harper's Journal.



INGRATITUDE.

The island of Martinique is infested with rattlesnakes. I once knew a planter, living in the interior of the island, whose lands were so overrun with these venomous reptiles, that the greater part of his slaves deserted him, and sought refuge in the vast forests that cover the island. The only slaves that remained were a few who were in irons at the time of the flight of their companions, and were awaiting punishment for some misdemeanor, and some other slaves who hoped to escape threatened chastisement, by promising to devote themselves to the extermination of the snakes.

Among the negroes in captivity was one named Pegu, who was condemned to receive three hundred strokes of the rat-The hour for his punishment arrived. His master came forth to witness the bloody scene. Pegu was standing near the whipping-block, waiting to have his hands and feet fastened to it, as is the custom, when he perceived a rattlesnake gliding toward him through the grass. He did not stir. The rapid death following the serpent's bite, was preferable to the lingering one which he felt awaited him under the overseer's cane. The serpent coiled itself ready to strike, when, at this moment, the planter caught the peculiar sound of the rattle, and leaped terror-stricken on one side. The snake, attracted by the motion, changed his intention, and, fancying that the planter was about to attack him, glided rapidly toward the unhappy man, who, paralyzed with fear, remained rooted to the ground.

Pegu seeing his master's peril, leaped forward, and seizing the snake's tail with one hand, caught him by the neck with the other, and, after a few minutes of compression, succeeded in choking him. An hour afterward, Pegu received his three hundred lashes, and died that night under the punishment. Such is gratitude in Martinique!

### JEALOUSY.

This cursed jealousy, what is't?
'Tis love that has lost itself in a mist;
'Tis love being frighted out of his wits;
'Tis love that has a fever got;
Love that is violently hot,
But troubled with cold and trembling fits.
'Tis yet a more unnatural evil:
'Tis the god of love, possessed with a devil.



GENERAL LINCOLN.

Benjamin Lincoln was the son of a cooper of Hingham, Massachusetts. He was born 1733, and was brought up as a farmer. At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, he was employed in training the militia. In 1777, he joined Washington's army, and was soon created a major-general.

In 1778, he was appointed to the command of the southern army, and on May 12 was compelled to capitulate to Sir Henry Clinton, at Charleston. He was at the siege of Yorktown, when the same terms were granted to Cornwallis that had been prescribed to Lincoln, at Charleston. The latter was appointed to receive the sword of the British commander, but he feigned sickness, and it was surrendered by an inferior officer.

General Lincoln was Secretary of War under Washington, and finally retired from office with the love and respect of the whole country. He died at Hingham, May 9, 1810.

#### WOMEN SOLDIERS.

THE French Moniteur de l'Armée publishes some curious details relative to the army of the King of Siam, among which are the following:

"One corps particularly attracts the attention of strangers, which is the battalion of the King's Guards, composed of women. This battalion consists of four hundred women, chosen among the handsomest and most robust girls in the country. They receive excellent pay, and their discipline is perfect. They are admitted to serve at the age of thirteen, and are placed in the army of reserve at twenty-five. From that period they no longer serve about the king's person, but are employed to guard the royal palaces and the crown lands.

"On entering the army, they make a vow of chastity, for which there is no exemption, unless any of them should attract the king's attention, and be admitted among his legitimate wives. The king's choice seldom falls on the most beautiful, but on the most skilled in military exercises. Their full dress is composed of a white woolen robe, embroidered with gold. The cloth is extremely fine, and descends as far as the knee; it is covered with a light coat of mail, and a gilt cuirass. The arms are free, and the head is covered with a gilt casque. When wearing this dress on state occasions, their only weapon is a lance, which they handle with wonderful dexterity. With their undress, they are armed with a musket.

"The battalion has been commanded for the last five years by a woman who saved the king's life at a tiger-hunt, by her courage and skill. She has the same establishment as a member of the royal family, and ten elephants are placed at her service. The king never undertakes any expedition with out being accompanied by his female guard, nor does he ever hunt, or even ride out, without an escort of the same guard, who are devotedly attached to his person. Each individual of the battalion has five negresses attached to her service, and having thus no domestic occupation, she can devote herself exclusively to the duties of her profession. Punishment is very rare in this corps, and when it is inflicted, it consists of a suspension from service for a period not exceeding three months. But duels are much more frequent. They must be sanctioned, however, by the female captain, and be fought with swords in presence of the entire company. The military organization of this battalion is so perfect, that the entire army endeavors to imitate it."



THE SACRED BULLS OF BENARES.

The narrow streets of the city of Benares are obstructed, in the vicinity of the temple, with numbers of the sacred bulls. The place swarms with these animals, which are as great a nuisance to it as the mendicant friers are to Rome. They are knowing bulls, perfectly conscious of their sacred character, and presume upon it to commit all sorts of depredations. They are the terror of the dealers in fruits and vegetables, for, although not always exempted from blows, no one can stand before their horns, and these they do not scruple to use, if necessary to secure their end.

Sometimes, on their foraging expeditions, they boldly enter the houses, march up stairs, and take a stroll on the flat roofs, where they may be seen looking down with a quiet interest on the passing crowds below. From these eminences they take a survey of the surrounding country, calculate its resources, and having selected one of the richest spots within their circle of vision, descend straightway, and set off in a bee-line for the place, which they never fail to find.

When the fields look promising on the other side of the Ganges, they march down to the river banks, and prevent any passenger from going on board the ferry-boats until they are permitted to enter. They cross, and remain there until the supplies are exhausted, when they force a passage back in the same manner. The gardens of the English residents frequently suffer from their depredations, and the only effectual way of guarding against them is to yoke them at once, and keep them at hard labor for a day or two, which so utterly disgusts them with the place, that they never return to it. It is also affirmed, that they carefully avoid the neighborhood of those butchers who supply the tables of the English, having observed that some of their brethren disappeared in a miraculous manner, after frequenting such localities.—Bayard Taylor.

### NECESSITY OF EXERTION.

Ir you had the genius of all great men, past, present, and to come, you could do nothing well, without application and perseverance.



HAPPY MARY.

SHE moved about the house like a sunbeam. I heard her singing as she passed to and fro, and her mother heard her too, and said, with a fond smile,

"It is Mary! She is always the same, always happy. I do not know what I should do without her."

"I do not know what any of us would do without Mary," repeated her eldest daughter; and the rest echoed her words.

Her youngest brother is of a violent temper, and is always quarreling with somebody; but he never quarrels with Mary, because she will not quarrel with him, but strives to turn aside his anger by gentle words. Even her very presence has an influence over him.

#### THE SIGNAL GUN.

Amost all the terrible incidents attendant upon the destruction of the steamer Arctic, on her way to America in 1854, there was one that impresses us with a feeling of awe and admiration, and shows all the world that the age of heroes is not yet altogether gone by. We refer to the young man whose post of duty throughout all that trying scene was the firing off a signal gun at intervals, in the hope of attracting the attention of vessels from a distance to the scene of the disaster. While all around him was death and despair, in bold relief there he stood—like Hope herself—with the calm determination of a true hero, discharging gun after gun, until the gallant ship went down beneath the waves.

The soldier who braves the King of Terrors at the cannon's mouth, is animated by a species of courage improvised for the occasion, by the "pomp and circumstance" around him. There can be properly no cowards when men are drawn up in battle array, with drums beating, colors flying, and thoughts of reward and promotion flitting through the brain, if a victory is won. Dastards dare any thing then, under such stimulants. But the bravery of the battle-field is not the bravery which was shown by our young hero of the wreek. The former is a species of unnatural courage—it is of an animal nature; but the latter was moral courage of the highest and noblest kind. With his lighted match, he seemed to stand, on the quarter of that devoted ship, hurling defiance, as it were, in the very jaws of death itself.

Awfully impressive, indeed—terribly melo-dramatic—was the last scene of all, in which our young hero shone forth, wringing exclamations of admiration even from lips that were buffeting the hungering waters, murmuring for their prey. Stuart Hollins—for that was his name—could not be induced to leave the ship; his post was at the gun from first to last,

firing signals; he kept on discharging the piece, at intervals, till the ship went down. He was seen in the very act of firing as the vessel disappeared below the waters.



A SENTIMENTAL POET.

The preceding cut having come into our possession, we long sought in vain to discover the precise subject of it. Happening, however, to meet with the verses which follow, we have come to the conclusion that it represents the author in the act of composing this very sentimental effusion.

#### THE FROG.

Of all the funny things that live,
In woodland, marsh, or bog,
That creep the ground or fly the air,
The funniest is the frog:
The frog—the scientific-est
Of Nature's handiwork—
The frog that neither walks nor runs,
But goes it with a jerk.

With parts and cost of bottle groun.

With pants and coat of bottle-green,
And yellow fancy vest,
He plunges into mud and mire—
All in his Sunday best.
When he sits down he's standing up,
As Paddy O'Quinn once said;
And for convenience' sake he wears
His eyes on the top of his head.

You see him sitting on a log,
Above the vasty deep,
You feel inclined to say—"Old chap,
Just look before you leap!"
You raise your cane to hit him on
His ugly-looking mug;
But ere you get it half-way up,
Adown he goes kerchug.

### PORK AT THE WEST.

"At the West, pork is the great idea: there the pig plays his unctuous part. Think what earldoms came from the first grapestone, carried perhaps by a bird and sowed on the banks of the Rhine! What coal has been to England, wheat to the Nile, or peaches to New Jersey, pork has been to the West. The largest owner of pigs is the hero of the prairie."

—R. W. Emerson.



EDUCATION OF FAMILIES IN FRANCE.

It is universally understood that the French women are among the most agreeable in the world, and, by the following account, it would seem that they are equally useful.

"In France, the ladies are educated in a manner to make them most agreeable in society, and, while all are taught to keep the accounts of household expenses, many of a poorer class are taught book-keeping so thoroughly as to enable them to follow it as a profession.

"In almost every Paris shop, consequently, the books are

kept either by the wife or shopkeeper, or by some other female employed for the purpose. Thus, the French system is to teach females the useful or agreeable, according to their worldly condition.

"Our American system is to teach them a little of every thing; in fact, we take more pains with them than with our boys, though it would seem, from the results, that hitherto our efforts have been none too well directed. While we have female seminaries and colleges in which degrees are conferred, and which produce many shallow and discontented philosophers, who immodestly take the rostrum at public meetings, and have begun to invade the pulpit, we have very few who can take charge of a husband's counting-room while he is engaged in the direction of other departments of his business.

"In Paris you buy a carpet of your upholsterer, who shows the goods, makes all of the necessary explanations, and sends it home. But when you pay, you walk to the neat mahogany desk, where madame sits enthroned behind her large folio ledger, and it is with her you regulate the account. The French tradesman's wife takes an active, useful, and appropriate part in the management of affairs; she knows to what extent the business is prosperous, and is, therefore, never in danger, like American wives, of demanding a new carriage, or other extravagance, when her husband is on the point of failing."

### THE COURT OF CHANCERY.

"Every animal has its enemies; the land tortoise has two enemies—man and the boa-constrictor. Man takes him home and roasts him; and the boa-constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate."—Sydney Smith.



BATTLE WITH A POLAR BEAR.

The white bear is one of the most formidable of carnivorous animals. M. Gerard de Vera, an old Polar traveler, states that he has seen a white bear that measured twenty-three feet in length. When you add to this enormous size muscles of corresponding power, and a loose, thick hide, almost impenetrable to ordinary weapons, you can form some idea of the terrible inhabitant of those icy regions, whose natural courage is heightened into an appalling ferocity by the difficulty of procuring food in the desolate haunts that he frequents.

I once had an encounter with a white bear, which, despite the sang-froid with which, from long habit, I have been accustomed to look upon my adventures with wild animals, nevertheless, makes me shudder when my memory reverts to it.

At the period of my life to which I refer, I was a passenger in a Scotch whaling vessel which was bound from Aberdeen to the coast of Labrador. I had always been possessed with a desire to taste the life of the Polar Seas, and had

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taken this means of gratifying my desire. I will not inflict on you the details of the voyage, but take up the narrative at the point when, owing to a series of accidents, and the fact of our having penetrated further north than we intended, we were locked in the ice close to the entrance of Baffin's Bay. The situation was not pleasant. We were tolerably well provided with preservatives against the cold, but our ship was small—about 250 tons burden—and our provisions rather too scanty for our sustenance during the three months' imprisonment which we should inevitably have to endure, before the spring would break up the ice by which we were surrounded.

We naturally, in such a strait, had recourse to hunting, and as I was an excellent Nimrod, we did not want for fresh meat as long as I could fall in with foxes and seals. Seal and fox meat, by the way, is not what the men who frequent Delmonico's would exactly choose for their dinners; but when one is shut up in a small vessel, with nothing but salt pork and mouldy biscuits to subsist on, the fresh juices oozing from the steak of an Arctic fox, broiled on the cooking-stove, possess a flavor of which the habitué of French restaurants can have but little knowledge.

By degrees, however, even the scanty animal life which enlivened those ice-covered shores disappeared. It is a phenomenon well known in Arctic life, that the animals frequenting the Polar Seas are exceedingly fickle in their habits, and that in a single day, foxes, wolves, and seal will suddenly disappear in the most mysterious manner, and leave no trace behind. We on board the "Annie Laurie"—which poetic name our ship bore—soon began to experience the effects of want of proper food. As we could not be certain within several weeks of the exact time of our liberation from the ice, the captain commenced apportioning out in very small rations our little stock of provisions. It was in vain that I tramped over hummock and floe in search of

game. Not a living thing disturbed that frozen solitude. In addition to this, under the pressure of the ice, the seams and joints of all portions of the "Annie Laurie" commenced opening to such an extent that we began to have serious fears that we should not be able to keep her above water when we were once more free.

While we were in this condition, worn and gaunt with want of food, and cursing the fate which had imprisoned us in this desolate latitude, our fainting energies were aroused by the attack of an enemy, who, if not more potent than hunger, was certainly more rapid in his assaults. The captain, the first mate, a Norwegian sailor, and myself were sitting one day in the cabin, gloomily warming ourselves at the insufficient stove, and musing over the probabilities of an early spring, when our attention was attracted by a scratching, apparently against the side of the vessel. turned simultaneously in the direction of the sound, and to our horror we discovered one of the cabin windows torn out. and the head of a white bear, with one paw gripping the side of the frame-work, protruding through the aperture. His eye burned with the lust for blood, and he glared on us with that savage air which seemed to say, "Ye are my prey, and can not escape me."

My first impulse was to look for a weapon. In one of those rapid glances, which a man in peril of his life only can give, I saw in a second every defensive arm in the cabin. There were two guns in one far corner; a hatchet lying on the floor; and near me a long sharp spear, which we had used for killing seals. In an instant, the spear, being the nearest weapon, was in my hand, and I rushed at the bear, feeling convinced that if he once got in at the window we were lost. Gathering all my force, I made a savage thrust at his broad, shaggy breast; the long blade of the spear was buried in the deep fur, and a jet of blood spouted over the handle. The next moment the bear, with a sudden

turn of his head, caught the ashen shaft of the spear in his teeth, and snapped it in two, as if it had been a stick of sugar-candy. Just then, Jarl, the Norwegian, discharged one of the guns at the intruder, and the ball struck him immediately under the eye, leaving in place of that organ a bloody orb that rolled upon us with sightless fury. The captain also discharged his musket, but owing to terror he shot wide of the mark.

There remained for us now nothing but the hatchet. This, the man who possessed it seemed utterly unable to use; so, knowing that no time was to be lost, I wrenched it from his hand and ran at the wounded bear, who now, irritated to a pitch of fury that was positively appalling, had forced his way still farther through the window. I trust that I shall never again feel so like a fiend as I did at that moment. A frenzy for battle seemed to possess me. Like the Chourineur in the "Mysteries of Paris," I "saw blood." I swung my hatchet over my head and buried it with a venomous "thud" in the bear's left paw. He roared with pain, and then without an instant's hesitation I brought my weapon down upon his broad, rugged forehead.

But a white bear's skull is harder to split than most people imagine. Conceive my dismay, when immediately on the blade striking upon the os frontis, the head of the weapon flew off, and, passing through the window, struck the ice outside, and went sliding off for several yards, as if it was enjoying its liberty. My heart sank. The men around me seemed paralyzed with terror, for all knew the power and ferocity of the white bear. The animal itself seeming to divine that my resources were exhausted, uttered a horrible growl, and glaring with that awful bloodshot eye, braced himself against the side of the window preparatory to heaving his huge body inside:

There was not a moment to lose. Despite of my physical terror, I felt at that instant my brain suddenly clear as if it

were by magic. I remembered that there was no weapon which the white bear dreaded so much as fire. With a single leap I was beside the stove, which, as all who have seen a stove in the Arctic regions' well know, was red-hot. Hastily seizing a seal-skin that happily lay on the floor, I wrapped it round the fiery cylinder, so as to keep my hands from being scorched, and exerting all my strength, tore it from its fastenings. Then running to the window, through which the bear had almost effected his entrance, I launched the entire stove and its burning contents at his head! The door burst. There was a shower of live coals which poured over the savage brute's head and body, and with a howl of pain and baffled rage he dropped from the window, and sullenly moaning, trotted across the gray hummocks of the ice, until we lost sight of him in the distance.

The only injuries I sustained were some slight burns on each hand, and my companions, and the crew—who came running into the cabin after all was over—were profuse in their admiration of my courage and presence of mind. I determined in my own mind, however, never to fight a bear with a red-hot stove again, as such a missile is not fatal, and I confess that in my then hungry condition I longed for a steak off of those heavy buttocks that I watched wistfully as they disappeared in the dim horizon.—Harper's Journal.

### THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

ALL things love and join in pairs;
Lovingly the spring appears,
And caresses flower and plain;
There's a gentle fond inclining,
Round some other to be twining,
Seen through Nature's whole domain.

#### WHAT A MILLIARD IS.

We find the following curious speculations in the "Paris Assemblée Nationale:"

"People may not in general have a clear idea of what a milliard—one thousand million—francs in silver is. A milliard weighs five million kilogrammes, a kilogramme being about two pounds. It would take two thousand carts, drawn by four horses each, to transport it by land. By water, it would require a vessel like Noah's ark, viz., three hundred and nine cubits by fifty, with a depth of thirty cubits.

"Were five million kilogrammes forged into bars of an inch square, their total length would be six hundred and fifty-five thousand yards, or more than enough to encompass Paris with a railing ten feet high. Were a milliard of franc-pieces arranged side by side on a breadth of four yards—the usual breadth of the paving of the French government roads—the length thus covered would be three leagues more than the distance between Paris and Rouen. A single line formed by a milliard of franc-pieces would be twenty-three millions of inches in length, or seven hundred and fifty leagues more than the circumference of the earth. Lastly, had the milliard, at the time of the Birth of Christ, been inclosed in a machine so constructed as to cast out one franc-piece per minute, this machine would still have to be kept going for about sixty-two years longer, in order to exhaust the milliard."

A somewhat similar calculation was made in 1848, after the 15th of May, when the mob invaded the National Assembly, and Barbes wished a tax of a milliard to be imposed on the rich.

### A LIE.

A LIE, though it be killed and dead, can sting sometimes—like a dead wasp.



#### IMPRUDENCE PUNISHED.

A RAT once determined to leave his confined quarters, about the cellars of the town, and go forth in quest of adventures. In vain did the wise old rats advise him to beware. He was young and confident, and crying out, "Who's afraid?" he set off. After proceeding some distance, he came near the sea-shore. Here there happened to be an oyster; and, as no danger seemed to be near, the creature had opened its shell, so as to give its inside an airing.

The rat came along at this juncture of affairs; and never in his life did any thing smell nicer than the breath of the oyster. So, without any precaution he pounced upon it, and fixed his teeth at once upon its vitals. Quick as thought the oyster brought down his shell, and in a second the rat was squealing for life. "Murder, murder!" said he. But the more he bawled, the harder pinched the oyster.

"Help, help!" said the rat.

"Take that!" said the oyster, giving him a terrible squeeze; and in a few minutes the poor rat lay lifeless upon the ground—a sad but useful lesson to all imprudent people who won't take good advice.

#### A RAT STORY.

A French law journal, the Gazette des Tribunaux, contains the following strange report:

"A man named Girome, a discharged Zouave, was yester-day tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police for swindling. A person named Triquel stated that he is a fancier of curious animals, and that the prisoner one day came to him and offered for sale a rat with a trunk, or proboscis. As he had never heard of such an animal, he asked to see it, and the man showed him a large rat, which had on its snout a long excrescence. He could hardly believe his eyes, and to satisfy himself that he was not the victim of fraud, he pricked the trunk with a pin; the animal uttered a cry, and a drop of blood fell.

"Convinced by this that the trunk was real, he paid 50f. for the rat, and he subsequently gave another 50f. for a female, in order to increase the breed. He expected to render himself famous by bringing to the knowledge of the public a species of rat of which neither Buffon nor any other naturalist had made mention; but, to his mortification, his two rats with trunks produced young ones without any. He one day described his rats to an officer who had served in Africa, and the latter burst into a roar of laughter. Having asked the cause of his mirth, the officer told him that no such things as rats with trunks existed in nature, and that they were the invention of the Zouaves. 'An invention of the Zouaves!" cried the perplexed naturalist; 'why, how can that be?'

"The officer then related to him that the Zouaves are accustomed to take two rats, and fasten them to a flat board, the snout of one toward the tail of the other; they then cut a hole in the snout of the hinder rat, and insert the tail of the first rat into it; then they bind the snout up, and leave the two rats together for forty-eight hours; by that time the tail has become firm in the incision, and they separate the two rats

by cutting off the tail of the first at a small distance from the snout of the other. The second thus remains ornamented with a trunk, and in about a month the incision in the snout is perfectly healed, so that the snout appears part and parcel of the animal. Indignant at the imposture, the complainant had the Zouave arrested as a swindler. The tribunal, however, did not consider it swindling, and dismissed the case."



INDIAN LEGEND OF NIAGARA.

Mr. Schoolcraft furnishes us with the following Indian legend relating to Niagara:

An old gray man on a mountain lived—
He had daughters four and one,
And a tall bright lodge of the betula bark,
That glittered in the sun.

He lived on the very highest top,

For he was a hunter free,
Where he could spy, on the clearest day,
Gleams of the distant sea.

"Come out! come out!" cried the youngest one;

"Let us off to look at the sea!"

And away they ran in their gayest robes,

And skipped and ran with glee.

"Come Su, come Mi, come Hu, come Cla,"
Cried laughing little Er;
"Let us go to yonder deep blue sea,
Where the breakers foam and roar,"

And on they scampered by valley and wood, By earth and air and sky, 'Till they came to a steep where the bare rocks stood, On a precipice mountain high.

"Inya!" cried Er, "here's a dreadful leap!
But we are gone so far,
That, if we flinch and return in fear,
Nos he will cry 'Ha! ha!"

Now each was clad in a vesture light, That floated far behind, With sandals of frozen water-drops, And wings of painted wind.

And down they plunged with a merry skip, Like birds that skim the plain! And "Hey!" they cried, "let us up and try, And down the steep again!"

And up and down the daughters skipped,
Like girls on a holiday,
And laughed outright at the spray and foam,
Which they called Niagara.

If ye would see a sight so rare,
Where Nature's in her glee,
Go, view the spot in the wide wild West,
The land of the brave and free!

But mark—their shapes are only seen
In Fancy's deepest play;
Yet she plainly shows their wings and feet
In the dancing sunny spray.



SOME ACCOUNT OF CHINA.

In view of the important events now transpiring at and near Canton, between the English and Americans and the Celestial Empire, some account of the latter may not be uninteresting.

China is the most populous and ancient empire in the world; it is 1,390 miles long, and 1,030 wide; population from 300,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Pekin, with 2,000,000 inhabitants; Nankin has 1,000,000, and Canton, 1,000,000.

China produces tea, 100,000,000 lbs. of which are annually exported from Canton, till recently the only place which foreigners were allowed to visit. Silk, cotton, rice, gold, silver, and all the necessaries of life, are found in China. The arts and manufactures in many branches are in high perfection, but stationary, as improvements are now prohibited.

The government is a despotic monarchy. Annual revenue, \$20,000,000; the army, 800,000 men. The religion is similar to Budhism, the chief god being Foh. The educated Chinese

inculcate the morality of Confucius, their great philosopher, who was born 550 B. C.

The great wall and canal of China are among the mightiest works ever achieved by man. The foreign commerce of China amounts to \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000 annually, the whole of which is transacted with appointed native agents, called "Hong Merchants." Foreigners are allowed to live at certain stations, or "factories," below Canton. The revenue derived from foreign commerce by the emperor varies from \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000. The opium smuggled into China to the injury of the people has amounted to \$20,000,000 annually for several years past. The Chinese language has nearly 40,000 characters, or letters.

## INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls; so we can not account for these seeming caprices in them—that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different caste, make no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, hare-bell, fox-glove, wild-brier rose, the budding-birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight.

I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer morn, or the wild mingling cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul, like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod?—Burns.



EVERYBODY has seen this poor fellow, and everybody on seeing him has passed by on t'other side, thanking God that they are not such as he is.

Yes, but who rendered this poor creature thus degraded? Was it not you, Mr. Rumseller, who supplied his father with the means of intoxication, till he became vicious, and made his family so?

Was it not you, Mr. Hardhand, who ground his parents till they became poor, and then desperate, and made their children so?

Was it not you, Mr. Editor, who printed and published demoralizing articles, and thus aided in the downward progress of this poor creature, and others of his kind?

Was it not you, Mr. Bookseller, who sold bad books, and thus scattered poison in the way, which got into this fellow's soul, and defaced God's image, there?

Was it not you, Mr. Gambler, and you, Mr. Sabbath-breaker, and you, Mr. Profane-swearer, who, each and all, helped this vagabond on his way to destruction?

Was it not you, Mr. Rich, you, Mr. Proud, and you, Mr. Pious, who, each and all, passed by on t'other side, instead of taking means to redeem this outcast?

## HOW WATCHES ARE MADE IN SWITZERLAND.

A LARGE proportion of the work bestowed upon the manufacture of watches, in Switzerland, is done by cottagers, who cultivate the earth in summer, and in the winter shut themselves up with their families during the inclement season, which lasts three or four months.

The whole family then devote themselves to the work of making watch movements. Not only do the children work, but the dog turns a wheel, and puts in motion a lathe or pair of bellows. First, the rough part of the movement is made by water-power. Particular parts are assigned to the young members of the family, while others are employed in putting the plates and wheels together. When a sufficient number have been prepared, the master transports them on the back of a mule to some town or village, where he sells them to little master watchmakers, who complete the movements; or they are sold to traveling agents, who case them in silver or gold.

## QUADRUPEDS OF THE BIBLE.

THERE are numerous references in the Sacred Scriptures to the geography, to the scenery, and to the natural history of Palestine, or the Holy Land: to the mountains and rivers, to the plains and valleys, to the animals and plants. All these have become subjects of careful study, as they often serve to illustrate in a striking manner the meaning of the sacred text.

Among the numerous allusions to these topics in the Bible, those which relate to the native quadrupeds of the land of Canaan, are of peculiar interest. A few examples will place this in a strong light.



The Lion.

This animal, which, from his courage, strength, and commanding appearance, is called the King of Beasts, is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures, a fact which shows that, although he is not now found in Palestine, he was formerly common there.

It appears that all animals, even the tiger, the elephant, the rhinoceros, acknowledge the supremacy of the lion. Such is his strength, that he can lay an ox prostrate by a blow of his paw. His claws are long, strong, and sharp, and then he has the power of darting them forth so as to seize his prey. His roar is terrific, and seems to shake the earth like thunder. The other wild beasts tremble when they hear it.

These qualities are indicated in the allusions to this animal in the Bible, as in Amos i. 2: "The Lord will roar from Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem; and the habitations of the shepherds shall mourn, and the top of Carmel shall wither."

Genesis xlix. 9, it is said: "Judah is a lion's whelp; from the prey, my son, thou art gone up: he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion: who shall rouse him up?"

Amos iii. 8: "The lion hath roared, who will not fear? the Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophesy?"

Revelations v. 5.: "One of the elders said, Behold, the lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof."

Micah v. 8: "And the remnant of Jacob shall be among the Gentiles in the midst of many people as a lion among the beasts of the forest, as a young lion among the flocks of sheep: who, if he go through, both treadeth down and teareth in pieces, and none can deliver."

Proverbs xxviii. 1: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion."

1 Peter v. 8, the devil is spoken of "as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

Isaiah—xi. 6-7—foretelling a future state of peace upon the earth, has the following: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like an ox. For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."



The Leopard.

The tiger is not mentioned by name in the Scriptures, but in such passages as that of Leviticus xxvi. 22, "I will send wild beasts among you," it is supposed the tiger, as well as other savage brutes, may be alluded to.

The bear is frequently spoken of, as Proverbs xxviii. 15: "As a roaring lion, and a raging bear, so is a wicked ruler over the poor people." Also, Hosea xiii. 8: "I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart."

The first mention of the leopard—an animal distinguished for the beauties of its skin—in the Scriptures, is in the Song of Solomon, iv. 8: "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards."

Hosea xiii. 7, God compares himself to a leopard: "Therefore I will be unto thee as a lion: as a leopard by the way, will I observe them."

Jeremiah xiii. 23: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good who are accustomed to do evil."

Nebuchadnezzar and his army, because of their craft and cruelty, and because they besieged the cities of Judah, and destroyed the inhabitants, are compared to leopards, Jeremiah v. 6: "Wherefore a lion out of the forest shall slay them, and a wolf of the evening shall spoil them; a leopard shall watch over their cities."



The Rhinoceros, or Unicorn.

The rhinoceros is a huge beast, with short legs and thick body, somewhat resembling a hog in form, but larger and heavier than an ox. Its hide is curiously folded, so as to form ridges across the back and down the sides. This is so hard as to be a kind of coat of mail, which the teeth and claws of the tiger can not penetrate. It will sometimes even turn aside a bullet.

The most remarkable feature of the rhinoceros is a horn

upon the nose, often a foot in length, and turned backward. This is of immense strength, and serves for defense as well as for grubbing up from the earth such substances as the animal seeks for food. This creature delights in shady forests, and the neighborhood of rivers and marshy spots. Here it loves to wallow in the mire. It can not be tamed, but when not molested, it is inoffensive; if provoked, however, it becomes furious, and very dangerous.

There has been much discussion as to what animal was meant by the unicorn in Scripture. It is now generally agreed to be the rhinoceros.

Job says—xxxix. 9—"Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib?"

Deuteronomy xxxiii. 17: "His horns are like the horns of unicorns: with them shall he push the people together, to the ends of the earth."

The rhinoceros is found in various parts of Southern Asia and Africa; but the species most common in the latter country has two horns.

The engraving on the preceding page represents one of these. They appear to be some white and some black: all are destitute of the folds in the hide, looking like a harness of cords, which characterize the Asiatic species.

It appears that these animals are abundant in certain districts of the country. Mr. Cummings, an enterprising Scotch sportsman, who spent some months in hunting lions, elephants, hippopotami, and other large animals, in Southern Africa, gives us numerous instances of his attacks upon the rhinoceros. In one case, having wounded a huge black bull rhinoceros, which made off as fast as possible, the sportsman, being on horseback, pursued, and at last got in front of him. Upon this, the infuriated animal charged upon him, blowing loudly through his nostrils. The horse was dreadfully frightened; so he sped rapidly away, both he and the hunter being glad to escape, without giving further chase.



The Crocodile, or Leviathan.

The hippopotamus—whose name signifies river-horse—is about the size of the rhinoceros. It inhabits the borders of the large rivers and lakes of Central Africa, but does not seem to be found in Asia. It has some resemblance in appearance and manner, to an enormous hog. When full grown, it weighs from five to six thousand pounds. It lives a good deal in the water, and walks on the bottom with ease. During the night, it goes forth and feeds on succulent herbs; it especially delights in rice, sugar-cane, and the like. It is a timid animal, and seldom makes an attack, even in self-defense.

There has been much doubt whether the hippopotamus was the behemoth, mentioned in Job xl. 15: "Behold now behemoth, which I made," &c. The question is, however, considered as decided in the affirmative.

There has also been a great deal of discussion as to what animal is meant by the leviathan, the old authors regarding it as the whale. It is now generally conceded to be the crocodile. The description of the leviathan in the 41st chapter of Job, allowing for the exaggeration of oriental language, certainly seems to point out the crocodile. The following passage forms a clearer description of that animal than of any other with which we are acquainted.

"Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue

with a cord which thou lettest down?

"Canst thou put an hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn?

"His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.

"He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.

"The arrow can not make him flee: sling-stones are turned with him into stubble.

"Sharp stones are under him: he spreadeth sharp-pointed things upon the mire."

It must be admitted, however, that in Isaiah and the Psalms the leviathan is spoken of in terms which are inapplicable to the crocodile.

This animal is common in the waters of both Asia and Africa. It is a species of lizard, and is the largest of this genus, being frequently thirty feet long. It is covered with a horny shell or covering, which often resists a musket-ball.

The creature is amphibious, and dwells along the banks of lakes and rivers, usually in a dozing state, until it is roused to action by the sight of prey. It then displays prodigious energy and activity. It feeds on tortoises, hogs, horses, cattle, and human beings. Negroes are said to be its favorite food.

The alligator of America closely resembles the crocodile, but it is less formidable.



The Buffalo.

The buffalo is an animal of the ox kind, and is a native of the warm parts of Asia and Africa. It is generally of a dirty black color; its horns are depressed near the head; the latter is carried low, the expression of the animal being mean, sly, and sinister. It is domesticated in the East and in Southern Europe. Huge droves of them may be seen on the Pontine Marshes in Italy. The buffalo is of prodigious strength, superior in draft to the horse. In Egypt, the buffalo cow, which is much in use, gives large quantities of milk.

The ancients did not mutilate their bulls: the term ox is supposed often to mean the male buffalo. In Psalm xxii. 12, this animal is doubtless alluded to: "Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round."

The common Syrian ox was no doubt the hunched species, now known in that region, and resembling our own, save only the protuberance upon the shoulders, and the great depth of the dew-lap, often sweeping the ground. With the Jews, the ox was an animal of the first consideration. In the times of the patriarchs, droves of these animals constituted a great part of their wealth. They were used for draft, and for treading out the corn: they furnished meat and milk, and constituted the principal sacrifices for the altars. Twelve brazen oxen, as large as life, supported a fountain, called the "brazen sea," in the temple of Solomon. These are supposed, figuratively, to have represented the twelve apostles.

The allusions in the Bible to the ox, the cow, and the calf, are almost innumerable.



The Stag.

The word hart appears sometimes to be used in the Scriptures as meaning the deer kind generally, including the stag

or red deer, the roe, the antelope, &c. All these are distinguished by the lightness and elegance of their forms, and the tender sentimental expression of their eyes. Hence they furnish a favorite theme of poetic illustration with oriental writers; the names of these animals being constantly applied to persons supposed to possess any of their attributes.

In general, however, the word hart, in the Bible, means the stag or red deer, as in Isaiah xxxv. 6: "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."

Lamentations i. 6: "Her princes are like harts which find no pasture: they are fled without strength before their pursuers."

The stag is distinguished for its noble aspect, as well as its grace of form, carriage, and proportions. In its march through its native forest, it is the very type of mingled dignity and beauty. It is a native alike of Asia and Europe, but this species is unknown in America.

It is indeed a very curious fact, that although there are many kinds of deer on the American Continent, there is no species which is precisely analogous to any of the kinds indigenous to the Eastern Hemisphere. Our moose resembles the European elk; our Virginia deer is similar to the fallow deer of the old world; the wapiti, or American elk, is like the stag, already described. We have several other species, and even an antelope, but in none of these cases is the species identical with any that is found either in Europe, Asia, or Africa.

The stag was once abundant in Great Britain, but it is now found, in a wild state only, in the remoter wilds of Scotland. The hunting of it requires great skill, as the animal's scent is amazingly keen, and its watchfulness never laid aside for a moment.



The Hind.

The hind is the female of the hart or stag. It is as distinctly marked with gentleness as its mate is with dignity. It is proverbial for swiftness. Nothing can be more beautiful than a drove of these creatures, as they are seen flying rather than leaping along the rocky brows of the mountains they inhabit.

The fleetness, the timidity, and the sure-footedness of these creatures are beautifully set forth in various passages in the Bible. Habakkuk, iii. 19, says, "The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk upon my high places."

2 Samuel xxii. 34: "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet:

and setteth me upon my high places."

Psalm xxix. 7-9: "The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests." Dr. Watts thus para phrased this passage:

"He speaks, and thunder, hail, and wind Lay the wide forests bare around: The fearful hart and frightened hind Leap at the terror of the sound!"

Solomon, Proverbs v. 19, admonishes the wife in respect to the husband thus: "Let her be as the loving hind and pleasant roe."

Habakkuk iii. 19: "The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' feet.



The Chamois.

This animal resembles the antelope, and is the only one of the tribe known to Europe. It dwells in high mountains, and is chiefly met with in the Alps of Switzerland, where the hunting of it constitutes a favorite pursuit. It is also found in the Pyrenees and the hilly districts of Crete.

It is, like all the antelope species, noted for its swiftness.

It is very timid, and lives in a state of constant watchfulness, in order to escape from its enemies.

This animal is but once spoken of in the Scriptures: Deuteronomy xiv. 4, 5: "These are the beasts which ye shall eat: the wild-ox and the chamois."

There is a small species of deer in Europe and America, called the roe or roebuck; but the animal intended by the word roe, in the Bible, is the antelope called gazelle, and which is one of the most elegant and pleasing creatures in the world. It lives in troops, sometimes amounting to thousands. Its name signifies beauty, and all the earlier poets regard it as the highest emblem of moral as well as intellectual loveliness. Its eye is especially celebrated for its tender yet lustrous appearance: gazelle-eyed is a term with the Eastern poets, expressive of superlative beauty.

Solomon says, Song viii. 14, "Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or a young hart upon the mountains

of spices."

Song ii. 8, 9, &c.: "The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved is like a roe, or a young hart. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

2 Samuel ii. 18: "And Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe."

Isaiah xiii. 14: "And it shall be as the chased roe, and as a sheep that no man taketh up: they shall every man turn to his own people, and flee every one into his own land."

There is a beautiful species of antelope which inhabits the country on the east of the Rocky Mountains, and which, from the shape of its horns, is called the prong-horned. It is, however, distinct from the species of the other continent.



The Syrian Goat.

The goat, a familiar, but still interesting animal, is frequently mentioned in the Bible. It resembles the sheep in size, but is covered with long hair instead of wool. This is spun into cloth in the East. The coverings of the Jewish Tabernacle were made of this kind of fabric. The milk of the goat is nutritious, and is deemed a cure of many diseases. The animal gets a living upon bleak hills and rocky ledges, and hence it is peculiarly adapted to the use of the indigent. All over Southern Europe, the goat is the great benefactor of the poor. I have often seen a woman in France go along the highways, with a tethered goat, to get its food, and upon the milk of this creature, which brought her twelve cents a day, she was able to live.

There are several varieties of this animal, of which the Syrian goat, with long pendulous ears and long silken hair, is a very handsome species. In Thibet, there are goats with long hair of exquisite softness, of which Cashmere shawls are made.

The remarkable institution of the scapegoat is described in Leviticus xvi. 20, &c.



The Ibex.

In Psalm civ. 18, it is said, "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies."

It is supposed that the ibex is the animal here alluded to, as well as in 1 Samuel xxiv. 2: "Then Saul went to seek David and his men upon the rocks of the wild goats."

These passages are eminently descriptive of the ibex. It is found in several parts of Asia and Europe, especially among the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Carpathians, and Mount Taurus. The male resembles the common goat in outward form, having a dusky beard; but the horns are much longer, and the hair shorter. The female is one-third smaller than the male.

The ibex is perhaps the swiftest and most adventurous of the goat species. It leaps the rocky cliffs, and bounds over the glaciers of the high mountains with an airy lightness, resembling flying. The species is found in small flocks of from twelve to fifteen. In summer, they quit their shelter in the woods during the day, and ascend to the naked, rocky regions above; in winter, they keep to the forests. The female ibex is noted for her attachment to her mate.



The Four-Horned Ram.

Next to the cow and the horse, the sheep is the most useful of animals to man. It supplies him with two important articles, food and clothing. Wool is indeed the great material for the clothing of mankind in all cold climates; without this, the temperate zones could hardly be inhabited.

Of the sheep, there are at least a dozen different varieties, all supposed to have sprung from the argali, which is found wild in the Rocky Mountains, as well as in some of the mountains of Southern Europe and Asia.

Generally, the male sheep has two horns, and the female none. There are cases, however, in which the former have three horns, and even four. The sheep is often alluded to in the Bible. Genesis xxii. 13, it is related: "And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son."

As a ram with four horns would be more easily entangled in the bushes, it has been conjectured that the four-horned

species is the one here mentioned.

The unresisting gentleness of the sheep, and especially of the lamb, furnishes many happy illustrations throughout the Bible. Their dependence upon their shepherds for protection, is also a topic to which tender and pleasing allusion is often made.



The Horse.

The horse, doubtless, for many reasons, attracts greater attention from mankind than any other animal. His activity, alacrity, and sprightliness, together with his usefulness and

beauty, have rendered him the favorite, in all ages and countries.

The sacred Scriptures abound in beautiful allusions to the horse. Job says—xxxix. 19, etc.: "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

"Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

"He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.

"He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

"He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

Jeremiah viii. 6: "I hearkened and heard, but they spake not aright: no man repented him of his wickedness, saying, What have I done? Every one turned to his course, as the horse rusheth into the battle."

Isaiah lxiii. 13: "That led them through the deep as an horse in the wilderness, that they should not stumble."

The horse seems to have reached his greatest perfection in Arabia, and the adjacent countries. In the Arabian horse there is indeed a perfection of symmetry, a swiftness, majesty, docility, and boldness, which command admiration. The stories that have been told of the performances of horses in the East, would be incredible were they not well authenticated. Cases have been known of this animal carrying his rider one hundred and forty miles in a day. It is not astonishing that the natives of Western Asia, the Arabs and Tartars, who lead a wandering and predatory life, should in all ages have shown an almost idolatrous regard for this animal.



The White Ass.

The zebra and ass are both varieties of the horse: both are found in a wild state in Southern Africa.

The zebra, in form, is between the ass and horse, having neither the elegance of the one, nor the coarseness of the other. It is remarkable for the beauty of its skin, which is generally of a cream white, marked with regular dark stripes down the neck and sides. These animals are found in droves near the Cape of Good Hope. Their appearance, flying overthe plains, is said to be exceedingly beautiful.

As this animal is generally wild, or is rarely reduced to a domestic state, it is supposed that in such passages as the following, the zebra is meant: Job xi. 12—"For vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt."

And again: chap. xxxix. 5, "Who hath sent out the wild ass free?"

The common ass is one of the most patient, laborious, and 'useful of animals. In the warm parts of Asia and Africa, it

is the constant companion and helper of the poor. The white ass is a more elegant and costly species, and has been always considered as appropriated to persons of rank and wealth. Thus it is said, Judges v. 10, "Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment, and walk by the way."



The Camel.

The camel is a very peculiar animal, to which there is nothing that bears any striking resemblance. It is long, low, and thin, its crooked neck being set like a tube or pipe into its uncouth body. It has upon the back two humps, covered with long rough hair. The head is small, and the expression of the face exceedingly melancholy and ill-natured. There is a species called the dromedary, which has but one hump.

Yet despite of its ill-favored appearance, the camel is patient and laborious, and seems especially designed by Providence for the use of man, in the wide deserts of Asia and Africa. Here it has been employed for ages, not only for

carrying persons, but for transporting merchandise. Hence it has been called the "ship of the desert." It can subsist on the prickly herbs and withered vegetation of the parched sands, and by means of an internal reservoir or sack, for carrying water, it can live without drink for a week or more. This animal has lately been introduced into the United States, for the purpose of transporting men and merchandise across the great American desert, lying on the borders of Mexico.

The camel has long constituted a large part of the wealth of the nomadic tribes of Asia and Africa. Job had three thousand of them. Often from three to six thousand are seen in one of the caravans of the East.

The Bible has several allusions to the animal. Thus Isaiah says, lx. 6, "The multitude of camels shall cover thee," &c.



The Lynx.

Several wild animals, which are known to have inhabited Palestine, are not mentioned by name in the Bible. Among these is the Lynx. Yet in such passages as the following,

Isaiah xxxv. 9, "No ravenous beast shall go up thereon," we may safely conclude that this, as well as others which live by violence, are referred to.

The lynx is of the same family as the lion, tiger, leopard, &c. It is about three times the size of a common cat. The body is covered with very long, soft hair; the feet are thick and strong, and its eyes, which are of a pale yellow, are very piercing. "As sharp as a lynx," is a common proverb. It subsists upon hares, rabbits, weasels, and such birds as it can capture. It ascends trees with surprising agility, in pursuit of its victims. Its sight is not only keen, but it can discern its prey at a great distance.

This animal is found in the north of Europe and Asia: a species called the Canada lynx is also met with in the northern forests of this country.



The Wild-Cat.

The cat, which is so soft and gentle when domesticated, is as savage as the rest of its family, the lion or tiger, in a wild state. In nearly all countries it is found in this condition, and is then not only larger but much stronger than the tame species. It is not subject to the variety of color which we see in the domestic cat, it being generally of a pale yellow, mixed with gray. A dusky line runs along the middle of the back, from head to tail; the sides are streaked with gray, and the tail is barred with alternate rings of white and black.

The domestic species of cat was not originally a native of America: it was brought by the European settlers to this country, and it is from them that the wild-cat, occasionally found in our woods, has been derived.

This animal is partial to wooded districts, making its hiding-places in the hollows of trees. It is a dextrous hunter, and makes prey of rabbits, squirrels, rats, mice, and birds. It is voracious and rapacious, causing sad havoc among the creatures it can master. Sometimes it even attacks lambs and fawns, killing them by opening the veins of the neck, and then feasting on the blood.

How wonderfully this creature is changed by education and domestication! It is much the same with man: the unlettered savage is a bloodthirsty creature, regarding war as the greatest pastime of life. Civilized man looks upon peace and brotherly kindness as the great pleasures and duties of existence.

The wild-cat is not mentioned by name in the Scriptures; but it is thought to be meant in Isaiah xiii. 22: "And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged."



The Wild-Boar.

The domestic hog surpasses all familiar animals in the impurity of its manners. It is ravenous, and feeds on carrion and husks, and will pick out sustenance from the foulest collection of garbage. It will push its snout into the most offensive filth, evidently with intense relish. Sometimes it will even devour its own young. It is said that the wild hog is much less filthy in its habits than the domestic one.

The hog is formed to look down; it digs in the earth, and delights to wallow in the mire. In all countries, it is an emblem of coarseness and impurity. Thus it is said, 2 Peter, ii. 22: "But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb. The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

In Eastern countries the prejudice against swine has existed from time immemorial. By the law of Moses the Jews were prohibited from eating hog's flesh, and the Jews of the present day consider themselves bound by this inhibition. Mohammed, in the Koran, enforces a similar rule. The Scyth-

ians, Arabs, and Egyptians have had the same rooted aversion to pork for ages.

Perhaps the foundation of this may be in the fact that swine's flesh is unwholesome in hot countries, producing leprosy and other loathsome diseases. It is, on the contrary, well adapted to cold countries, where, if well fed, it is very nutritious and healthful.

The wild-boar, which is the original of the domestic hog, is a formidable brute: the hunting of it has long been a familiar sport in Germany, France, and Italy.

In Psalm lxxx. 13, this animal is thus spoken of: "The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it."



The Ethiopian Hog.

There are many varieties of the hog, of which the Ethiopian is the most peculiar. This has small tusks in the lower jaw

and very large ones in the upper. The nose is broad and bent downward, and is almost as hard as horn. Beneath each eye there is a hollow, formed of loose skin, soft and wrinkled. Under them there is a large lobe or wattle. The use of this is not known, but it gives the animal a very droll countenance. This species inhabits the hottest parts of Africa, from Congo to Senegal. Though marked with many peculiarities, it has the filthy tastes and habits of its family.

The allusions in Scripture to swine are numerous, and many of them very significant. In Matthew vii. 6, it is said, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their

feet, and turn again and rend you."

The prohibition of Moses against the eating of swine's flesh was very emphatic: "And the swine, because it divideth the hoof, yet cheweth not the cud, it is unclean unto you," &c.—Deuteronomy xiv. 8. The Jews, in fact, held pork in such detestation that the speaking of it was a shocking offense to decency.

Isaiah, lxv. 4, speaks of the "eating of swine's flesh, and having a broth of abominable things in their vessels," as among the most outrageous of the sins of the Israelites, in the sight of God. In a similar strain the prophet says, lxvi. 17, "They that sanctify themselves and purify themselves in the gardens, behind one tree in the midst, eating swine's flesh, and the abomination, and the mouse, shall be consumed together, saith the Lord."

The following is significant: "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion." Proverbs xi. 22.

The word hog is not used in the Bible.



The Wolf.

Of the wolf there are several varieties, but all have the same general characteristics. It is of the same genus as the dog, and resembles the larger varieties of that animal. The internal structure is the same, but the wolf is larger, and more robust than the largest dog. Its eyes have an oblique position, the eyeballs are green, and the hair is peculiarly long and rough. The aspect of the brute is eminently savage and sinister.

The wolf is so strong that it can easily bear away a sheep. It is so savage that it will sometimes destroy a whole flock of sheep, only for the pleasure of killing.

Buffon says, "There is nothing of value belonging to this creature, except his skin. His flesh is nauseous to many other animals, and the wolf alone willingly eats the wolf."

The wolf is found over most parts of the world; its predatory habits, however, have raised up enemies, so that in all civilized countries it is either extinct or very rare. It was once common in Palestine, but is now not often met with.

The characteristics of this animal are noticed in the scrip-

tural allusions to it. Genesis xlix. 27, it is said: "Benjamin shall raven as a wolf; in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."



The Hyena.

The hyena also belongs to the family of dogs; it has the ravenous appetite of the wolf, the filthy taste of the hog, and the thieving slyness of the cat. It does not appear by name in our translation of the Bible, but is probably alluded to under the name of dog, as in Psalm lix. 6: "They return at evening; they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city."

The hyena is of a grayish color, the skin being striped; the hair long, coarse, and erect. Its head is broad and flat; its tail short and bushy; its eyes expressive of a sullen savage wildness. Its eyes shine in the night, and it seems to see as well in the darkness as in the light.

The cry of the hyena is peculiarly disagreeable, beginning like the moaning of a human voice, and ending in a hideous

and brutal yell. It is a solitary animal, lying concealed in caves during the day, and issuing forth at night in search of its prey. It commits devastation among flocks, prowls in graveyards, where it digs up and feeds on corpses, and follows armies, feasting on those who fall in battle.

The revolting aspect of this creature, with his dismal cry and shocking habits, have rendered it peculiarly disgusting to mankind.



The Fox.

We have already noticed the leading characteristics of this animal—his voracity, speed, dexterity, and cunning. It is frequently alluded to in the Bible. In the Song of Solomon, ii. 15, it is said, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes."

Ezekiel xiii. 4: "O Israel, thy prophets are like foxes in the deserts."

Psalm lxiii. 9, 10: "Those that seek my soul to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth: they shall fall by the sword; they shall be a portion for foxes."

In the 15th chapter of Judges, it is related that Samson, being angered by the conduct of his father-in-law, caught

three hundred foxes, tied them tail to tail, and having put firebrands between each pair, sent them into the corn-fields of the Philistines, which had been already partly reaped. By this means the grain was set on fire, that which was in shocks, as well as that which was standing, and all was totally destroyed, including also the olive-orchards and vineyards. The animal here called fox is supposed to have been the jackal.

The Philistines finding out what had been done, took revenge on the father-in-law and his daughter, both of whom were burnt to death. Nevertheless, Samson smote the people hip and thigh, with a great slaughter.



Apes.

Apes and monkeys are among the most curious things in the whole animal creation. Their great characteristic is a striking resemblance to man, to which may be added a disposition of great vivacity, and an uncontrollable love of imitation. The varieties are numerous, amounting to nearly a hundred. The general distinction between apes and monkeys is, that the latter are supplied with long tails; the former are either without tails or only have short ones. Those called baboons have short tails.

The accounts that are furnished by travelers in countries inhabited by the monkey tribe, are exceedingly amusing. In India, we are told that apes assemble in formidable groups in the open fields, and become, in some sense, highway robbers. They attack women coming from market, and rob them of their provisions. The females of this race carry their young ones in their arms, just as the human mother does her chil dren. They may be seen leaping fearlessly from tree to tree, carrying their offspring in this way.

These creatures are exceedingly pugnacious, and the inhabitants take advantage of this trait, for their own amusement. They place baskets of rice in the field, with a number of cudgels. The apes come for the rice, and soon get to quarreling, whereupon they seize the cudgels, and give each other

a severe drubbing.

The term monkey does not appear to be used in the Bible; but the word ape occurs several times. 1 Kings x. 22, it is said, "For the king had at sea a navy of Tarshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."

It would seem from this that among the articles imported by King Solomon's ships were apes, and probably they were numerous, as they are spoken of as making part of the cargoes, with gold and silver. It is probable they were also of various kinds, including monkeys, some varieties of which are favorite pets in the East. Probably the luxurious and multitudinous harem of Solomon demanded such entertainment as these lively creatures were calculated to afford.



The Howling-Monkey.

Among the apes, the most remarkable is the orang-outang, which is probably alluded to by Isaiah, xii. 21, in his terrible predictions against Babylon: "And owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there." It appears that this prophecy has been realized in a most remarkable manner; for among the desolate ruins of the great city, the owl and the ape are actually found to this day.

In the large family of apes, there is one called the pigmy, about the size of a common rat. It inhabits the regions of Nubia, anciently called Ethiopia. They are fond of insects, which they pursue along the ground and beneath the stones. They were once very numerous, and the ancients, as far back as the time of Aristotle, believed them to dwell near the sources of the Nile, and annually to descend to make war on the cranes, in order to steal and devour their eggs. They were

called the nation of Pigmies, and were described as riding swiftly about on horses, goats, rams, and even partridges.

Of the monkeys, the species called howlers, which make the woods ring with their cries, are among the most curious.



The Weasel.

Of the weasel family, there are many species, all having a long body, with very short legs, fitting them to pass along in their burrows. To this genus belong, not only the common weasel, but the ferret, the skunk, the polecat, the marten, the sable, the mink, &c.

The common weasel is of a reddish-brown, the body measuring seven inches and the tail two and a half. It devours hens and chickens, and loves to feast upon eggs, for which purpose it lurks in the barn and barnyard. It makes moles, mice, small birds, and even rabbits its prey. It is, in fact, a sly, greedy, bloodthirsty creature, and, for one of its size, is possessed of great strength.

The weasel is mentioned among the animals forbidden to the Jews, Leviticus xi. 29, 30: "These also shall be unclean unto you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth; the weasel, and the mouse, and the tortoise after his kind,

"And the ferret, and the chameleon, and the lizard, and the snail, and the mole."



The Cony.

The word in the Hebrew translated cony, is *shaphan*, and there has been some doubt as to the animal intended thereby. Some have supposed it to mean the jerboa, which is a species of mouse, with long hind-legs; and others have contended that it was the rabbit. These interpretations are now given up, and an animal called the *ashkoko*, common in Ethiopia and Mount Lebanon, is admitted to be the shaphan of the Bible.

This animal is about the size of a small hare or rabbit, and delights to dwell in the mouths of caves or clefts among the

rocks. They are gregarious, and frequently crowds of them sit huddled together upon the stones to warm themselves in the sun. They do not seem to stand upright on their feet, but to steal along on their belly, a few steps at a time, as it in fear. They are peculiarly mild, timid, and feeble, and hence the passage, Proverbs xxx. 26, "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks," is a peculiarly appropriate description. They, however, bite sharply when roughly handled.



The Rat.

The rat and mouse are of the same genus, and are probably both included in the interdiction imposed upon the Jews by the Levitical law.

Of the rat, as well as the mouse, there are several varieties, but they all possess nearly the same characteristics. The rat is a mouse, with strength and activity proportioned to its size. Both these animals seem to have followed man the world over, notwithstanding that they are always the objects of man's aversion.

The prohibition of Moses seems to show that the mouse was sometimes eaten by the Jews; and even after the establishment of the Levitical law, it would appear by the denunciations of the prophets, that the people sometimes ate it. It is indeed asserted, historically, that the Jews were so oppressed by famine, under the Romans, that they are dogs, mice, and rats.

It appears that, in early times, mice were abundant in Canaan, as it is said, 1 Samuel vi. 5, "Wherefore ye shall make images of your mice that mar the land," &c. The devastations of these animals in the field are well known in the East, in more modern times.



The Mole.

There has been doubt as to the word translated mole, in our English Bible. It has been thought that the mole, and not the wearel, was meant in chap. xi. 29 of Leviticus, already quoted.

The name of the mole occurs but three or four times in the Scriptures: it is among the unclean things forbidden as food to the Jews by the Levitical law. In Isaiah ii. 20, it is said, "In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver, and his idols of gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats."

The Hebrew word which signifies mole, means to creep into, and this is very descriptive of this animal, which burrows in the ground, often making pathways and galleries just beneath the surface, over an entire field.

The mole-rat, or, as it is sometimes called, the blind-rat, is a very curious creature, common in Western Asia and parts of Europe. It subsists on roots, and, prowling along in the soil, like the common mole, does immense injuries to the crops of the farmer. It has the habit, when irritated, of uttering a snorting sound, and gnashes its teeth in a very threatening manner.

## A MORMON BAPTISM IN ENGLAND.

A singular, and, it may be added, a most disgraceful, scene took place on Thursday evening last. On the outskirts of the town runs a narrow stream among the fields, called the Rother, over which, on the Hasland Road, is a bridge called Stoney Bridge. This was the spot fixed upon for the performance of the ceremony we are about to describe. About 100 or 150 persons, chiefly women, are scattered on the verge of the water, waiting for the appearance of the deluded fanatics who are to be "dipped."

They call to each other from opposite sides, and crack jokes of a most indecent and shameless character. It is past eight, and quite dark, the moon being obscured, and not a

single star out to shed even a glimmer of light. Two or three candles are brought down to the water, and stuck in the mud by the side, and presently a coarseish-featured man descends into the middle of the stream, and takes up his position under the arch of the bridge. This is the priest, who is to perform the ceremony.

He has nothing on but a pair of trowsers, tucked up at the knee, and a waistcoat with sleeves. He intimates to the attendants that he is ready, and in a few minutes emerge from a house, two or three hundred yards off, men, some half and others entirely naked, and they walk over the ground, which is strewed with pieces of broken bottles, bricks, and tiles, to the water. They are compelled to pass between the women who line the banks, and the remarks which ensue are revol!ing and indelicate beyond description. One by one they are received by the priests, who, amid shouts of laughter, dip each individual, pronouncing over them the formula: "I, being commissioned by Jesus Christ, baptize thee for the remission of thy sins, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." As he utters these words, he lays them beneath the water, and the individual who is thus baptized being in every case blinded by the water, there is a struggle to rise; and on several occasions both priest and baptized rolled over together in the stream.

As may be imagined, this affords immense amusement to the mob, who testify their approbation by clapping of hands, shrieks, and roars of merriment. We will not shock the reader with any attempt at description of the scene amid which the women were baptized. Enough has been said to show the disgraceful travestie of religion which took place on that evening, and from which every man, with a remnant of decency in his composition, returned with feelings of deep shame and disgust.—Manchester Examiner, 1857.



MRS. PARTINGTON.

For the last dozen years, one of the features of the Boston Post has been a witty style of article, as peculiar in its structure, and obtaining as great a celebrity, as the famous "Wellerisms" which became the rage shortly after the appearance of the "Pickwick Papers."

This distinction is not unmerited, for we do not remember ever to have seen a genuine Partington, coming from

the legitimate source, which did not bear the marks of a quaint and peculiar writer. The thousands of imitations issued from the pens of scribblers, from all parts of the Union, are easily detected, though often bearing the signature—Boston Post. The original "Partington" of the Post was Mr. Shillaber, who was long attached to that paper as one of its printers, and was lately editor and proprietor of the Carpet-Bag. He has been a writer in various newspapers, the editors of which are happy to receive any and all contributions from his pen.

The genuine "Partingtons" have been collected and published under the name and sanction of their author, and an exceedingly amusing volume they make. The name was suggested, we believe, by Sydney Smith, who, in illustration of his ideas, used the following expression: "This reminds me of a venerable and worthy dame, who endeavored to mop up the Atlantic. Mrs. Partington mopped, and the Atlantic oared, but the tide remained the same."

The name thus suggested, was appropriated by Mr. Shillaber, and, through him, has thus become the vehicle of this species of writing—combining a racy, and yet inoffensive wit, with a very relishing kind of humor. The sayings of Mrs. Partington are those of a kind-hearted, simple old lady, ever ready to express her convictions on the popular topics of the day, and yet always making some ridiculous blunder, or lapsus lingua. Every paragraph is a satire on some person. The world is full of Partingtons. She is represented in every department of business, pleasure, or politics. Many of the incidents in her story, and especially those relating to Ike, are happily illustrative of New England life and manners.

From the volume above alluded to, we make a few extracts, with the consent of the publishers.

We must, however, first present to the reader a sketch of the house and home of the Partingtons.



This, we are assured, is a correct picture of the honored premises of this now distinguished family. The name of the town, county, or state in which it is situated, is not given. From the aspect of the edifice, however, the reader may infer that Mrs. Partington was of New England birth and parentage. Of her early days, we have only a glimmering outline. As to her courtship, for instance, we only know that, in speaking of the insincerity of modern lovers, she occasionally alluded to a time gone by, in which some young fellow, during his courtship, was accustomed to ride a hard-trotting horse ten miles and back, for the purpose of sitting up with his ladye love; and it was generally supposed that Mrs. P. was speaking of her own experience. Again, she was born before the 19th century, and was therefore "older than 1800." At the age of eighteen, she became a woman, and entered upon the duties "incumbered" upon her, &c.

We pass over many details, but must not omit an instructive ballad, by Professor Wideswarth, and set to music, with a rocking-chair movement. We regret to add that the notes are not given. It is as follows, though we must premise that Paul was Mrs. P.'s husband and Isaac her nephew:



PICTURE OF ISAAC.

#### MRS. PARTINGTON AT TEA.

Good Mistress P. Sat taking her tea, Sipping it, sipping it, Isaac and she; What though the wind blew fiercely around, And the rain on the pane gave a comfortless sound; Little cared she, Kind Mistress P., As Isaac and she sat sipping their tea.

And in memory What sights did she see, As Isaac and she sat sipping their tea! She turned her gaze to the opposite wall, Where hung the portrait of Corporal Paul;

And fancies free,

To Mistress P.,

Arose in her mind like the steam of the tea.

And little saw she, Blind Mistress P.,

As silently she sat sipping her tea, With her eyes on the wall and her mind away, That Isaac was taking that time to play:

And wicked was he
To Mistress P.,
As dreamily she sat sipping her tea.

For Isaac he, In diablerie,

Emptied her rappee into her tea;
And the old dame tasted and tasted on,
Till she thought, good soul, that her taste was gone,

For the souchong tea
And the strong rappee
Sorely puzzled the palate of Mistress P.

This moral, you see,
Is drawn from the tea
That Isaac had ruined for Mistress P.:
For ever will mix in the cup of our joy
The dark rappee of sorrow's alloy,

And none are free,
Any more than she,
From annoying alloys that mix with their tea.

We have only space for a few specimens of the Partingtoniana in this curious volume; but these shall be choice ones:

# THE CHINA QUESTION.

"You never see sich chaney no ware now, as this," said Mrs. Partington, as she took from an obscure corner of the old cupboard a teapot of antique appearance, noseless and handleless, and cracked here and there, and stayed with putty where at times mischievous fingers had threatened a dissolution of the union. "That teapot was my grandmother's afore she was married; I remember it just as well as it was yesterday."

"Remember when your grandmother was married?" queried Ike.

"No, no, the teapot," responded she; "and it was a perfect beauty, with the Garden of Eden on it, and the flowers and Adam and Eve on it, so natural that you might almost smell their fragrance."

"What, smell Adam and Eve?" said Ike.

"No, the flowers, stupid!" replied she; "my grand'ther gave it to her as a memento mori of his undying infection, because the colors wouldn't fade, and they never have, though children are destroying angels, and they made the mischief among the crockery, as they always do now-a-days."

# PAUL'S GHOST.

THE account of this extraordinary apparition is given in the words of Mrs. Battlegash:

"Says Mrs. Part'nton, says she, 'Mrs. Battle,' she always calls me Battle, though my name is Battlegash—my husband's name, and his father's—says she, 'Mrs. Battle, I've seen an apprehension;' and I thought she was agoing to have an asterisk, she was so very pale and haggard like; and says I, 'What's the matter?' for I felt kind of skeered. I had heered a good deal about the spirituous manifestations, and didn't know but they had been a manifesting her. Says I, 'What's the matter,' agin, and then says she, as solum as a grave-yard, 'I've seen Paul!' I felt cold chils a crawlin all over me, but I mustard courage enough to say, 'Do tell!' 'Yes,' says she, 'I saw him with my mortal eyes, just as he



looked when he was a tenement of clay, with the very soger clo's and impertinences he had on the last day he sarved his country in the auxillary.'

"I tried to comfort the poor cretur by telling her that I guessed he didn't keer enough about her to want to come back, and as his estate had all been settled sacreligiously, it would be very unreasonable indeed in him to come back to disturb her.

" 'Where did you see him?' says I. 'Out into the yard,' said she. 'When did you see him?' says I. 'Just now,' said she. 'Are you shore it was he?' said I, determined to get at the bottom of it. 'Yes,' said she, 'if ever an apprehension did come back, that 'ere was one. P'raps it is there now.' Then says I, 'Ruth,' says I, 'le's go and see.'

"She riz right up, and we walked along through the long entry into her room, and looked out of her back window, and there, shore enough, was a sight as froze my blood to calves-foot jelly. There was the soger cap and coat, as nateral as life, with the tompion atop. My heart come up into my mouth, so that I could have spit it out just as easy as not. Mrs. Part'nton, says she, 'What do you think of it? isn't it his apprehension? But I'm determined to speak to it.'

"I tried to persuade her not to, but she insisted on it, and

out she went.

"' Paul!' said she, 'what upon airth do you want that you should come back arter it, so apprehensively?' The figure was setting on the top of the pump when she spoke, and it didn't take no notice of her. 'Paul!' said she, a little louder. Then slowly and solumly that 'ere cap turned round, and instead of Paul, if you'll believe it, it was Ike, the little scapegrace, that had frightened us almost out of our wits, if we ever had any. That boy, I believe, will be the means of somebody's death. Mrs. Part'nton grew very red in the face, and razed her hand to inflict corporal punishment onto the young corporal, but the boy looked up kind of pleasantly like, and she couldn't find the heart to strike him, though I told her if she spared the rod she would spile that 'ere child. It is fortnight for him that he isn't a child of mine, I can tell him."

## IKE SO TENDER-HEARTED.

"THERE, don't take on so, dear," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed Ike a peach he had been crying for. He took the peach, and a minute afterward was heard whistling "Joradan" on the ridgepole of the shed. "He is sich a tenderhearted critter," said she to Mrs. Sled, smilingly, while that excellent neighbor looked at him through the window with two deprecatory eyes—"He is so tender-hearted that I can't ask him to go out and draw an armful of wood or split a pail of water without setting him crying at once."

"And he's the most considerable boy, too," resumed she, "that ever you see; for when we had the inclination on the lungs, he wouldn't take a bit of the medicine Dr. Bolus had subscribed, 'cause he knowed it would do me good, and said he'd full as lieves take molasses!"

#### A SOLEMN FACT.

our plants are most flagrantly odious," said Mrs. Partington, as she stooped over a small oval red table in a neighbor's house, which table was covered with cracked pots filled with luxuriant geraniums, and a monthly rose, and a cactus, and other bright creations, that shed their sweetness upon the almost tropical atmosphere of a southerly room in April, while a fragrant vine, hung in

chains, graced the window with a curtain more gorgeous than any other not exactly like it. Mrs. Partington stood gazing upon them in admiration.

"How beautiful they are!" she continued. "Do you profligate your plants by slips, mem?"

She was told that such was the case; they were propagated by slips.

"So was mine," said Mrs. P. "I was always more lucky with my slips than with any thing else."

### NEW REMEDY FOR A DROUGHT.

Mrs. Partington was in the country one August, and for a whole month not one drop of rain had fallen. One day she was slowly walking along the road, with her umbrella over her head, when an old man, who was mending up a little gap of wall, accosted her, at the same time depositing a large stone on the top of the pile.

"Mrs. Partington, what do you think can help this 'ere drought?"

The old lady looked at him through her spectacles, at the same time smelling a fern-leaf.

"I think," said she, in a tone of oracular wisdom, "I think a little rain would help it as much as any thing."

#### STOPPING A 'BUS.

Mrs. Partington had watched three quarters of an hour for an omnibus, and she swung her umbrella as one drove up, and the driver stopped his horses near where she stood.

"Now, Isaac," says she, feeling in her reticule for a copper, away down under the handkerchief, and snuff-box, and knitting-work, and thread-case, and needle-book, "be a good boy, dear, while I am gone, and don't cause a constellation among the neighbors, as some boys do, and there's a cent for you; and be sure you don't lay it out extravagantly, now; and be keerful you don't break the windows; and if anybody rings at the door, be sure and see who it is before you open it, because there are so many dishonest rogues about; if any porpoises come a begging, give 'em what was left of the dinner, Heaven bless 'em, and much good may it do 'em! and — why, bless me! if the omnibus hasn't gone off, and left me standing here in the middle of the street. Such impudence is without a parable."



THE PARTINGTON THANKSGIVING.

THERE were fine times at the Partington mansion at Thanksgiving, you may depend—what with pumpkin-pies, blind-man's buff, and the like. She didn't keep Christmas,—she was puritanical in her religious notions, and 'tended the Old North meeting-house for a third of a century, and took pride in saying that she had never been to *church*; a

nice distinction which we leave the old folks to make,—Christmas was a church holiday, unsanctioned by a governor's proclamation, and she would none of it; she scented in it the garment of the disreputable Babylonish female, mentioned in the Apocalypse, and avoided it.

It was the custom with Mrs. P. to shut up a turkey previous to Thanksgiving, in order that he might be nice and fat for the generous season. One year the gobbler had thus been penned, like a sonnet, with reference to Thanksgiving, and anticipations were indulged of the "good time coming;" but, alas! the brightest hopes must fade. The turkey, when looked for, was not to be found. It had been stolen away! Upon discovering her great loss, Mrs. P. was for a moment overcome with surprise—disconcerted; but the sun of her benevolence soon broke the clouds away, and spread over her features like new butter upon hot biscuit, and with a smile, warm with the feeling of her heart, she said—"I hope they will find it tender!—I guess we can be thankful on pork and cabbage!"

## HAIR-DRESSING.

"What a queer place this Boston is!" said Mrs. Partington, when she first came here from the country. "I was walking along the street just now, and saw on a sign, 'Hair-Dressing.' 'Something like guano, I guess, for the hair,' said I to myself. 'I declare, I'm a good mind to look at some.' So I went in and asked a dear, pretty young man, smelling as sweet as catnip, to let me look at some of his hair manure,—I wanted to be as polite as possible. Gracious! how he stared at me, just as if I'd a been a Hottenpot, or a wild Arad. 'I mean your hair-dressing,' said I.

"'O, ah, yes!' said he; 'set down here in the big chair,

mem,-scratch, perhaps, mem!'

"'Scratch,' said I, completely dumbfounded; 'you saucy fellow! I can do all my own scratching, and some of yourn,

too, if you say that agin,—scratch, indeed!'—and I went right down the stairs."

## REFLECTION ABOUT MOSQUITOS.

"THERE! now I hope you've got it, you everlastin torment!" said Mrs. Partington, angrily giving Margaret, her young neighbor, who was spending the evening with her, a smart slap on her forehead, and nearly throwing her from her chair; at the same time knocking the Britannia lamp from the table by her violent motion.

"What's the matter?" inquired Margaret, alarmed; for such conduct was very unusual, and the oil from the lamp

had marred her new calico.

"It's only a pesky musketeer, dear," said the old lady, relighting the lamp; "it's only a musketeer, and I can't see the use of 'em, the tormenting creatures! They say the Lord makes every thing for some good purpose; and so I think that these sort of annoysome reptiles must be made by somebody else, I do."

#### COMMISERATION FOR CLERKS.

hopkeepers is not enough thought of," said Mrs. Partington, after having been out making some purchases. "How they do toil and how they suffer! One dear pretty young man, with a nice black coat on, and a gold chain and a starched collar, with a

carrivan on his neck, told me with tears in his eyes that he was selling to me at less than he gave for it; and I bought it out of pity, though I knowed I could get it five cents a yard cheaper next door.

Talk about Moses being executed on one string, indeed!

These poor creturs are Rogerses, every one of 'em, by the yard-stick, and are all the time a dying."



STOCK OF THE REVOLUTION.

"WE have little left of the revolutionary stock, now," said the schoolmaster, as he seated himself in Mrs. Partington's back-room, and wiped his brow. "Revolutionary stock!" said Mrs. Partington, and her voice seemed choked by the dust raised in the old cupboard, "here's one of 'em!" and she reached out, with a present-arms motion, an old musket-stock. "Here is a relict of the revolution that has survived the time that tired men's souls; and, poor souls! I should think they would have been tired to death with the smell of the powder and balls. I keep this up here away from Isaac, for fear he should do some mischief with it, for I don't want him to have nothing to do with fire-arms. Isn't it a relict?"

#### NAVES OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"Well," said Mrs. Partington, as Ike read the paragraph from the *Post*, that the decorators were at work at the two naves of the Crystal Palace. She paused at the "well," before she went further into it, and Ike stopped reading to hear what she had to say, and chewed up a part of the paper into spit-balls, which he amused himself with by throwing them at the old white-pine dresser in the corner. "Well," said she—this is the same well we left some time since—"I am glad they are taking time by the fire-lock and looking arter the knaves aforehand. Knaves in the Christian parish, indeed! But they will get in, the best that can be done. There's many a one, I dessay, in all parishes, that has a sanctuary in his face, but with a cloak of hypocrisy in his heart. Read on, Isaac."

#### IKE IN THE COUNTRY.

IKE having been sent into the country to spend the winter with some of the family relations at Great Bay, found himself one day out of amusement. Seeing that clam-shells lay about in abundance, he stuck one, with grafting-wax, on each of the cat's feet, and then set her down on the river, which was covered with ice as smooth as glass. The wind

blew a gale, and presently the cat, having stuck up the hair of her back, and lifted her tail, which was as large as her body, began to glide down toward the bay, at the mouth of



the stream. Faster and faster she went, until at last she spun along like a ghost. Presently she reached the open water of the bay, and was seen no more!

#### MRS. P. ON GHOSTS.

o you believe in ghosts, Mrs. Partington?" it was asked of the old lady, somewhat timidly.

"To be sure I do," replied she, "as much as I believe that bright fulminary there will rise in the yeast to-morrow morning, if we live and nothing happens. Two apprehensions have sartinly appeared in our own family. Why, I saw my dear Paul, a fortnight before he died, with my own eyes, jest as plain as I see you now;

and though it turned out arterwards to be a rosebush with a night-cap on it, I shall always think, to the day of my desolation, that it was a forerunner sent to me. Tother one came in the night, when we were asleep, and carried away three candles and a pint of spirits that we kept in the house for an embarkation. Believe in ghosts, indeed! I guess I do, and he must be a dreadful styptic as doesn't!" and she piously turned to the part of the Book relating to the witch of Endor.

#### MRS. P. AMONG THE ANIMALS.

ou call this a carryvan, don't you?" said Mrs. Partington at the menagerie. "Maybe it is; but I should like to know where the silks and other costive things are that we read of, which the carryvans carry over the deserts

of Sarah, in the eastern country."

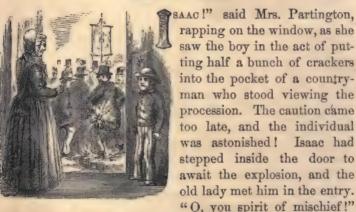
"The elephant has them in his trunk, marm," replied the keeper.

"Then that is the reason, I s'pose, why he always carries it before him, so he can have an eye on it. But what is this animal with a large wart on his nose?"

"That is the gnu, marm."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed Mrs. P., "this must be one of them foreign news that the steamer brings over. They feed 'em, I dare say, on potatoes and vegetables, and that is why breadstuffs and flour are so awful dear most always after they arrive!"—and the old lady left soon after, full of new light and admiration for the monkeys.

#### FOURTH OF JULY.



cried she, "what will become of you if you go on in this way? Is this all your idees of liberty and regeneration, that you must fill that poor man's pockets with your crackers? Do you suppose this was all that the days of 7 by 6 was made for? I should think you would be ashamed to look upon your Uncle Paul's picter there, and hide your face in conclusion, arter behaving so!"

#### MRS. PARTINGTON AND JENNY LIND.

"I NEVER liked the Swedenvirgins; but I a'n't one that believes nothing good can come out of Lazarus, for all that. Now, there's Jenny Lind,—may Heaven shower bags of dollars on her head!—that is so very good to everybody, and who sings so sweet that everybody's falling in love with her, tipsy turvy, and gives away so much to poor, indignant people. They call her an angel, and who knows but she may be a syrup in disguise, for the papers say her singing is like the music of the spears. How I should love to hear her!"

### DEBT.

BLESSED is he who can slap his breeches pocket in the face of the world, and triumphantly exclaim—"Behold, ye good people! Lo, ye heavily-laden debtors! come and look upon a man—a being like unto yourselves—who owes not a dollar!"

We would travel far to see such a creature; we would contribute liberally toward providing a glass case in which his embalmed remains should be preserved after death as a sacred relict for posterity—a specimen of a species almost extinct in the nineteenth century—the cash philosopher! Him no duns can harass, nor the approach of inevitable pay-day disturb. His substance no voracious lawyer can devour, nor his ruthless myrmidons seize upon. He, securely armed in specie, smiles at the dread sheriff, and defies his power. He is cheerful even on the awful eve of quarter-day. He alone is the free citizen—only he can feel truly independent! Happy mortal!—New York Sunday Times.

## THE ART OF ADVERTISING.

Among the many ingenious modes resorted to by people who have something to sell, in order to attract public attention, that of making advertisements into such forms as to catch the eye, has lately become very common. The following is a neat specimen of this new discovery in literature and the fine arts. We take it from the New York Sunday Times, March 22, 1857.

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102, 102, 102,
Chatham st.,
                                                                                One door from Pearl street, New York.
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THIS IS THE POSTRAIT OF THE ORIGINAL JACOBS, NO. 102 CHATHAM-STEERS.



# BRIDGES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Throughout nearly the whole of South America, the roads and bridges are of the most miserable kind. Sometimes the intercourse of places, near together, especially within the mountain ranges of the Andes, is interrupted by ravines, or rents in the rocks, called *quebradas*. These chasms are usually narrow, with perpendicular sides, and often of vast depth. The

famous natural bridge of Icononzo, in Colombia, leads over a small quebrada, elevated 312 feet above the torrent which flows in the bottom of the chasm.

In cases of necessity these ravines are covered by bridges, which are of several kinds, but all of the most fragile and temporary character. Sometimes the bridge is made of a few beams laid across; in others, when the chasm is too wide for this contrivance, six ropes of cane are thrown over, and on these sticks are laid as a floor. The natives, who have become used to these frail and rickety supports, pass them with little fear; but to strangers, they are as fearful as they are in fact dangerous.

## DR. KANE'S DOG.

The famous Arctic dog brought home by the late lamented Dr. Kane, has become the property of James M'Arthur, timber-dealer in Oramel. The recently intense cold weather has kept this large, black, shaggy animal in high spirits. When they take him into the forest among the timber-hewers, where he can do no harm, and remove his muzzle, he cuts all sorts of pranks, seeking the deepest drifts, and actually burying himself for delight; you can see the dry snow move, but no semblance of a dog, till on a sudden, out he pops, giving his hairy fleece a tremendous shake, and away he runs for another dive.

Mr. M'Arthur calls him "Es-ki-mo"—Esquimaux—not a very smooth name, but characteristic. To look "Esk" fair in the face, you see almost a likeness of a black bear, though his eyes are rather languid. His long, soft, shaggy covering is nearly equal in bulk to his body. When left to run at large in the village, he wears a muzzle to prevent his destroying the pigs and chickens.



THE FOX THAT HAD LOST HIS TAIL.

Once upon a time, there was a fox, who, having been prowling about for poultry, had lost his tail in a trap. When he appeared among his companions, they all made remarks upon his extraordinary appearance, and not a few hints were cast at him suggestive of the disgraceful means by which he had thus been shorn of one of his most striking characteristics.

The fox replied: "Laugh, if you will, gentlemen-foxes; but to tell you the truth, I had got sick of my tail, and so I had it cut off. I think it greatly improves my appearance, and I recommend you all to adopt my fashion."

300 MARCH.

The foxes now burst into a roar of mirth, and one of them, who was something of a philosopher, said, in a quiet tone—

"It is always so. When any one has a singularity which makes him odious among his kind, he is very apt to consider this very blemish as one of his chief virtues."

## MARCH.

I could have sworn it was the lips of June
That touched my forehead as I walked at noon,
Only the robin's throat was not in tune.

The clouds have worn all day a summer hue, Afloat in a sea of deep, untroubled blue— The winter's aspect strange, and all untrue.

The sun has shone all day with August glare; A summer stillness brooded in the air, As he looked down at mid-day from his lair.

We thought to see Spring tripping o'er the hills— Spring, from whose lips such gentle balm distills— Spring, whose soft glance the weary heart so thrills!

We looked for her this morning in the East; We looked for her at noon, with hope increased, And ceased not watching 'till the daylight ceased.

The sun went down; a gentle wind, but chill, Swept down the valley from the northern hill, And hope expired in a long, wintry thrill.

This is one day's experience. A day
Whose evening saw our morning hopes decay!
Flashed as a meteor, and then paled away.

N. Y. Evening Post.



THE INHABITANTS OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

In 1856, the descendants of the mutineers of the English ship Bounty, whose romantic history has excited a world-wide interest, removed from Pitcairn's Island, in consequence of the colony having outgrown the means of sustenance which the island afforded. They were transferred to Norfolk Island, together with all their goods and chattels.

There are only eight of the first generation of settlers left—two men and six women. The oldest man is about sixty-one or sixty-two, and the oldest woman between seventy and eighty. Charles Christian is the grandson of the ringleader of the mutineers. The number of persons removed was 199—97 males, and 102 females, one child having been born on the voyage, and named Dennison, after the Governor-general of New South Wales. Pitcairn's Island is situate in latitude 25° 4' South, longitude 130° 25' West, and is only about four

and a half miles in circumference, one mile and a half being its greatest length, not more than one square mile being available for cultivation, yet it has been the isolated home of a happy and thriving settlement of nearly two hundred souls. Owing to the frugal and temperate habits of the people, and the health of the climate, the population has outgrown its circumscribed limits.

Their new home—Norfolk Island—is situated in latitude 29° South, and longitude 168° 10′ East, being distant from Sidney about twelve hundred miles. It is six miles in length, and four in breadth, and contains about 14,000 acres. It is well watered, and there is a high hill in the center, called Mount Pitt. For many years it was the penal settlement for the vilest and most incorrigible transported criminals sent from England to Van Dieman's Land. But since the abolition of transportation to Tasmania, the convicts have been withdrawn from the island.

The locality to which these settlers have thus voluntarily transferred themselves, is infinitely preferable to their former circumscribed home, both in dimensions, scenery, and capabilities. It has been described as a little earthly paradise, and is competent to produce every thing that can promote the well-being of the community. There are 2,000 or 3,000 across of fine land now in cultivation, and as much more might be rendered fruitful. The island is very healthy, and no epidemics are known there. The soil produces abundantly both tropical and European fruits, vegetables, and grain, besides spices, the sugar-cane, cinnamon, coffee, the pepper-vine, to-bacco, etc.

There were left at Norfolk Island for the use of its new occupants, 2,000 sheep, 450 head of cattle, and 20 horses, and provisions for twelve months, with every thing requisite for the cultivation of the soil. The buildings on the island are of the most substantial character, and more than sufficient for the use of the Pitcairn settlers, who, in their former home,

dwelt in rude palm-thatched houses. The fine scenery, superior accommodations, enlarged territory, and increased field of operations for their industry, together with the ample provision made for their sustenance, must render their new home a very attractive spot for these people of simple habits.

The history of this interesting colony, although known to a large portion of the reading community, may not be familiar to all. The ship Bounty, commanded by Captain Bligh, was dispatched by the British government to Tahiti, to convey young bread-fruit trees to the West Indies. While on the voyage, the crew mutinied, murdered the captain, set adrift a part of their number, and took the vessel to Pitcairn's Island, where they arrived in 1789, with nine Tahitian men and thirteen women. There were ten of the mutineers, and their fate was for a long time unknown. From them and the Tahitian women sprang the present colony. Its history, from the beginning to the present time, is a tale as strange as any in romance.

# THE KISS AND THE BLOW.

A visitor went into a school in Boston, where he saw a boy and a girl on one seat, who were sister and brother. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was raised at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye.

"Stop, my dear," said he, "you had better kiss your brother than to strike him!"

The look and word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss.



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

THE fox is fond of grapes, and loses no good opportunity to feast upon them.

But, one day, Reynard came across some grapes, hanging in delicious bunches from a high trellis. His mouth watered at the sight, more especially as he was very hungry. He got his feet upon the trellis, and tried to climb to the fruit; but in vain. By no possible effort could he reach it.

After a time, he gave up the attempt; but in order to comfort himself, he exclaimed: "Bah, these grapes are sour! I wouldn't eat them, if I could."

"I should be very loth to trust you with them," said the housemaid, who chanced to overhear the observation of the fox.

## A DISPUTE IN WHICH BOTH PARTIES ARE MISTAKEN.

John Davidson and Tib, his wife, Sat toasting their toes one night, When something started on the floor, Just glancing in their sight.

- "Goodwife," quoth John, "did you see that mouse?

  I wonder where is the cat?"
- "A mouse?"—"Yes, a mouse."—"No, no, goodman, It was not a mouse, but a rat."
- "Oh, oh, goodwife, to think you have been So long about the house, And not to know a mouse from a rat! That was no rat, 'twas a mouse!"
- "I have seen more mice than you, goodman—And what do you think of that?
  So, hold your tongue, and say no more—I tell you it was a rat."
- "I hold my tongue for you, goodwife!
  I'll be master of this house;
  I saw it as plain as eye could see,
  And I tell you it was a mouse."
- "If you are the master of the house,
  I am mistress, I tell you that;
  And I know best what's in the house—
  So I tell you it was a rat."
- "Well, well, goodwife, go make the broth,
  And call it what you choose."
  So, up she rose, and made the broth,
  While John sat toasting his toes.
- They supped, and supped, and supped the broth With many a hearty smack;

  They supped, and supped, and supped the broth—
  In truth, there was no lack.
  20

"Such fools we were to fall out, goodwife, About a mouse!"—" What's that? You tell a lie, and I say again It was not a mouse, 'twas a rat."

"Will you call me a liar to my face,
And that in my own house!

I tell you, Tib, I will not bear it:

'Twas a mouse."—"'Twas a rat."—"'Twas a mouse."

With that she struck him on the head—
"You stupid old dolt, take that!
Go to your bed, you muddy-head:
"Twas a rat."—"'Twas a mouse."—"'Twas a rat."

She sent the broth-bowl at his heels,

As he hobbled out of the house;

But he thrust in his head, as he shut the door,

And cried, "'Twas a mouse! 'Twas a mouse!"

But when the churl had fallen asleep,
She paid him back for that,
And roared into his sleeping ear,
"'Twas a rat! 'Twas a rat! 'Twas a rat!'

Now, on my word, I do not think
It was a beast at all:
Next morning, when she swept the floor,
Tib found 'twas Johnnie's ball!

### CANNIBALISM.

M. Humboldt, in his "Personal Narrative," states that "in the thirteenth century, the habit of eating human flesh pervaded all classes of society. Extraordinary snares were spread for physicians in particular. They were called to attend persons who feigned to be sick, but were only hungry, and it was not in order to be consulted, but devoured."



ORIGIN OF WORDS AND PHRASES.

Windfall.—The origin of this term is said to be the following: Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden selling any of the trees upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of occupants. A tornado, therefore, was a perfect god-send, in every sense of the term, to those who had occupancy of the extensive forest, and the windfall was sometimes of a very great value.

Robbing Peter to pay Paul.—In the time of Edward VI., much of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were seized by his majesty's ministers and courtiers, but in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they always allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated toward the repairs of St. Paul's church: hence the phrase, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul."

He's caught a Tartar.—In some battle between the Russians and Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out, "Captain, halloo there, I've caught a Tartar." "Fetch him along, then," said the captain. "Ay, but he won't let me," said the man. The fact

was, that the Tartar had caught him. So, when a man thinks to take another in, and gets bit himself, they say, "He's caught a Tartar!"

Bankrupt.—Few words have so remarkable a history as the familiar word bankrupt. The money-changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls in the courts of exchange, in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world, and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name broken bench—bancorotto—was given to him. When the word was adopted into English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being bankrout, instead of bankrupt.

Hie, Betty Martin.—Many of our most popular vulgarisms have their origin in some whimsical perversion of language or fact. St. Martin is one of the worthiest of the Roman Calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words, "O mihi beate Martin," which was corrupted to "My eye and Betty Martin," and still further to "Hie! Betty Martin."

Roland for an Oliver.—Although no phrase is in more common use, yet few are acquainted with its origin. The impression signifies the giving of an equivalent. Roland and Oliver were two knights, famous in romance. The wonderful achievements of the one can only be equaled by those of the other: hence the phrase, "Roland for an Oliver."

Mind your P's and Q's.—The origin of this phrase is said to have been a call of attention; in the old English ale-houses, pints and quarts being scored down to the unconscious or reckless beer-bibber.

Helter-skelter is a contraction of the Latin Hilariter celeriter, "Cheerfully and quickly."

Hocus-pocus is, in like manner, a verbal mutation of Hoc est corpus, "This is my body."



BE HAPPY.

A COMMANDMENT there is so exceedingly broad, It reaches as far as the finger of God: A commandment, though often forgotten by men, As high and as sacred as aught of the Ten.

On the sky it is written, in letters of light,
And the clouds that would hide it both morning and night
Are obliged to confess that the writing is true,
Which they do with a beautiful, penitent hue—
Nay, shout it aloud as, in garments of white,
They float at their ease in the measureless blue.

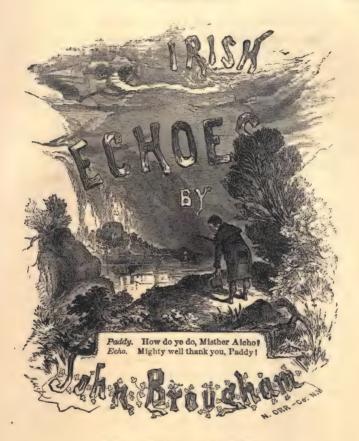
"Tis writ on the numberless leaves of the wood,
On the light dancing waves of the fathomless flood,
And the billows that whiten in merrier mood,
"Be happy, my creatures, be happy and good!"
Poor toiling immortal, with clouds on thy brow,
Thy heart overloaded with sorrow and care;
Look inward: behold, the commandment is there!
Thy heart is in motion, thou knowest not how:
Quick currents are streaming and ever returning,
The fire of vitality constantly burning,
And systems on systems unceasingly acting—
A task which, for thee, would be sadly distracting.

The hand that so secretly does for thy sake Such a labor, while thou art asleep or awake,—
'Tis that of a truly unchangeable friend.

Then hush for a moment, and meekly attend
To the voice of thy pulse, while it tenderly cries,
"Be happy, my creatures, be happy and wise!"

Faint-hearted immortal, recoiling with dread
From a future that threatens to drop on thy head,
While ensconced in the body, a famine of bread,
And still darker ills in the realms of the dead—
Look out on the lillies that laugh in the breeze—
Look out on the larks that rejoice in the sky—
Look out on the ravens that trustingly cry:
Behold there's a Spirit that careth for these:
And look at the moth, with its glorious wings—
Created anew from the meanest of things—
And look at the sport of the maritime bird,
When the tempests of winter are chillingly heard,
Outcrying to thee from the shelterless cold—
"Be happy, thou creature, be happy and bold!"

Poor wandering pilgrim, led often astray By lights that are false to the heavenward way, Till the landmarks of morals are nearly washed out, By the fog and the mist and the drizzle of doubt, From the tracks of thy fellows walk sometimes abroad, And fasten thine eyes on the signals of God. In the watches of silence, above thee, behold The stars in their course, as sure as of old, Round leading the seasons, as fresh and as fair As when the winged zephyr first frolicked in air. Stability firm, in perpetual change, Is the law they obey in their limitless range. And hark, from the depths of the motionless lake, Which the aspen o'erhangeth, too drowsy to quake, Reversing exactly the canopy blue, The voice of its stillness comes sweetly to you— "Be happy, my creature, be happy and true!"



## THE BUNSBY PAPERS.

Mr. Brougham, who seems to excel in whatever he undertakes—whether writing romances or plays, or in treading the stage—has lately given us some very agreeable stories, under the title of "Irish Echoes; or, The Bunsby Papers." We are permitted to make a few extracts from this work, which will doubtless induce our readers to peruse the whole at the first opportunity.

We select, because it comes more easily within our compass, the story of the "Blarney Stone." It commences as follows—the dialogue being between Mike Riley and his friend Ned Flynn, in an interval of rest, while they are mowing in the field:

"I tell you, Mike, agra! it's no manner o' use, for do it I

can't, an' that's the long an' the short of it."

"Listen at him! Why it isn't bashful that you are, eh, Ned, avic?"

"Faix, an' I'm afeared it is."

"Gog's bleakey! why, they'll put you in the musayum along wid the marmaids an' the rattlin' snakes; a bashful Irishman! why, a four-leaved shamrogue 'ud be a mutton-chop to that, man alive."

"So they say; but I've cotch the complaint anyway."

"Well, tear an aigers, I never heerd the likes; it makes me mighty unhappy, for if modesty gets a footin' among us it'll be the ruin of us altogether. I shouldn't wonder but some of them retirin' cockneys has inoculated us with the affection, as they thraveled through the country. Well, an tell us, how d'you feel, whin you're blushin', Ned?"

"Arrah! now don't be laughin' at me, Mike; sure we can't help our wakeness—it's only before her that the heart of me

melts away intirely."

"Never mind, avic; shure it's a good man's case anyway; an' so purty Nelly has put the *comether* over your sinsibilities?"

"You may say that, Mike, aroon. The niver a bit of sinse have I left, if it's a thing that I iver happened to have any; an' now, Mike, without jokin', isn't it mighty quare that I can't get the cowardly tongue to wag a word out o' my head when her eye is upon me—did you iver see Nelly's eye, Mike?"

"Scores o' times."

"May-be that isn't an eye?"

"May-be there isn't a pair of thim, since you come to that?"

"The divil such wicked-lookin' innocince iver peeped out of the head of a Christian afore, to my thinkin'."

"It's nothin' but right that you should think so, Ned."

"Oh, Mike! to me, the laugh that bames out of thim, whin she's happy, is as good to a boy's feelin's as the softest sunray that iver made the world smile; but whin she's sad—oh, murdher, murdher! Mike—whin them wathery dimonds flutthers about her silky eye-lashes, or hangs upon her downy cheek, like jew upon a rose-lafe, who the divil could endure it? Bedad, it's as much as I can do to stand up agin them merry glances; but when her eye takes to the wather, be the powers of war, it bothers the navigation of my heart out an' out."

"Thrue for you, Ned."

"An' thin her mouth! Did you iver obsarve Nelly's mouth, Mike?"

"At a distance, Ned."

"Now that's what I call a rale mouth, Mike; it doesn't look like some, only a place to ate with, but a soft-talkin', sweet-lovin' mouth, wid the kisses growin in clusthers about it that nobody dare have the impudence to pluck off, eh! Mike?"

"Howld your tongue, Ned."

"If Nelly's heart isn't the very bed of love, why thin Cupid's a jackass, that's all. An' thin her teeth; did you notice thim teeth? Why pearls is pavin'-stones to them; how they do flash about, as her beautiful round red lips open to let out a voice that's just for all the world like talkin' honey, every word she says slippin' into a fellow's soul, whether he likes it or not. Oh! Mike, Mike, there's no use in talkin', if she isn't an angel, why she ought to be, that's all."

"You're mighty far gone, Ned, an' that's a fact. It's wonderful what a janius the boy has for talkin' nonsense,

when the soft emotions is stirrin' up his brains. Did you ever spake to her?"

"How the divil could I? I was too busy listenin'; an' more betoken, between you an' me, the rale truth of the matter is, I couldn't do it. Whether it was bewitched I was, or that my sinses got dhrounded wid drinkin' in her charms, makin' a sort of mouth of my eye, I don't know, but ev'ry time I attempted to say somethin', my tongue, bad luck to it, staggered about as if it was corned, an' the divil a word would it say for itself, bad or good."

"Well now, only to think! Let me give you a word of advice, Ned; the next time you see her, take it aisy, put a big stone upon your feelin's an' ax about the weather; you see you want to bowlt out all you have to say at once, an' your throught is too little to let it through."

"Be the mortial, an' that's a good advice, Mike, if I can but folly it. This love is a mighty quare affection, ain't it?"

"Thremendious. I had it once myself."

"How did you ketch it?"

"I didn't ketch it at all. I took it natural."

"And did you ever get cured, Mike? Tell us."

"Complately."

" How ?"

"I got married."

"Oh! let us go to work."

We must skip over the succeeding details, and come at once to the issue of the story. Poor Mike, after making various fruit-less attempts to speak his mind to Nelly, is told by Ned, that if he would only go to Killarney, and kiss the Blarney Stone there, his tongue would be loosed and his heart strengthened, so that he could not only tell his love to his mistress, but his eloquence was sure to be irresistible. Mike takes the advice, makes a long journey to Killarney, kisses the stone, and comes back.

He now feels in good heart, and goes directly to see Nelly.

She, poor girl, is in love with Mike, but she has kept her secret so well, that he has been led to think her totally indifferent. He now goes into her presence: he clasps her in his arms, and imprints a ringing kiss on her cheek. He is an Irishman all over. Nelly confesses her love, and, in the winding up of the conversation, she tells Mike that he had no need of going clear away to Killarney for a kiss!

In one of the other tales, entitled "The Tipperary Venus," we are introduced to Terry Magra, the celebrated piper of Templeneiry, a village situated at the foot of the Galtee mountains. On a certain occasion this personage, being under the influence of Widow Brady's liquor, gets involved in the arts of the fairies, or leprechauns, whom he meets on the top of a mountain on his way home. After a great variety of strange adventures among millions of fairies, he came to the mouth of a cavern whence issued clouds of insects, flies, beetles, and wasps, some of which banged sharply against his face. He is very curious as to the meaning of all this, and attempts to solve the mystery. The story goes on as follows:

"Thrice had he entered the cavity, and having been ignominiously driven back each time, had determined to give up the effort to penetrate further. 'Faix, an' it's mighty quare, intirely,' said he, 'that this is the only spot in the place that's so throubled with the varmints: it's my belief there's somethin' in that, too,' he continued, a new light seeming to break upon him; 'what should they be here for, more nor at any other openin', unless it was to keep strangers from inthrudin? May I never, if I don't think that same hole in the rock is the turnpike-gate to somethin' surprisin' in the way of a fairy road; here goes to thry, anyway, in spite of the singin' and stingin'.'

"Once more, therefore, our bold Terry attempted to enter the cavern, and was attacked as before, but with tenfold fury;



TERRY MAGRA AND THE LEPRECHAUNS.

legions of stinging flies, wasps, and hornets, raised a horrible din about his ears; but, setting his resolution up to the fearless point, on he went, without regarding their unpleasant music; expecting, of course, to be stung desperately. What was his astonishment and relief to discover that the noise was the only thing by which he was at all distressed; not one of his myriad assailants even so much as touched him, and before he had proceeded many steps further into the cavity, every sound had ceased.

"He now found his onward progress most uncomfortably impeded by a stubborn species of wild hedge-brier, whose sharp, thorny branches interlaced through each other, forming a barrier, whose dangerous appearance was sufficient to deter the boldest from risking a laceration. Not an opening large enough to admit his head, could Terry see, and he was about to give the attempt up as unattainable, when, by the merest accident, on turning round, his foot slipped, and with that inward shudder with which one prepares for an inevitable hurt, he fell against the prickly wall; when, to his utter amazement, it divided on each side as though it were fashioned of smoke, and he tumbled through, somewhat roughly, to be sure, but altogether unharmed by the formidable-looking interposition.

"'By the mortial of war,' he cried, rubbing his dilapidated elbow, and looking round to examine his position, 'I'm on the

right side of that hedge, any way.'

"Now, Terry perceived that the barrier he had just passed so successfully was slowly regaining its original appearance, and, to his mortification, as it gradually closed up the aperture of the cavern, the light, hitherto quite sufficient for him distinctly to see every object, faded away slowly, and finally left him in utter darkness.

"'Bedad, an' a tindher-box an' a sulphur match would be about the greatest threasure I could light on at this present,' said Terry, as he groped about cautiously, to find some kind of an elevation whereupon he might sit and wait for luck.

"He had not been many minutes, however, in the blackness, when his quickened sense became aware of a light, reddish spot, which faintly glowed at some distance. This was the first sign of an encouraging nature he had experienced, and with a beating heart he proceeded to feel his way toward the bright indication.

"Getting gradually accustomed to the dimness that surrounded him, he suddenly discovered that he was opposed by a solid wall of rock, in the very center of which the pale red glimmer still shone, like a star seen through a summer mist.

"'The divil a use in my thravelin' any longer in that direction,' said Terry, turning sharply round to retrace his steps, when, to his amazement and consternation, he encountered the same rocky barrier. Whichever way he looked, all was alike stern and impassable. He was inclosed within a stony wall, whose circumference was but little more than an arm's length, but whose height was lost in the unsearchable darkness.

" 'Musha, then, how the divil did I stumble into this manthrap?' cried Terry, in consternation. 'There's no way out that I can see, an' where the mischief the top of it is, is bevant my comprehendin'. Bedad, there's nothing for it but to thry and climb up.' So saying, Terry placed his foot upon what he supposed, in the uncertain light, was a bold projection of the rock, when down he stepped through it, and before he could recover his perpendicular, his body was half buried in the apparent wall.

"'Be jabers, if it ain't more of their thricks—the never a rock's there, no more nor the briers was; they may make fools of my eyes, but they can't of my fingers, an' its thim I'll thrust to in future,' said he; and so, keeping the light in view, he boldly dashed through all the seeming obstacles, and soon found himself once more in an open space. It was a kind of vaulted tunnel that he was now traversing, his onward path still in profound darkness, with the sole exception of the red light, which Terry imagined grew larger and more distinct, each step he took. A rush of warm air every now and then swept by him, and his tread echoed in the far distance, giving an idea of immense length.

"Somewhat assured by the impunity with which he had already explored the enchanted districts, he was beginning to pick his way with freer breath, when his ears were smitten by a sound which sank his heart still deeper. It was the loud and furious barking of a pack of evidently most ferocious dogs, which approached rapidly, right in his path. On came the savage animals, louder and louder grew their terrible bark, and Terry gave himself up for lost in good earnest. It was no use to turn about and run, although that was his first impulse; so, flinging himself down on the ground, he awaited the attack of his unseen foes. He could now hear the clatter of their enormous paws, while their growlings echoed through the cavern like thunder.

"'Murdher an' nouns, there's a half a hundred of them, I know there is; an' it's mince-meat they'll make of me in less than no time,' cried Terry, mumbling all the prayers he could remember, and in another instant, with a tremendous roar, they were upon him, and, with stunning yells, swept over him as he lay; but not an atom did he feel, no more than if a

cloud had passed across him.

"'If they're not at it again, the blaggards,' said he, getting up, and shaking himself; 'the divil a dog was there in the place at all—nothin' but mouth—but, by dad, there's enough of that to frighten the sowl out of a narvous Christian;' and once more the bold piper started in pursuit of the coveted light. He had not proceeded very far, before he heard the distant bellowing of a bull; but, warned by his past experience, he shut his ears against the sound, and although it increased fearfully, as though some mad herd were tearing down upon him, he courageously kept on. To be sure, his breath stopped for a moment, and his pulse ceased to beat, when the thing seemed to approach his vicinity, but, as he anticipated, the terror fled by him as he stood up erect, with the sensation, only, of a passing breeze.

"Terry received no further molestation, but plodded along

quietly until he came right up to the place from whence the light proceeded which had hitherto guided him, and here a most gorgeous sight presented itself to his enraptured gaze.

"Within a luminous opening of the cave he saw groups of living atomies, all busied in the formation of the various gems for which the rich ones of the world hunger. In one compartment were the diamond-makers; in another, those who, when finished, coated them over with the rough exterior which they hoped would prevent them from being distinguished from common pebbles. Here was a tiny multitude, fashioning emeralds of astonishing magnitude; there, a crowd of industrious elves, putting the last sparkle into some magnificent rubies.

"With staring eyes, and mouth all agape with wonder and delight, Terry watched the curious process for a few moments, scarcely breathing audibly for fear of breaking the beautiful spell. What to do he did not know. Heaps of the coveted jewels lay around within his very grasp, yet how to possess himself, without danger, of a few handfuls, he couldn't im-

agine.

"At last, resolving to make one final effort to enrich himself, he suddenly plunged his hand into the glittering mass of diamonds, presuming they were the most valuable, and, clutching a quantity, thrust them into his pocket, intending to repeat the operation until he had sufficient; but the instant that he did so, the entire cavern was rent asunder as with the force of an earthquake, the solid rock opened beneath him with a deafening explosion, and he was shot upward as from the mouth of a cannon—up—up through the rifted cave, and miles high into the air. Not a whit injured did he feel from the concussion, saving a sense of lightness, as though he was as empty as a blown bladder. So high did he go in his aerial flight, that he plainly saw to-morrow's sun lighting up the lakes and fields of other latitudes. As soon as he had reached an altitude commensurate with the power

of the explosive agency, he turned over and commenced his downward progress, and, to his great relief, found that his fall was by no means as rapid as he had anticipated—for his consciousness had not for a moment left him; on the contrary, the buoyant air supported him without difficulty, and each random gust of wind tossed him about like a feather. Well, day came, and shone, and vanished; so did the evening, and the starry night, and early morning, before Terry had completed his easy descent; when at length he touched the earth gently as a falling leaf, and found himself lying beside the very stone from whence he had departed on his late exploration. The marks of the recent terrible convulsion were visible, however, for the vast mountain was gone, and in its place a deep, round chasm, filled to overflowing with a dark yellow liquid, that hissed and bubbled into flame like a Tartarian lake. The rocks around him. that before had shone so resplendently, were now blackened and calcined—the lovely vegetation blasted—the paradise a desert!

"'Athin, may-be, I haven't been kickin' up the divil's delights hereabouts,' said Terry, as he looked round at the desolation. 'But never a hair I care; haven't I got a pocketful of big di'minds, an' won't they set me up anyway?' he continued, drawing forth the precious contents of his pocket, and placing them on the rock by his side; when, to his infinite mortification, the entire collection turned out to be nothing but worthless pebbles.

"'Musha! thin, may bad luck attend yez for a set of schemin' vagabones; an' afther all my throuble it's done again I am,' he cried, in a rage, emptying his pocket, and flinging away its contents in thorough disgust. 'Hollo!' what's this?' he cried, with a start, as he drew forth the last handful; 'may I never ate bread if I haven't tuk one of the chaps prisoner, an' if it isn't a leprechaun, I'm not alive;' and sure enough, there, lying in the palm of his hand, was as

queer a looking specimen of fairyhood as ever the eye looked

upon.

"The little bit of a creature had the appearance of an old man, with a wrinkled skin and withered features. It was dressed, too, in the costume of a by-gone age. A mite of a velvet coat covered its morsel of a back; a pair of velvet breeches, together with white silk stockings, and little redheeled shoes, adorned its diminutive legs, which looked as if they might have belonged to a rather fat spider, and a stiff white wig, duly pomatumed and powdered, surmounted by a three-cornered hat, bedecked its head.

"The leprechaun seemed to be in a state of insensibility, as Terry examined minutely its old-fashioned appearance. 'It's just as I've heard tell of 'em,' he cried, in glee; 'cocked-hat, an' breeches, an' buckles, an' all. Hurroo! I'm a made man if he ever comes to.' With that, Terry breathed gently on the little fellow as he lay in his hand, as one would do to

resuscitate a drowned fly.

"'I wondher if he'd have any relish for wather—here goes to thry,' said Terry, plucking a buttercup flower, in whose cavity a drop of dew had rested, and holding it to the lips of the leprechaun. 'Oh, murdher! if I only had a taste of whisky to qualify it; if that wouldn't bring the life into an Irish-fairy, nothing would. Ha! he's openin' his bit of an eye, by dad; here, suck this, yer sowl to glory,' Terry continued, and was soon gratified by seeing the leprechaun begin to imbibe the contents of the buttercup with intense avidity.

"'I hope you're betther, sir,' said Terry, politely.

"'.' Not the betther for you, Mr. Terry Magra,' replied the fairy, 'though I'm ableeged to you for the drop o' drink.'

"'Indeed, an' yer welcome, sir,' Terry went on, 'an' more betoken, it's mighty sorry I am to have gev you any oneasimess.'

" That's the last lie you towld, Mr. Terry, and you know

it,' the leprechaun answered, tartly, 'when your heart is fairly leapin' in your body because you've had the luck to lay a howld of me.'

"'Well, an' can't a fella be glad at his own luck, an' yet sorry if anybody else is hurted by it?' said Terry, apologeti-

cally.

"'You can't humbug me, you covetious blaggard,' the fairy went on. 'But I'll thry you, anyway-now listen to me. The fairies that you have just been so wicked as to inthrude your unwelcome presence upon, were all leprechauns like myself-immortal essences, whose duty it was to make and guard the treasures that you saw, in spite of all the terrors that we employed to frighten you away. So long as they were unobserved by mortal eyes, our existence was a bright and glorious one; but once seen, we are obliged to abandon our fairy life and shape, take this degrading form, and work at a degrading occupation, subject to the ailments and mishaps of frail humanity, and forced to live in constant fear of your insatiate species. Now, the only chance I have to regain the blissful immortality I have lost, is for you to be magnanimous enough to relinquish the good fortune you anticipate from my capture. Set me unconditionally free, and I can revel once more in my forfeited fairy existence—persevere in your ungenerous advantage, and I am condemned to wander a wretched outcast through the world. Now, what is your determination?'

"Terry's better feelings prompted him at first to let the little creature go, but love of lucre got the upper hand, and

after a slight pause of irresolution, he replied:

"'Indeed, an' its heart sick that I am to act so conthrary, but I'll leave it to yerself if it ain't agin nature for a man to fling away his luck. Shoemakin' is an illigant amusement, an' profitable; you'll soon get mighty fond of it; so, I'm afeard I'll have to throuble you to do somethin' for me.'

"'I thought how it would be; you're all alike,' said the

fairy, sadly; 'selfish to the heart's core. Well, what do you want? I'm in your power, and must fulfill your desire.'

"'Long life to you; now ye talk sense,' cried Terry, elated. 'Sure I won't be hard on you—a thrifle of money is all I wish for in the world, for every thing else will follow that.'

"'More, perhaps, than you imagine-cares and anxieties,"

said the leprechaun.

"'I'll risk all them,' replied Terry; 'come, now, I'll tell what you may do for me. Let me find a shillin' in my pocket

every time I put my fist into it, an' I'll be satisfied.'

"'Enough! it's a bargain; and now that you have made your wish, all your power over me is gone,' said the leprechaun, springing out of his hand like a grasshopper, and lighting on the branch beside him; 'it's a purty sort of a fool you are,' it continued, with a chuckle, 'when the threasures of the universe were yours for the desire, to be contented with a pitiful pocketful of shillin's! ho! ho!' and the little thing laughed like a corncrake at the discomfited Terry.

"'Musha! then, may bad cess to me if I don't crush the fun out of your cattherpillar of a carcass if I ketch a howlt of you,' said Terry, savagely griping at the fairy; but, with another spring, it jumped into the brushwood, and disap-

peared.

"Terry's first impulse was to dive his hand into his pocket to see if the leprechaun had kept his word, and to his great delight, there he found, sure enough, a fine bright new shilling. At this discovery his joy knew no bounds. He jumped and hallooed aloud, amusing himself flinging away shilling after shilling, merely on purpose to test the continuance of the supply. He was satisfied. It was inexhaustible, and bright dreams of a splendid future flitted before his excited imagination."

We must bring the rest of the story into a small compass. Terry returns to his friends, but finds, to his dismay, that he has been absent, like Rip Van Winkle, for twenty years, during which time his companions have died, and he has himself become an old man. Having, however a good deal of money, he marries a wife, and sets up an expensive style of living. Ere long the demands upon him for cash are so constant that he has to spend the greater part of every day in taking shillings out of his pocket. He grows weary of this monotonous existence, and at last his arm and side are nearly paralyzed. He becomes desperate, and takes to drink.

Reduced at last to the greatest extremity, he discovers that the gift of the leprechaun has been the source of all his misery. He makes a firm resolve never again to avail himself of it, and manfully sews up his pocket. Again he goes into the mountain, and there he meets the fairy who had bestowed upon him the fatal gift. This creature releases him from the charm, and Terry finds, to his great joy, that the whole period of enchantment was imaginary: he has, in fact, been in a trance for fifteen minutes, during which he has learned a good lesson—never to get tipsy, nor seek to obtain riches by unlawful means.

# A SLIGHT INTERPOLATION.

Doctor Ketchener, of London musical notoriety, held frequent evening conversaziones, and with a view to decorum, placed a small placard over the parlor chimney-piece inscribed—

"Come at seven, go at eleven!"

but George Colman, to whom such early hours were an abomination, one evening took occasion, by inserting a small pronoun, to materially alter the reading:

<sup>&</sup>quot;Come at seven, go it at eleven!"



COST OF A CROWN.

The following is an estimate of the value of the jewels in the crown of England:—Twenty diamonds, round the circle, £1,500 each, £30,000; two large entire diamonds, £2,000 each, £4,000; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angle of the former, £100; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, £12,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, £4,000; twelve diamonds contained in fleur-de-lis, £10,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, £2,000; pearls, diamonds, &c., upon the arches and crosses, £10,000; also 1,411 small diamonds, £50,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, £3,000; two circles of pearls about the rim, £300. Cost of the stones in the crown, exclusive of the metal, £125,400.



DROLLERIES.

THE celebrated artist who crowed so naturally that the sun rose three hours before its time, has recently finished a picture of the moon, that's painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature, that it can't be seen in the day time!

"I want to see some of your gimlets," said a Johnny Raw, one day, as he entered a hardware store. The dealer took down several partels, neither of which suited. "Well, then, what kind do you want? here is almost every variety." "Why, bless you, I want them what bores square holes."

Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, relates the following, which occurred in his presence, recently, at Baden Baden, in Germany: . . . "At this juncture, we were joined by an English party, when the subject-matter brought under discussion was bathing. 'I take a cold sponge-bath every morning, when at home, said John Bull. 'So do I,' retorted the Yankee. 'Winter and summer,' continued the Englishman. 'My system exactly,' responded the Yankee. 'Is your weather and water cold?' queried John Bull. 'Right chilly,' continued Brother Jonathan. 'How cold?' inquired John. 'So cold that the water all freezes as I pour it down my back, and rattles upon the floor in the shape of hail!' responded the Yankee, with the same cunning twinkle of the eye. 'Were you in the next room to me in America,' he continued, 'and could hear me as I am taking my sponge-bath, in a cold winter's morning, you would think I was pouring dry beans down my back!' The Englishman shrugged his shoulders as with a chill, and marveled."

Aunt Rosy was dividing a mince-pie among the boys, and when Jim, who had wickedly pulled the cat's tail, asked for his share, the dame replied, "No, Jim, you are a wicked boy, and the Bible says there is no peace for the wicked."

"Ma, what is hush?" asked a little boy. "Why, my dear, do you ask?" "Because I asked sister Jane what made her new dress stick out so all round like a hoop, and she said hush?"

A poor fellow, having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible, on which he remarked, "Do write to father, for he always declared I had none."

Somebody, in a New York paper, advertises for a partner in "the smoking and provision business." The *Post* knows a man who is just the chap for him. He smokes twenty cigars a day; and as to the provision business, he eats so much, that it makes him *lean* to carry the load.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

The reason why women's teeth decay earlier than men's, is not because of the friction of the tongue against them. It is the sweetness of their lips!

A Yankee who traveled westward, a few years ago, for the purpose of looking out a residence, and who caught a fever while on the Prairie lands, vented his "opinions" as follows:

"Great western waste of bottom-land, Flat as a pancake, rich as grease, Where gnats are full as big as toads, And 'sketers are as big as geese:

"Oh, lonesome, windy, grassy place,
Where buffaloes and snakes prevail!
The first with dreadful looking face,
The last with dreadful sounding tail.

"I'd rather live on Camel's Rump,
And be a Yankee Doodle beggar,
Than where they never see a stump,
And shake to death with fever n'ager."

A woman who had an artificial eye put in, refused to pay for it, because she couldn't see with it.

Southey says, in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting."

An Albanian editor says that the only way his property was saved, during the late freshets, was by the heavy mortgages on it.

The industrious old lady who walked all over London with a can in her hand to procure a pint of the "milk of human kindness," has been more successful in getting a little jam out of the jar of a door. She got it on her fingers.

"It is affirmed by scientific gentlemen," says the Boston Post, "that the pressure of the times, if it could be used as a propelling power, would force a vessel across the Atlantic in twenty-four hours."

There is a man in Cincinnati in possession of a powerful memory. He is employed by the Humane Society to "remember the poor."

When old Bogus's wife fell ill, he sent for a doctor as sordid and avaricious as himself. Before the doctor saw the patient, he wished to have an understanding with the miserly husband. "Here's forty dollars," said Bogus, "and you shall have it, whether you cure my wife or kill her." The woman died, and the doctor called for the fee. "Did you kill my wife?" asked Bogus. "Certainly not," replied the indignant foctor. "Well, you didn't cure her?" "You know she's dead." "Very well, then, leave the house in double quick time," said Bogus. "A bargain's a bargain. It was kill or cure; but you did neither."

A female school-teacher, in her advertisement, stated that she was complete mistress of her own tongue. "If that's the case," said a caustic old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services."

The gentleman who "fired at random" did not hit it, and, in disgust, he lent his rifle to the youth who had determined to "aim at immortality."

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now!

Teacher—How many kinds of axes are there! Boy—Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, axe of the legislature, axing price, and axe of the Apostles. Teacher—Good! Go to the head of your class.

A printer out west, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says: "A boy from the country would be preferred."

A man seeing a sign, "Spectacles, or Helps to Reading," went into the shop, and tried on several pairs; but none suited him. He could not read with any of them. At last the dealer asked him if he could read without spectacles. "Why, no," said the man; "I never larnt, and that's why I wanted your 'helps to reading.'"

Dr. Thompson keeps the Atlanta Hotel. Two gentlemen stopped there, and one of them getting tight, was reproved by the landlord, when the other cautioned the doctor not to speak rashly to his friend, for he had killed his man! "Killed his man!" roared Thompson; "why, sir, I've practiced medicine twenty years, and do you think to frighten me with a chap that has only killed one man!"

The man who thought he could learn to make boots by swallowing sherry cobblers, has just got out a work, in which he attempts to prove that, by eating hops, you will acquire a knowledge of waltzing.

The young lady who fancied cucumbers grew in slices, has recently been married to the young gentleman who sent over to St. Petersburg a large cargo of hearth-brushes for sweeping the *steppes* of Russia.

A Texas paper says that the earth is so kind in that State, that "just tickle her with a hoe, and she will laugh with a harvest!"

A little girl asked her sister "what chaos was, that papa reads about?" The elder child replied, "Why, it is a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it in."

At a political meeting in Portland, a few days ago, an orator mounted a brandy-cask, and opened his speech by exclaiming—"I stand upon the platform of my party."

Woman is like ivy—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. An old bachelor adds: "Ivy is like woman—the closer it clings to you, the more you are ruined."

How can you spell tea-pot with two letters? P, o-tea pot.



"THERE IS ANOTHER MAN IN THE SHIP!"

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter on deck suggested the idea that there might yet be life on board. The order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off to the wreck. They reach it; they shout, and now a strange object rolls out of that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Handed into the boat, it proves to be the body of a man, bent head and knees together, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather about it—it shows signs of life—they draw nearer—it moves, and then mutters in a deep, sepulchral voice, "There is another man in the ship!"

Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another! Oh, learn that blessed lesson! Be daily practicing it.

### THANKSGIVING SONG.

Come, uncles and cousins—come, nieces and aunts; Come, nephews and brothers—no wont's and no cant's: Put business, and shopping, and school-books away; The year has rolled round—it is Thanksgiving Day!

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth; Come home from your factories, Ann, Katy, and Ruth, From the anvil, the counter, the farm, come away— Home, home with you, home—it is Thanksgiving Day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed—
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best:
No Caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,
Or dreamed of a treat like Thanksgiving Day.

Pies, puddings, and custards, pigs, oysters, and nuts—Come forward and seize them without ifs or buts;
Bring none of your slim, little appetites here—
Thanksgiving Day comes only once in a year!

Now children revisit the darling old place— Now brothers and sisters long parted, embrace; The family ring is united once more, And the same voices shout at the old cottage door!

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
And blesses the power that has guarded his hearth;
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving Day!

Then praise for the past and the present we sing, And trustful await what the future may bring; Let doubt and repining be banished away, And the whole of our lives be a Thanksgiving Day!



THE SPANISH GOAT-HERD.

Though Spain is an old country, and the Spanish nation one of the oldest in Europe, there is a remarkable difference in the manners and customs of different districts.

In the cities, the higher classes have many of the elements of refinement and civilization. There is no people on the earth so attractive in the friendly intercourse of society.

334 WHYS.

Their majestic language, fine persons, becoming dress, and lively imaginations; the inexpressible beauty of the women, and the air of romance that they throw over every action, and infuse into every feeling—all combine to delude the senses and impose upon the judgment. As companions, the Spanish people are the most agreeable of mankind, but woe to the man who confides in their promises!

Two prominent characteristics are seen to run through all races of this people—pride and arrogance. You can as easily detect these in the goat-herd of the mountains as in the hidalgo of the towns. At the same time, they are dilatory and improvident in all the pursuits of life, and seem ever to have a confidence, even in the most desperate circumstances, that good-luck is in store for them, which will bring them out of all their troubles. Though their air and aspect have a certain character of gravity, tinged with melancholy, yet every village resounds with the music of voices and guitars, and their fairs and Sunday wakes are remarkably noisy and riotous. They talk louder, and argue with more vehemence, than even the French and Italians, and gesticulate with equal emphasis.

### WHYS.

Why do authors who profess the most profound contempt for prefaces, invariably write them? Why can "constant readers" never write you a letter without an allusion to "your influential columns?" Why do public singers, even when off duty, apparently consider it derogatory to shave themselves? Why can not a concert critic describe a singer's voice without calling it an "organ?" Why can fashionable people never condescend to write legibly? And, lastly, Why can not your wife travel for a week without taking with her luggage sufficient for a twelvemonth?



# FREDERICK THE GREAT.

This celebrated man, Frederick II. of Prussia, was born in 1712, and began to reign in 1740. He soon engaged in war with Austria, and after several protracted and bloody conflicts, in which, at one period, he had to contend against the Austrians, Russians, French, Saxons, and Swedes, with England only for his ally, he came off victorious.

At the end of the seven year's war, terminated by the peace of Hubertsburg, in 1763, he did not cede an inch of territory, or pay a dollar of money. From this time forth, Prussia became one of the five great powers of Europe, and her king acquired in history the title of Frederick the Great. Not only was he a man of vast military genius, but his indomitable energy and high moral courage, even amid reverses, and in the face of danger that threatened his destruction, were such as to extort respect from all the world.

Frederick was also the friend of literary men, and was himself an author of several clever works. During his struggles against Austria, he was regarded as the champion of liberty in England and America, but he ill deserved the title. He shared in the dismemberment of Poland in 1772, and showed that, after all, he was little better than other selfish tyrants, who have done as much to curse as to bless mankind.

He had no religious faith, and in private life was guilty of innumerable acts of meanness. He was, in short, a bundle of contradictions, of great intellectual power, and pitiable moral weakness. He died in 1786.

## MARTIN, THE ARTIST.

While Martin was unknown, and engaged on his first great work, his means were so exhausted that he was one day reduced to his last shilling, which he had kept for some time, as it was a bright one. With it he went to a baker's shop to buy a loaf of bread. The loaf was purchased, the last shilling paid, and the change about to be handed to the artist, when the baker snatched the loaf from the starving man, and gave him back his shilling, saying it was a counterfeit!

Martin, however, was not utterly broken down. He went to his humble lodging, and having found at the bottom of his trunk some crusts of bread, with which he sustained his existence, he set to work again at his picture. He struggled on till the picture was finished and exhibited, and in less than a week after its exhibition, he was famous. That picture was "Belshazzar's Feast, or Joshua Commanding the Sun to stand still."—Court Journal.



#### CONUNDRUMS.

Which are the most industrious letters? The Bees.

Which are the most extensive letters? The Seas.

Which are the most fond of comfort? The Ease.

Which are the most egotistical letters? The I's.

Which are the longest letters? The Ells.

Which are the most noisy letters? The Ohs.

Which are the leguminous letters? The Peas.

Which are the greatest bores? The Tease.

Which are the sensible letters? The Wise.

Why should the Greeks living in the vicinity of the Dardanelles prefer the Sultan of Turkey to the Russian Czar? Because they say this is the Boss for us (Bosphorus.)

2

When is wine like a book? When it is red.

When is wine likely to fly? When it has beeswing.

When is wine likely to be taken into custody? When it's drunk.

When is wine likely to lose itself? When it's in the wood.

When is wine like a fossil? When it's in quarts.

When is an ox not an ox? When he's turned into a meadow.

When is the weather most like a crockery-shop? When it's muggy.

Why should B come before C? Because any one must be before he can see.

Why should a sailor always know what o'clock it is? Because he is always going to sea.

Which are the two smallest insects mentioned in the Scriptures?

The widow's "mite" and the wicked "flea."

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

If forty rods make one rood, how many will make one polite?

If twelve dozen make one gross, how many will make a grocer?

If three miles make a league, how many will make a National Convention?

Why should the kitchen be a delightful retreat in summer time? Because it is a cool and airy (culinary) apartment.

What is the difference between a rheum-atic and an attic room? One is always up stairs, and the other never wants to go up.

Why are sheep the most dissipated and unfortunate of animals? Because they gambol about in their youth, frequent the turf, are very generally black-legs, and are universally fleeced.

Which travels at the greater speed, heat or cold? Heat; because you can easily catch cold.

What letter does a man pronounce when he throws his wife over-board? Letter B (let her be).

What is the best way to make a coat last? Make the vest and pantaloons first.

Why is the strap of an omnibus like conscience? Because it is an inward check upon the outward man.

What is the difference between a pitcher of water and a man throwing his wife into a well? One is pitcher in the water, and the other is water in the pitcher.

What is the difference between a leaden image of Satan and a stagnant pool of water? One is a lead devil, and the other is a dead level.

Where is the first centaur mentioned in the Bible? Where the head of John the Baptist is placed upon a charger.

Who was the fastest horsewoman mentioned in the Bible? Herodias' daughter, because she got a head of John the Baptist upon a charger.

Why is a bridegroom worth more than a bride? Because she is given away, and he is sold.

Why does a duck go into water? For divers' reasons. Why does it come out? For sundry (sun dry) reasons.

Why is a top just set going like charity? Because it begins to hum (to home).

Why is a well-lighted fire like a country-boy receiving a remittance from his father? Because he is all-fired grateful (grate full) for the draft (draught).

What is the difference between a pigeon with one wing and a pigeon with two? A difference of a pinion (opinion).

What is the difference between a duplicate of a book and a whole family attacked by the fever? One is a fac-simile, and the other is a sick family.

Why should a woman traveling with a must and tippet in summer, stop? Because she's got fur enough.

Who first introduced salt provisions into the navy? Noah, when he took Ham into the ark.

Why is a thief in the garret like an honest man? Because he is above doing a bad action.

Why are cowardly soldiers like butter? Because they run away before fire,

What word is shorter for having two letters added to it? Short.

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C? Because she turns lasses into classes.

#### SONG: TAKE BACK THE RING

TAKE back the ring, dear Jamie,
The ring ye gae to me,
An' a' the vows ye made yestreen,
Beneath the birken tree;
But gie me back by heart again,
It's a' I hae to gie,
Sin' ye'll no wait a fittin' time,
Ye canna marry me!

I promised to my daddie,
Afore he slipp'd awa,
I ne'er wad leave my minnie,
Whate'er sud her befa';
I'll faithfu' keep my promise,
For a' that ye can gie;
Sae, Jamie, gif ye winna wait,
Ye ne'er can marry me!

I canna leave my minnie,
She's been so kind to me,
Sin' e'er I was a bairnie,
A wee thing on her knee.
Were I an heiress o' a crown,
I'd a' its honors tine,
To watch her steps o' helpless age,
As she in youth watched mine!

## READING THE BIBLE.

So far as the Bible is concerned, simplicity of interpretation is essential to that simplicity of heart which is the "good ground" for the "good seed." Faith withers and dies in the shade of artificial and labored explanation.



## BEDOUIN SONG.

From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry;
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

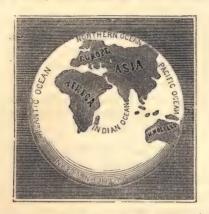
Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.

Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

#### EMERY.

Ir is not generally known that—although emery has been sought for in all parts of the world—it has only been found in two places—in the island of Naxos, in Greece, and at a few places in Turkey. The annual production is at present limited to two thousand tons of Naxos stone and sixteen hundred Turkish. This material is largely used by the manufacturers of machinery and all iron and metal workers, as well as by lapidaries; but it is specially required in the grinding and polishing of plate-glass, and, from the enormous increase in the consumption of the latter article, a corresponding demand for emery must be the result.



OUR WORLD, AND WHAT IT IS COMPOSED OF.

Owing to the indefatigable investigations of the analytical chemists, and to their zeal in the cause of science, there is scarcely a substance in the world that has not passed through the ordeal of their crucibles and test tubes. From them we learn that our world is made up of but comparatively few substances; so few, indeed, that we are struck with wonder and astonishment, when we consider the innumerable varieties of form and character into which those elements are capable of being moulded. We have all the animate and inanimate creation, the plants, the animals; we have the rocks, the earth, the air, and water, in their endless variety; and yet the substances of which they are composed do not exceed sixty.

On closer examination our wonder increases, as we learn that of these elements no less than forty-six are metals, in the ordinary sense of the word; five are gaseous bodies like the air—which, indeed, consists of two gases out of these five; and the remainder are substances of an intermediate character, of which sulphur and charcoal are the types. Therefore, every thing that we can see or touch pertaining to our world is composed of one, two, or more of these elements.

We know of no one substance that contains more than six of these elements; and in a general way, there are rarely more than two or three blended together to produce one result. Thus, the white of an egg is made of six elements; a flint-stone of only two; a piece of wood consists of three elements. These three materials are the types of the portions of the world to which they belong. Though one stone differs from another stone, and one wood from another wood, and one flesh from another flesh, yet their composition is similar and of nearly the same elements.

It is the nature, quality, and property of these several elements that constitute the study of chemistry—not medicine, for that is but a mere branch of chemistry—the composition of all things. By analogy, the analytical chemist can state with certainty the principal qualities and composition of every thing placed in his hands, what use to make of it, and how it is to be applied for the welfare and benefit of his fellow-man.

## SYMPATHY WITH THE LOWER ORDERS OF CREATION.

Poets, of the genuine order, have, in all ages, been a humane and kind-hearted order of men. Burns could sympathize with a poor mouse. Shakspeare says:

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

Ferdusi, the Persian poet, gives a verse of pity to a common insect:

"Let the poor ant enjoy his hoard of grain; He lives with pleasure and he dies with pain."

Cowper, as everybody knows, loved his hares, and Byron and Walter Scott loved their dogs. A hundred other instances will occur to the reader.

#### THE OLD STAGE-COACH.

Though others boast of their railroad speed,
The rattling car, and the whistle's scream,
And look with pride on the iron steed,
With fiery lungs and a breath of steam—
The jostling, crowding, rushing ahead,
And scolding, fretting, all in a rage—
I sigh again for the visions, fled,
Of turnpike roads and the old mail-stage.
Then, ho! for the days of the turnpike road,
The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach—
The mellow horn, and the merry load
That used to ride in the old stage-coach!

The old stage-coach, in its golden day,
Rolled proudly on, with its cheerful load,
And claimed from all the full right of way—
A monarch, then, of the turnpike road!
But now the day of its pride is o'er,
It yields the palm to the railway train;
The dear old friend, so beloved of yore,
We ne'er shall look on its like again.
Then, ho! for the days of the turnpike road, &c.

The old stage-coach, as it came, of old,

Each idler roused with its noisy din;

With cracking whip, how it briskly rolled,

With conscious pride, to the village inn!

But now it stands in the stable-yard,

With dusty seats and a rusty tire,

And we, this friend of our youth discard,

For railway cars and a steed of fire;

Yet give me the days of the turnpike road, &c.

Though others boast of their railroad speed,

The rattling cars and the whistle's scream,

And look with pride on the iron steed,
With lungs of fire and a breath of steam,
I sigh again for the golden day,
When, up the green, with its merry load,
The old coach came, as it held the sway—
A monarch, proud, of the turnpike road.
Then, ho! for the days of the turnpike road, &c.

#### THE IRISH BUGLER.

Paddy Shannon was a bugler in the 87th regiment—the Faugh-a-Ballaghs—and with that regiment, under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, served all through the Peninsular campaign. When the campaign was over, Paddy had nothing left him but the recollections of it. His only solace was the notice taken of him in the canteen. It is no wonder, then, he became a convivial soul. From the bottle he soon found his way to the halberds.

The regiment was paraded, the proceedings read, and Paddy tied up. The signal was given for the drummers to begin, when Paddy Shannon exclaimed:

"Listen, now, Sir Hugh. Do ye mean to say you are going to flog me? Just recollect who it was sounded the charge at Borossa, when you took the only French eagle ever taken. Wasn't it Paddy Shannon? Little I thought that day it would come to this; and the regiment so proud of that same eagle on the colors."

"Take him down," said Sir Hugh, and Paddy escaped, unpunished.

A very short time, however, elapsed, before Paddy again found himself placed in similar circumstances.

"Go on," said the colonel.

"Don't be in a hurry," ejaculated Paddy, "I've a few words to say, Sir Hugh."

"The eagle won't save you this time, sir."

"Is it the eagle, indeed! Then I wasn't going to say any thing about that same, though you are and ought to be proud of it. But I was just going to ask if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who, when the breach of Tarifa was stormed by 22,000 French, and only the 87th to defend it—if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who struck up 'Garrytown, to glory boys,' and you, Sir Hugh, have got the same two towers and the breach between them, upon your coat-of-arms in testimony thereof."

"Take him down," said the colonel, and Paddy was again

unscathed.

Paddy, however, had a long list of services to get through, and a good deal of whisky, and ere another two months he was again tied up, the sentence read, and an assurance from Sir Hugh Gough, that nothing would make him relent. Paddy tried the eagle—it was of no use. He appealed to Sir Hugh's pride and the breach of Tarifa without any avail.

"And is it me," at last he broke out, "that you are going to flog? I ask you, Sir Hugh Gough, before the whole regiment, who know it well, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who picked up the French field-marshal's staff, at the battle of Vittoria, that the Duke of Wellington sent to the Prince Regent, and for which he got that letter that will be long remembered, and that made him a field-marshal into the bargain? The Prince Regent said, "You've sent me the staff of a field-marshal of France; I return you that of a field-marshal of England.' Wasn't it Paddy Shannon that took it?—Paddy Shannon, who never got rap, or recompense, or ribbon, or star, or coat-of-arms, or mark of distinction, except the flogging you are going to give me."

"Take him down," cried Sir Hugh, and again Paddy was

forgiven.



DO RATS REASON?

A rew evenings since, as the rain was falling in torrents, deluging the little yard by the house, a large rat was observed to come hurriedly out of a hole by the side of the house, where the water was pouring in, and springing forward to an opposite building, for a moment disappeared. Back again came the rat, and plunged into the hole, which was fast being filled with water, and in a moment reappeared, bearing in her mouth a young rat, which she carried to the opposite building.

Thus she continued to labor until five of the young had been rescued from a watery grave, and deposited in a place of safety; but on coming again from the wall with one of her young in her mouth, she dropped it down upon the ground, and after looking a moment, again took it up, and trying to wake it, laid it down again. The little one was dead—it had been drowned. After repeated efforts to bring to life her offspring, she mournfully left the little one, and went to the new home she had prepared for her more fortunate family.

Was this a case of instinct or of reason?—Ladies' Own Journal, Sept., 1856.



LIFE AND DEATH OF SAM PATCH.

The love of fame or notoriety, is a strong passion in the human breast. There are few persons who do not, at some time in their lives, build castles in the air, and dream of greatness. The greatness and fame of Sam Patch are unlike those of Washington, who achieved the liberties of his country, and established her government—unlike the fame of Dr. Kane, who devoted his life to the cause of humanity and science in perilous expeditions to the Polar Sea—unlike the fame of Miss Nightingale, who sought the battle-fields of the Crimea, and, like a ministering angel, nursed the sick and wounded soldiers. But still, Sam Patch was great in his way: he was a great jumper!

He was a native of New England, and became a laborer in a cotton-factory at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where he commenced his jumping career in the summer of 1829. He then went on a jumping tour. He jumped the Passaic Falls, at Paterson, New Jersey. He then went to the Falls of Niagara, and jumped from the end of Goat Island, between the Horse-shoe Falls and the American Falls. His last jump was at the Falls of Genesee, a descent of a hundred and twenty-five feet. In his previous jumps he had descended perpendicularly, feet foremost, and escaped injury; but in the last jump, he lost his balance, struck the water sideways, and was probably killed by the concussion against the surface.

This took place in 1829. His career was put into verse by the celebrated Major Jack Downing, as follows. The story is a literal relation of facts. We are indebted to the publisher of the *United States Magazine* for a copy of the ballad,

and the cuts illustrating it.

# Biography of Sam Patch.

Pawtucket is a famous place,
Where cotton cloth is made,
And hundreds think it no disgrace
To labor at the trade.

Among the spinners there was one, Whose name was Samuel Patch; He moped about, and did his stint— Folks thought him no great scratch.

But soon a maggot, in his head,
Told Sam he was a ninny
To spend his life in twirling thread,
Just like a spinning-jenney.

And if he would become renown'd,
And live in song or story,
'Twas time he should be looking round
For deeds of fame and glory.

"What shall I do?" quoth honest Sam,
"There is no war a-brewing;
And duels are but dirty things,
Scarce worth a body's doing.

"And if I would be President,
I see I'm up a tree,
For neither prints nor Congress-men
Have nominated me."

But still that maggot in his head Told Sam he was a gump, For if he could do nothing else, Most surely he could jump.



Aye, right, quoth Sam, and out he went,
And on the bridge he stood,
And down he jump'd full twenty feet,
And plunged into the flood.

And when he safely swam to land,
And stood there like a stump,
And all the gaping crowd cried out,
"Oh, what a glorious jump!"



New light shone into Samuel's eyes, His heart went pit-a-pat; "Go, bring a ladder here," he cries; "I'll jump you more than that." The longest ladder in the town
Against the factory was rear'd,
And Sam clomb up, and then jump'd down,
And loud the gapers cheer'd.

Besides the maggot in his head, Sam's ear now felt a flea; "I want more elbow-room," he said, "What's this dull town to me?

"I'll raise some greater breezes yet;
I'll go where thousands are,
And jump to immortality,
And make the natives stare.

"I'm only twenty-two years old;
Before I'm twenty-five
I'll be more talk'd about, I guess,
Than any man alive.

"I'll show these politician folks,
That climb so high by stumping,
That I can climb as well as they,
And beat 'em all in jumping.

"One way is just as good as t'other To make the people wonder, And all the noise that they can make Ain't nothin' to my thunder.

"I'm right, and now I'm going ahead;
Sam Patch wasn't made to blunder—
If any living soul's afraid,
Just let him stand from under."

And off he went on foot, full trot;
High hopes of fame his bosom fired;
At Paterson, in Jarsay State,
He stopt awhile, for Sam was tired;

And there he mounted for a jump,
And crowds came round to view it,
And all began to gape and stare,
And cry, "How dare you do it?"

But Sam ne'er heeded what they said, His nerves wa'n't made to quiver, And down he jump'd some fifty feet, And splash'd into the river.



"Hoo-rah!" the mob cried out amain,
"Hoo-rah," from every throat was pouring,
And Echo cried, "Hoo-rah" again,
Like a thousand lions roaring.

Sam's fame now spread both far and wide,
And brighter grew from day to day,
And wheresoe'er a crowd convened,
Patch was the lion of the play.

From shipmasts he would jump in sport,
And spring from highest factory walls;
And proclamation soon was made,
That he would leap Niagara Falls.



"What for?" inquired an honest Hodge,
"Why scare to death our wives and mothers?"
"To show that some things can be done,"
Quoth Sam, "as well as others."

Ten thousand people throng'd the shore, And stood there all agog; While Sam approach'd those awful falls, And leapt them like a frog.

From Clifton House to Table Rock,
And round Goat Island's brow,
The multitudes all held their breath
While Sam plunged down below.



And when they saw his neck was safe,
And he once more stood on his feet,
They set up such a deafening cheer,

Niagara's roar was fairly beat.

Patch being but a scurvy name,
They solemnly did there enact,
That he henceforward should be call'd
"Squire Samuel O'Cataract."

And here our hero should have stopt,
And husbanded his brilliant fame;
But, ah, he took one leap too much—
And most all heroes do the same.

Napoleon's last great battle proved
His dreadful overthrow,
And Sam's last jump was a fearful one,
And in death it laid him low.

'I'was at the falls of Genesee,

He jump'd down six score feet and five,

And in the waters deep he sunk,

And never rose again alive.

The crowd, with fingers in their mouths, Turn'd homeward, one by one, And oft with sheepish looks they said, "Poor Sam's last job is done."

## ASTRONOMICAL FACTS.

A BRIGHT star, named Sirius, or the Dog-star, passes over us in the season called dog-days; and some people have foolishly supposed that its presence may cause madness, or hydrophobia, in dogs. It is calculated to be 2,200,000,000,000 miles distant from the earth; or 27,000 times as distant as the sun. A ray of light from Sirius, traveling as fast as a cannon-ball at its greatest speed, would not be seen on the earth for 523,211 years. But this is the nearest fixed star among all the multitude we see in the sky above us.



PHILADELPHIA IN 1775.

## PHILADELPHIA.

This city, which is the second in rank upon this continent, presents a remarkable instance of steady increase in population, wealth, and every thing that constitutes prosperity.

At the time of the American Revolution, it did not probably contain over 25,000 inhabitants; it has now not much short of half a million. Its scientific, literary, and charitable institutions bespeak the enlightened and generous character of the people. Its public edifices are numerous, and many of them distinguished for beauty of architecture. The most interesting public building, however, is that of the old State House, or Independence Hall, in which the Declaration of our National Independence was enacted by the Continental Congress.

The churches, libraries, schools, museums, and other liberal institutions in this city are numerous.



## MISCELLANY.

LAUGHING, the youthful Isabel
Had challenged me to kiss her! Well,
By stratagem I soon obtain
What force would labor for in vain.
I boasted. "Don't be proud," said she;
"'Tis nothing wonderful; for, see—
Your valor's not so very killing;
You kissed me, true—but—I was willing!"

Dean Mavrie, a large land-owner, and an exemplary man, was exceedingly eccentric in some of his notions. His courtship was said to be as follows:

Having one day mounted his horse, with only one sheepskin as a saddle, he rode in front of the house where Betty Lee lived, and, without dismounting, requested Betty to come to him. On her coming, he told her that the Lord had sent him to marry her. Betty replied, "The Lord's will be done."

Abram Thompson's grandmother, who resides with him in Nottingham, N. H., is 106 years old; weighs 125 pounds; is the mother of twelve children, the oldest of whom is 84, and the youngest 60 years old; has eight great-grandchildren living, 213 great-grandchildren, and 81 grandchildren; sits up from 8 o'clock in the morning till 8 at night, and eats solid food twice a day; though deaf and blind, her memory and mental faculties are remarkably good, and she will sing, with a clear, strong voice, portions of hymns, and repeat passages of Scripture, she learnt seventy years ago.

There is a negro woman in Bibb county, Georgia, who has 119 descendants, and is yet in the possession of all her faculties, except sight—she has been blind for six years. Sixty-seven of her descendants, as well as herself, are now owned by a gentleman in that county. Another heir owns fifty-two in another county. The name of the woman is Sena. She was one of three slaves inherited by a lady married in Louisville, Jefferson county, Georgia, in 1801.

Everybody complains of his memory-nobody of his judgment.

Phæbus endows the weak poet, like the statue of Memnon, only with sound.

The most mischievous liars are those who keep just on the verge of truth.

The French say, "He who has a good son-in-law has gained a son: he who has a bad one, has lost a daughter."

A shoemaker received a note from a woman, to whom he desired to make himself acceptable, requesting him to make her a pair of shoes; and not knowing exactly the style she required, he seized the opportunity to send a written missive to her, inquiring whether she would have them "Wround or Esq Toad." The fair one, indignant at this specimen of orthography, immediately replied, "Knethre."

"There's where 'the boys fit for college," said the Professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to the school in Bedford-street. "Did they?" said the old lady, with animation; "and if they fit for the college before they went, they didn't fight afterward?" "Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit; "yes, but the fight was with the head, and not with the hands." "Butted, did they?" said the good lady.

O'er ice the rapid skater flies,
With sport above and death below;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,
Thus lightly touch and gayly go.

D. D.—Some gentlemen upon whom this degree has been conferred. have deemed it desirable to gain an additional degree of notoriety, by publicly declining the same; whereupon the editor of the Indiana American proposes the adoption of a new degree, namely, "D. D. D."—Doctor of Divinity Declined.

Latour Maubourd lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master: "you know you are glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

An Englishman and a Welchman disputing in whose country was the best living, the Welchman said, "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ah," answered the Englishman, "every man toasted his own cheese."

The custom of calling a man's wife his lady has been sufficiently commented upon, to render it familiar.

One day, at the navy-yard, when something special was going forward, the sentinel had positive orders to admit no one.

During the day the wife of one of the officers came to the gate, intending to enter the yard; but the sentinel obeying orders, cried out—

"Karnt pass, marm."

"But, sir," replied she, "I must pass. I'm Captain W---'s lady."

"Karnt help it, marm,—couldn't let you in, if you was his wife, marm!"

#### A GRAMMATICAL PLAY UPON THE WORD THAT.

Now that is a word which may often be joined, For that that may be doubled is clear to the mind, And that that that is right, is as plain to the view, As that that that we use, is as rightly used too, And that that that that that line has in it, is right—In accordance with grammar, is plain to our sight.

A donkey laden with salt was crossing a brook. The water diluted the salt, and lightened the burden. He communicated his discovery to a brother donkey, laden with wool. The latter tried the same experiment, and found his load double its weight.

A Quaker in business in Philadelphia, disliking the "Esq." to his name, advised a southern correspondent to direct his letters to "Amos Smith without any tail," and received a reply, superscribed, "Amos Smith without any tail, Philadelphia."

Mr. Box, though provok'd, never doubles his fist,
Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whist,
Mr. Coward was wing'd in a duel,
Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a Whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in his gig,
While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.

The wit of the brilliant mulatto author, young Dumas, says a correspondent, is quite the rage in Paris. His last "good thing" is as follows: At a party, recently, the lady of the house insisted on his entertaining the company by telling them a story. "Madam," said he, "every one to his profession. The gentleman who preceded me, as I came in, is an officer of the Artillery. When he has fired a cannon in your drawing-room, I will tell my story."

"Colonel W. is a fine-looking man, isn't he?" said an old friend of ours the other day. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him one time." "You! why you're as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that—I endorsed his note and I was taken for him by the sheriff."

Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh,
As it swiftly scuds along:
Hear the bursts of happy song;
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white;
Jingle, jingle—how it whirls,
Crowded full of happy girls.

Three hungry travelers found a bag of gola;
One ran into the town where bread was sold.
He thought, "I will poison the bread I buy,
And seize the treasure when my comrades die."
But they, too, thought, "When back his feet have hied,
We will destroy him, and the gold divide."
They killed him, and partaking of the bread,
In a few moments all were lying dead.
O world! behold what thy goods have done!
Thy gold has poisoned two and murdered one.

Boswell once asked Johnson if there was no possible circumstance under which suicide could be justifiable.

"No," was the reply.

"Well," says Boswell, "suppose a man had been guilty of some fraud that he was certain would be found out."

"Why, then," says Johnson, "in that case let him go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil, where he is known."

Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

Fidelity, good-humor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make its decay invisible.

Next to a policeman, there is nothing so absent as presence of mind.

Some lady, who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon than from that imported from Havana, comes down after the following style upon the patrons of the weed:

May never lady press his lips,

His proffered love returning,

Who makes a furnace of his mouth,

And keeps its chimney burning!

May each true woman shun his sight,

For fear his fumes might choke her;

And none but those who smoke themselves

Have kisses for a smoker!

Mrs. Mary Taylor, of Hampshire county, Virginia, recently killed, with a club, an eagle, which measured six feet or a little more between the points of the wings when extended. The eagle had attacked the geese. The gander, which was its intended prey, resisted the attack and fought the enemy bravely, till Mrs. Taylor came to the rescue. The eagle then prepared for battle with her, whereupon she struck him a blow with the club, that rendered the bird unable to escape by flight.

A pine log, weighing fourteen tons, was recently drawn from Bethlehem, N. H., to Littleton depot, and from thence it was forwarded to Gilford. The event was celebrated by a procession of the lumbermen, followed by a fine team of horses and oxen. Hundreds gathered to see the show, and the novel affair was closed with a grand oyster supper.

Talking of the corrupt political condition of France, a gentleman in conversation with Talleyrand remarked to him: "In the Upper Chamber, at least, there are to be found men possessed of consciences."

"Consciences!" replied the wit; "certainly, I know many a peer who has got two!"

People should understand that it is cheaper, and in every respect much better, to look up neglected children and to educate them, than to hang them when older.

A man being commiserated, on account of his wife running away, said, "Don't pity me till she comes back again."

Two weavers, working in one shop in the village of Houston, were conversing one day on authorship, when one of them observed that the man *Finis* was a great author; he had seen that writer's name attached to a great many books. "You must be a stupid blockhead," replied the other; "that man *Finis* is the king's printer."

Give a man brains and riches, and he is a king. Give a man brains without riches, and he is a slave. Give a man riches without brains, and he is a fool.

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

#### BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE birds which inhabited Palestine are often alluded to in the Sacred Writings, by way of illustration. We select a few of the more striking species, with passages which relate to them.



The Eagle.

As the lion is called the King of Beasts, the eagle is denominated the King of Birds. The two animals have many resemblances: both are endowed with great strength, and a disposition of daring and rapacity. As all quadrupeds acknowledge the supremacy of the lion, so all the feathered tribes give way before the eagle. As the countenance of the lion bespeaks a proud consciousness of power, like one born to command, so the aspect of the eagle bears a look of triumph, as if accustomed to the unquestioned exercise of an indomitable will. It is these qualities of arrogance and despotism in the character and appearance of these animals

which have caused them, in all ages, to be regarded as emblematic of tyrannical and despotic kings and princes.

Of eagles there are many kinds, as the black eagle, the golden eagle, the sea eagle, the bald eagle, the harpy eagle, &c. There are different shades of character in them, and some difference in their habits; yet all are distinguished by a ravenous appetite, and a fierce, savage violence in the pursuit of their prey. They all build their nests in remote and solitary places, usually upon inaccessible rocks, whence they descend upon the plains or along the sea-shore, feeding upon birds, fish, carrion, or small quadrupeds, as opportunity may offer.

Yet, despite their harsh qualities, the eagle gives an atten tion to their young which excites our admiration. They will starve themselves, if necessary, to supply their brood with sustenance. It is even pretended that they will sometimes feed them with their own blood, to save them from famine. They will also incur the greatest danger in defense of their

progeny.

In Ireland, some years since, a young man robbed an eagle's nest, on one of the islands in the Lake of Killarney. Taking the young ones in one arm, he began to swim to the shore. The mother eagle pursued him, and struck him with her talons, beak, and wings, so as to wound him, and render him wholly helpless. He therefore sunk in the waves, and was drowned.

It is this parental affection of the eagle which is alluded to in Deuteronomy xxxii. 11: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him."

The different species of eagle are scattered over all parts of the world. They have amazing power of flight, being able to soar upward many thousand feet toward the sky, where they will sustain themselves for hours. They can also, in a single day, pass from one climate to another—thus waking in the morning amid the snows of the north, and at evening perching far away in the milder regions of the south.



The Bearded Eagle.

Among the numerous allusions to the eagle in the Sacred Scriptures, there are some which appear to have special reference to particular species. Thus, in the passage Rev. xii. 14, "And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent," it has been supposed that the bearded eagle is referred to, which is not only one of the largest species—its wings measuring seven feet from tip to tip—but which lives on the highest peaks of lofty mountains, and is peculiarly calculated to strike the imagination as well from its size and strength as its being associated with the wildest mountain scenery.

This species, which, in fact, is a kind of vulture, and not a true eagle, is known to us by the name of lammergyer, or lamb-killer, a title given to it in Switzerland, where it is common, especially among the higher Alps. Its food consists of kids, hares, marmots, and lambs. This bird was also met with in Abyssinia by Bruce, the celebrated traveler.

The golden eagle is a noble species, being especially solitary in its habits, and avoiding the vicinity of man. To this species Isaiah may be supposed to allude, chap. xxxiii. 16: "He shall dwell on high; his place shall be the munitions of rocks." These birds live to a great age, one having been kept in Vienna, in a state of confinement, for over a century.



The Buzzard.

The hawks are a numerous family, and kindred to the eagles, chiefly differing from them in being of inferior size and strength. They bear the same relation to the eagles that leopards, lynxes, and cats do to the lion.

Although the hawks are associated in our minds with the destruction of the gentler classes of birds, and also with law-less depredations upon our hens and chickens, whence the very name imports something fierce and mischievous, still, in the light of natural history, they are among the most interesting of the feathered tribes. In symmetry of form, in elegance of flight, in the keenness of their sight, in courage and daring, these creatures can not fail to excite the admiration of the attentive observer. The claws and beak are admirably fashioned, the whole tribe thus affording one of the most striking instances of adaptation of means to ends, to be found in the whole animal kingdom. Nothing, indeed, can be more admirably suited to its place, than are the hawks by their structure, to the place they are designed to fill in the scale of creation.

One of the largest species is the common buzzard, which differs from its family, generally, in being of a slow and lazy habit. It has a large head, thick body, clumsy legs, and big, lifeless eyes. It is too heavy to obtain its food by flight, so it will sit for hours on a tree, bush, stump, stone, or clod, waiting for something to come within its reach. When a worm or mole, a rat, a rabbit, a lizard, a frog, a toad, or even a serpent, approaches, it dashes suddenly upon it and seizes it. When engaged in rearing its young, the character of the buzzard seems to change, and it becomes quite active. It then may be often seen ascending high in air by a spiral movement.

The nest of this bird is usually made of large sticks, lined with wool, in the fork of a tree, in some lonely spot. It is not very particular, for it will sometimes accept of an old crow's nest, to save labor. Two eggs are laid. During the breeding, the male bird assists; and if the female is killed during incubation, her partner takes her place, and hatches the young.



The Falcon.

Among the most remarkable of our American hawks, is that which Wilson calls the duck-hawk, and which he believes to be the peregrine falcon of Europe, although in this opinion he is not supported by more modern naturalists.

The true falcon is one of the most elegant, and probably the most powerful, of the genus of hawks. The capacity of its wings is three feet and a half. It is widely distributed in the Eastern continent. It frequents high and rocky recesses, and in March builds its nest in bold precipitous rocks. It is a greedy, rapacious bird, and having amazing quickness of flight and action, it devours large quantities of pigeons, quails, partridges, hares, rabbits, &c. It often attacks a kite which

has been so fortunate as to seize upon a bird or quadruped, and boldly robs him of his meal.

In the middle ages, before the use of firearms, this bird was trained to the pursuit of various kinds of game. Wealthy persons kept men on purpose to take care of them, to train them, and to manage them in the field, as the same class have gamekeepers now to superintend their fox-hounds.



The Lanneret.

There are several species of kites, also, familiar to all persons living in the country, by their incursions among the hens and chickens.

The engraving above represents one of the long-winged species, the male of which is called *lanneret*, and the female *lanner*. On account of its docility, it was anciently much used

in talconry, and especially in France, where it was a great favorite. It is smaller than the buzzard, and is naturally of a more shy disposition, always making its nest on lofty trees in remote forests, or upon high rocks along the sea-shore.

The hawk seems to be rarely mentioned by name in the Bible. It is probable, however, that when the eagle is spoken of, the larger species of hawks may sometimes be intended.

The hawk was included in the prohibition of the Levitical law. Job says, chap. xxxix. 26—"Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south?"



The Vulture.

Of vultures there are many kinds, mostly confined to hot countries, and living on offal and carrion. They are about the size of the eagle, and of a hideous aspect, the face being naked, red, and wrinkled, the eyes black and staring, the beak hooked, the talons long and strong. Living upon garbage, they are usually covered with filth, and have an intolerable odor. They frequently gorge themselves with food so as to be unable to fly. If a person attempts to take one in this condition, the abominable creature will vomit forth the fetid contents of his stomach, and perhaps in his face.

In general, the vulture is a dull, lazy bird, especially when gorged with food; but when hungry, it becomes to the last degree fierce and ravenous. A flock of vultures, over a dead carcass, may be seen in ferocious combat with one another, screaming, striking, and biting each other, while they gobble down whole chunks of carrion, in an agony of haste, lest others should snatch it from them.

The allusions to this foul creature are not numerous in the Bible. Isaiah says, chapter xxxiv. 15—"There shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate."



The Owl.

The owls are a large family, of different sizes and colors, but alike in one respect—they are nocturnal birds, keeping themselves in their holes during the day, and going forth in the darkness, as well for amusement as for obtaining their food.

In general, there is a feeling among mankind that the owl is a very bad, wicked, and frightful creature, but this is a mere prejudice, arising from the fact that we see and hear him only at night, and hence he is associated with darkness and gloom. He lives in old ruins, too, and in thick woods, and in the hollows of hoary trees. Thus his very countenance is imagined to look ominous, and his voice to bespeak terror and woe.

And yet, in point of fact, the owls are rather a gentle race. They eat mice and little birds, it is true, but so does puss. They sing, and so do most other birds, only that the owl imitates the human voice. Nevertheless, this bird is one of the great resources of all poets, when they wish to fill the mind with gloomy images. Job says, chapter xxx. 29—"I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls."



The Bat.

Bats are not, properly speaking, birds: they are rather quadrupeds—a kind of flying mouse or mole; but as they

have wings, and we see them flying about, we naturally associate them with the feathered creation. And as we have just been speaking of owls, it is natural to think of the bats, who are also nocturnal creatures, and love to dwell in holes, and caverns, and ruinous places. Bats and owls are alike used in all countries as emblems of decay, and gloom, and desolation.

Nevertheless, most bats are really gentle little creatures, doing no damage to man, but, in point of fact, rendering him a great service, by devouring quantities of gnats and flies, which would otherwise annoy him. It is true that in South America, it is said there are huge bats, called vampyres, which actually approach people at night, during their sleep, and suck their blood. In order to keep them from waking, they fan them gently with their wings, and thus lull them by a soothing coolness. But these horrid creatures are so far off, that we ought not, on their account, to entertain a prejudice against the harmless species which frequent our own country. For myself, I always take pleasure in seeing bats at evening, dodging hither and thither, with the utmost vivacity, in making their meal.

There are said to be 150 different species of bats. They are of various sizes, from two inches to eighteen inches in length. They have also great varieties of aspect. One kind has very long ears, and a countenance like a little withered jackass; others appear to be almost destitute of ears, and resemble foxes in their keen, sharp expression; and another species has big goggling eyes, like an owl, and is hence called mormoop. They all feed chiefly on insects, but some eat leaves and fruit.

Bats are very numerous in some tropical countries. It is said that in the caverns in the hot parts of South America they cling in heaps along the rocky walls by day, and at night come forth in cloud-like swarms. Some of them are of enormous size, and have a hideous aspect. They abound in the islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans.



The Raven.

This bird is so black that it has given rise to the proverb, "black as a raven." Milton says, "the raven-down of night." It is about twice the size of a crow, and in form and aspect bears a strong resemblance to that bird. It is rare in New England, but is more common in the northwestern parts of this continent. It seems to be more abundant still in Europe and Asia. It feeds on carrion, and frequents the sea-shore in search of decayed fish. In Genesis viii. 7, we are told that Noah "sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth." It was undoubtedly able to subsist upon the carrion which floated upon the surface of the waters.

It appears, 1 Kings xvii. 4-6, that the ravens, by command of the Lord, brought bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, to the prophet Elijah, while he hid himself by the brook Cherith.

This bird was regarded as unclean by the Mosaic law. It is looked upon much in the same light by mankind generally at the present day; for its flesh is tough and unsavory.



The Dove.

The family of doves, or pigeons, is a very numerous one. They are all beautiful in their forms, and gentle, tender, and loving in their manners. Their chief defense lies in the remarkable swiftness of their flight.

Among the most curious species is the carrier-pigeon, which has the remarkable faculty of flying back straight to its home from which it has been carried, even though it be a long distance. In order to render these beings useful for carrying letters, they are trained by taking them, at first, short flights of half a mile, or a mile from home, when they are set free. Day by day the distance is increased, until, at last, they are so practised as to return from the distance of 100 or 200 miles. In Eastern countries, these birds have long been used as swift messengers for the conveyance of intelligence. The magnetic telegraph now outstrips them in speed.



The Turtle-Dove.

The turtle-dove is one of the most pleasing of this numerous race. Its gentle voice and tender expression of countenance are often referred to in oriental poetry. In Solomon's Song, i. 15, it is said: "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes;"—ii. 12, "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

In America we have many varieties of the dove, but none of those which are indigenous are the same as the Eastern species. All our domestic doves are derived from the European stock.

The most remarkable American species is that of the passenger-pigeon, which is distinguished for the elegance of its

form, the swiftness of its flight, and the immense numbers which are found in the western woods. In their breeding-places they gather in such multitudes as to break down the limbs of whole forests.



The Hoopoe.

It is the opinion of learned men that the lapwing mentioned in Leviticus xi. 19, "And the stork, the heron after her kind, and the lapwing and the bat," is the bird known in Europe as the hoopoe. It is very handsome, and nearly the size of a pigeon. It has a superb crest of brilliant feathers an inch and a half long, which it is continually lifting up and smoothing down.

Notwithstanding its beauty, this is a filthy creature, and is rewarded by the vulgar title of the dung-bird. It feeds on insects and maggots, which it picks out with great relish from every kind of excrement. It prefers to build its nest in loathsome places, and will even take up its abode in a putrid carcass. Nothing can be in stronger contrast than the beauty and the habits of this creature. Few birds equal it in

loveliness of appearance, none equal it in the abomination of its tastes. We can not regret very much that the species is confined to the Eastern continent.



The Swan.

It is curious that neither the duck nor goose is mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures. Nor is the swan noticed, except in one or two passages. In Leviticus xi. 13, the latter is included in the list of unclean animals. The whole passage is as follows: "And these are they which ye shall have in abomination among the fowls; they shall not be eaten, they are an abomination: the eagle, and the ossifrage, and the ospray, and the vulture, and the kite after his kind; every raven after his kind; and the owl, and the night-hawk, and the cuckoo, and the hawk after his kind, and the little owl, and the cormorant, and the great owl, and the swan, and the pelican, and the gier-eagle, and the stork, and the heron after her kind, and the lapwing, and the bat."

The tame and wild swan are regarded as different species. The former are used as embellishments in the fountains and reservoirs of stately gardens in Europe. Though commonly of gentle and peaceful manners, it is fierce in the defense of its young. The wild swan is found in flocks in the remote northern parts of both Europe and America. Though the swan was pronounced unclean by Moses, among the Greeks it was sacred to Apollo, the god of music, because it was said to sing melodiously on the approach of death. This tradition, though often alluded to, is fabulous.



The Crane.

This is a large bird, five feet in length, when standing erect. The legs and neck are long, and the body lean, so

that it has a very slender appearance. It is provided with long legs for wading in the water, and a long sharp beak for snatching its prev.

This bird is found in both continents, but it is more abundant in parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, than in America. They live on slugs, worms, frogs, and small fishes; sometimes, however, they feed on grain and herbs found in marshy situations. In Sweden and Poland they often do much damage to the wheat-fields. In winter they resort in crowds to Egypt and India. The flocks fly in the form of a triangle. They generally make their journeys at night, uttering loud and discordant screams. In their voyages they have a leader, who calls out frequently to guide their course, each individual answering as soldiers do when the roll is called.

This bird is frequently mentioned in the Bible. Jeremiah viii. 7: "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."



The Stork.

The stork has a general resemblance in form to the crane, but is of inferior size. It feeds on frogs, lizards, serpents, and

insects, but refuses toads. It will take these up and lay them down before their young, and then toss them away, thus teaching them that they are injurious, and to be avoided. This bird is found in Europe, Asia, and Africa. It is a great destroyer of serpents, and is therefore cherished by the inhabitants.

In Holland, which is a low country, and infested with frogs, the stork is a favorite, as it destroys great numbers of these reptiles. They walk the streets of the towns in security, and build their nests on the tops of houses. It is thought to import good luck to the habitation it selects upon which to make its abode. The parents are exceedingly devoted to their young, and it is said that in their migrations the more youthful and vigorous will convey the aged and feeble upon their backs.

The stork was prohibited as food to the Jews. Leviticus xii. 19: "And the stork, the heron after her kind, and the

lapwing, and the bat."

Storks are birds of long flight and powerful wing. In their migrations, they rise high and proceed gracefully on their long aerial journeys. They have the faculty of standing on one leg, even while asleep. Upon this, Boccaccio founds a pleasant story. A gentleman had ordered a roasted stork for dinner, and as the legs were deemed the most savory part, he was greatly exasperated when the bird came upon the table with only one leg. The cook, it seems, had a sweetheart, and she had cut off one for him. However, when her master called her to account, she boldly asserted that storks had but one leg. To prove this, she proposed that they should repair to the bank of the river on the following morning, and settle the question by ocular demonstration. They went accordingly, and behold, there were a dozen storks, showing but one leg. "Hoo!" said the master, upon which each stork showed his other leg. "There!" said the gentleman, "you see those storks have two legs." "Yes," said the cook, "but you cried 'hoo!' at them: I pray you to remember that you did not cry 'hoo!' to the one I cooked vesterday."



The Heron.

Of the heron, there are two or three kinds. They are long and lank, like the crane, and are nearly as tall. They are great fishermen, and may be often seen standing for hours together upon stones and knolls along the sea-shore, watching for their prey. The celerity with which they seize upon the fish passing in the water, is remarkable. They are greedy eaters, and feed on frogs, and diversify their meals with reptiles, mice, water-rats, and even young water-fowl. It is surprising to see how much this creature will devour. One has been known to eat fifty moderate-sized fish in a single day. It is probable that, on an average, every heron devours several thousands of fish a year.

This bird is common in both continents. The hunting of it with the falcon, was a favorite sport in ancient times. It builds its nest of sticks, lined with wool, upon the tops of lofty trees. It congregates in large numbers during the breeding season; eighty nests being sometimes seen on a single tree.

The heron is only mentioned in the Bible as prohibited to



The Bittern.

The bittern, of which there are several kinds, resembles the heron, but is much smaller. In England, it is familiarly called mire-drum and bull-of-the-bog, on account of its bellowing or drumming noise. Scott says—

"And the bittern sounds his drum, Booming from the sedgy shallow." The habit of this bird is to skulk along the reedy banks of creeks, ponds, and rivulets. It generally flies about in the dusk, and rises in a spiral ascent, till it is out of sight. When flying at night, its notes are strange and wild, and to the popular imagination has a boding sound. In England, it is sometimes called the night-raven, and when heard near a house, its cry is supposed to portend death to some one of the inhabitants. Isaiah seems to allude—chap. xxxiv. 11—to some such popular ideas of this bird: "But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl, also, and the raven shall dwell in it: and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness."



The Pelican.

This bird, which is common in both continents, is about twice as large as a goose. Like that bird, it is web-footed, thus being fitted for swimming. It lives along the marshy borders of the sea, and of large internal lakes, where it feeds on fish. It is a powerful bird in its flight, and voracious in

its appetite. It is remarkable for a huge, skiny, and contractile sack under its throat, into which it puts its food till it has time to eat it. This receptacle will hold three gallons.

The pelican is fond of remote and solitary marshes, and its voice is harsh and disagreeable, resembling the sounds uttered by a man in distress. Hence David says, Psalm cii. 5, 6: "By reason of the voice of my groaning, my bones cleave to my skin. I am like a pelican of the wilderness: I am like an owl of the desert.'



The Ostrich.

This is the largest and tallest of birds, being from seven to eight feet high, when it stands erect. It is a native of Africa and Arabia, its dwelling-places being generally among the deserts, or upon bleak and desolate plains. It can not fly, its wings being very short. It runs, however, with great swift-

ness, aiding itself with its wings. Job says, chap. xxxix. 18, speaking of this bird—"What time she lifteth herself up on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider."

The ostrich is valuable for its feathers, which are used as ornaments. When it hides its head in a thicket, it thinks all is safe, though the rest of its body be exposed. Thus Job says, chapter xxxix. 17—"God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted unto her understanding."

The ostrich lays its eggs in the sand, to be hatched by the heat of the sun. The male and female watch them by turns; but if they chance to be driven away, such is their stupidity that they seldom find them again. From the neglect of their young, they are held up in the Scripture as an emblem of cruelty. Lam. iv. 3—"The daughter of my people has become cruel like the ostriches in the wilderness."



The Hen.

There are few creatures upon which I look with more affection and respect than upon old biddy. Few, indeed, perform their part in life so well.

If a hen is well supplied with water, food, and liberty, she will lay in the course of a year two hundred eggs. In making her nest, she shows no idle ingenuity or superfluous care.

She is a perfectly content, unambitious creature, just scooping a hole in the ground, among the bushes, or maybe among the straw in the barn, where she is pleased to deposit her eggs. Nothing can equal her patience and perseverance. When sitting upon her eggs, she is taught by a mysterious instinct regularly to turn them, so that they may have an equal share of warmth. When the young ones burst from the shell, she displays the most powerful maternal fondness, and the young ones the greatest filial affection.

In allusion to these characteristics, Christ says, Matthew xxiii. 37—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."



The Partridge.

Of this bird, there are numerous species, in different parts of the world. The bird which we call quail is, in fact, a small species of partridge. The common partridge of England is about twice as large. They there dwell in the corn fields during summer, and resort to the woods in winter. They often feed late in the evening at those seasons in which the fields are occupied by laborers during the day.

The maternal affection of this bird is remarkable. Pennant records a strong instance. "During a violent storm of rain, a partridge, attended by a large covey of young birds, spread her wings over them to secure them from further injury, but all in vain. The storm increased in violence, but she would not quit her charge. She preferred death, and we found her lifeless, with all her little brood, her wings spread over them, retaining her attempt to preserve them, even to the very article of death."



The Night-Hawk.

This bird is of the same genus as our whip-poor-will and the chuck-will's-widow of the Southern States. They all have a large mouth, edged with bristly hair, to aid them in taking their prey. In Europe, one species is called goat-sucker, from a popular fancy that they suck the goats at night.

The American night-hawk, which is seen during the summer flying about at evening in search of insects, is a small

and innocent bird compared with that of Egypt and Syria, where it is as large as an owl, and, like that bird, lives in large ruinous buildings. It is said to be extremely voracious, so that if care is not taken to shut the windows at the coming on of night, it enters the houses, and kills the children. It is therefore an object of great terror to the women. It is not strange that Moses should have forbidden the Jews to eat such a hideous creature. (Leviticus xi. 16.)



The Cuckoo.

Although this bird is included by Moses in the same list of abominable things with the owl and the night-hawk, it is, in fact, a gentle and pleasing bird. The American variety is often seen during the summer in the woods and orchards,

being readily distinguished by its long slender form, its arrowy flight, and its clucking note.

The European bird is of a somewhat more robust form, and distinctly pronounces the word "cuckoo, cuckoo," in a plaintive but monotonous tone. It is a general favorite, for it comes with the spring, and seems to lead a quiet, inoffensive life till the end of harvest, when it departs.

It is a curious thing that the cuckoo does not pair. She lays her eggs in the nest of another bird, and leaves them to be hatched by parents not their own. The young cuckoos are blind when first hatched, but yet they immediately set about clearing the nest of all but themselves, nor do they cease their efforts till they have full possession of it.

After all, it appears that, notwithstanding its general mildaess of manner and plaintive song, the cuckoo seems to be guilty of some very disreputable practices.



The Swallow.

There are many kinds of swallows, some of which are familiar to us all. They feed on insects, which they seize as

they fly along in the air. They are distinguished for the quickness of their sight, which enables them to see their small prey while gliding along so swiftly, and for the lightness, celerity, and darting manner of their flight. They are mostly familiar birds, loving to build around houses and barns, where they are generally made welcome. One species, remarkable for its swiftness, builds in chimneys. A picture of this variety is placed at the head of this article.

The family to which this belongs is that of the swifts, a term which designates their character. Of all birds, these are the loftiest inhabitants of the sky, and are most constantly upon the wing. Their wings are the largest of all birds, according to their size. Their whole weight is only an ounce, yet they measure eighteen inches at the tip of their wings. Other birds may occasionally ascend higher than the swifts, but none but them habitually get their living in the regions of the upper air.

The elevation of their flight varies with the weather. When it is moist, they fly lower than at other times. In the troubled state of the atmosphere preceding thunder-storms, they display unusual activity. These birds continue sixteen hours on the wing during the day, and accomplish a flight of at least 1,600 miles. Such feats are indeed surprising.

The swallow is several times mentioned in the Bible. In Psalm lxxxiv. 3, it is said—"Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts."

Isaiah xxxviii. 14, Hezekiah compares himself to a swallow, on account of his complaints in the time of his affliction. Solomon—Prov. xxvi. 2—employs the circumstance that the swallow does not migrate without a reason, as illustrating the curse not coming without a cause: "As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come."

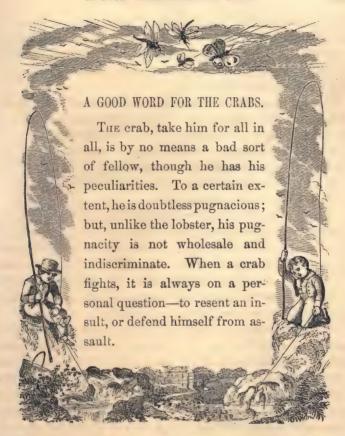


The Sea Swallow.

The sea swallow is a remarkable species, living, as its name denotes, in the vicinity of the sea. It feeds on insects and small fishes. It may be seen for hours, often far out upon the ocean, industriously plying its flight, now skimming the surface of the water, and now mounting high into the air. The vital energy of this bird, which enables it to sustain such a vigorous and lengthened flight, must be prodigious.

There are several varieties of this bird, which are found in various latitudes. In flying, their cry is sharp and piercing. Before their migration, they are seen to collect in great multitudes. When all their number is collected, and due consultations have been had, they usually all disappear in a single day.

The more familiar swallows have similar habits in this respect.



"The börskrabbe" (pursecrabbe), says Rumphius, "is a na tive of Amboyna, where it lives in the fissures of the rocks by day, and seeks its food by night on the beach. When met in the road, he sets himself up in a threatening attitude, and then retreats backward, making a great snapping with the pincers."

Rochefort says the same of the crabs in the West Indies: "When you try to catch them, they retreat sideways, show their teeth, and display their open pincers, striking them against each other." This is not the portraiture of a crab

seeking a quarrel. It exhibits, on the contrary, a character in which caution and courage are combined. If you thrust a quarrel upon him, he will do his devoir crabfully, and when he falls, it will be like a warrior, "with his back to the field, and his feet to the foe."

Perhaps you will tell me he is a duelist, and quote Aristotle and Pliny to prove it. I know that both these naturalists assert that crabs are in the habit of fighting like rams. Aristotle says so in the eighth book of his "History of Animals," and Pliny repeats the observation: "They will fight with one another, and then yee shall see them jurre and butt with their horns like rammes."

But it must be borne in mind that the mere fact of being engaged in a fair stand-up fight is no proof of a quarrelsome disposition. Who can tell what may have been the amount of provocation that had led to this hostile demonstration? There may have been a lady in the case, which, considering that crabs are arrayed, like knights-errant, always in full

panoply, is not by any means improbable.

There is abundant evidence that the crab is benevolent, patient, long-suffering; its powers of endurance are prodigious. Sir Charles Lyell tells us, in his "Principles of Geology," that, in the year 1832, a large female crab-cancer pagurus—was captured on the English coast, covered with oysters and smaller sea parasites, some of six years' growth. Two were four inches long and three and a half broad. Mr. Robert Brown saw the animal alive, in excellent health and spirits; and Mr. Broderip, who so usefully combines the naturalist with the police magistrate, possesses it dead. He has decided that this patient pagurus could not have cast its shell during the period of the venerable oysters' residence upon it, but must have retained it for six years, instead of moulting it annually, which is, according to some authorities, the habit of the species. The fable of the old man of the mountain becomes tame and pointless after this reality. The wily shellfish cheerfully endured what could not be cured, with a resignation and fortitude worthy of a crab of old Sparta.

Indeed, wisdom, foresight, and cunning are characteristics of the species, and in them it places more dependence than in physical force. That very börskrabbe which we have already mentioned affords a proof of this. Hear Rumphius again: "The natives of Amboyna relate that they (the crabs) climb the cocoa-nut trees to get at the milk which is in the fruit; hence," he says, "the common name they bear is that of the crab of the cocoa-nut." Pontoppidon, the learned Bishop of Bergen, also asserts that the crabs in Norway "have an artifice in throwing a stone between the shells of the oyster when open, so that it can not shut, and by that means seizing it as a prey."

Acts like these denote a subtle intellect; indeed, the crab's career affords strong evidence of his being generally under the influence of a calculating intelligence.

# DESIGNATION OF AGES IN CHINA.

"The Chinese seem to be great classifiers. In their government census, to every decade of life they apply some special designation. The age of 10 is called 'The opening degree;' 20, 'Youth expired;' 30, 'Strength and marriage;' 40, 'Officially apt;' 50, 'Ever knowing;' 60, 'Cycle closing;' 70, 'Rare of age;' 80, 'Rusty-visaged;' 90, 'Delayed;' 100, 'Age's extremity.'

"Among the Chinese, the amount of reverence grows with the number of years. I made, some years ago, the acquaintance of a Buddhist priest, living in the convent of Tieu-Tung, near Kingpo, who was more than a century old, and whom people of rank were in the habit of visiting, to show their re spect, and obtain his autograph."—Sir John Bowring.



## DECEMBER 31, 1856.

THERE goes an old Gaffer over the hill—
Thieving, and old, and gray;
He walks the green world his wallet to fill,
And carries good spoil away.

Into his bag he popped a king—After him went a friar;
Many a lady with gay gold ring,
Many a knight and squire.

He carried my true-love far away—
He stole the dog at my door;
The vile old Gaffer, thieving and gray,
He'll never come back any more.

My little darling, white and fair,
Sat in the door and spun;
He caught her fast by her silken hair,
Before the child could run.

He stole the florins out of my purse— The sunshine out of mine eyes; He stole my roses; and what is worse, The gray old Gaffer told lies.

He promised fair when he came by, And laughed as he slipped away, For every promise turned out a lie; But his tale is over to-day. Good-by, old Gaffer! you'll come no more, You've done your worst for me; The next gray robber will pass my door— There's nothing to steal or see!

## A GENEROUS CRIMINAL.

A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat, and concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay their rent. "You see me driven to despair," said the father, "my wife and little children without food or shelter, and I without the means to provide any for them." The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy, and then said-

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body, I will follow you to the city, they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back." "No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener, "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last, that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Everybody was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow, but the proof was before them; the fifty francs were paid and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview of the mayor, to whom he told the whole story.

The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offense which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

# ALMOST REASON.

Some time since, a pair of sparrows, which had built in the thatch roof of a house, in England, were observed to continue their regular visits to the nest, long after the time when the

young birds take flight.

This unusual circumstance continued throughout the year, and, in the winter, the gentleman who had all along observed them, determined to investigate the cause. He therefore mounted a ladder, and found one of the young ones detained a prisoner by means of a string of worsted which formed a part of the nest, it having become accidentally twisted around the leg. Being thus incapacitated from procuring its own sustenance, it had been fed by the continued exertions of its parents.



# LONGEVITY OF AUTHORESSES.

Hannah More, Mrs. Burney, and Miss Edgeworth sever ally died in 1833, 1840, 1849, at the ages of eighty-eight, eighty-eight, and eighty-two.

With these there flourished—but their bloom how brief!—Regina Maria Roche, who lingered on the scene to the age of eighty—1845; and Mrs. Jane West, whose career ended but eighteen months ago, at ninety-three; distinguished once—the living public requires to be told of it—the one by her "Children of the Abbey," &c., the other by her "Gossip's Story," "Infidel Father," and a large issue, both of romance and poetry, which it is not worth while now to disinter.

How oddly, how sadly, do they and their books invert the

position presented by Jane Austin and hers, soon to pass in this procession before us! Then, recurring back the length of a generation, we successively see departing, Mrs. Piozzi, the friend, correspondent, biographer of Johnson, in 1821, and the still admired Mrs. Barbauld, in 1825, both at the age of eighty-two; Joanna Baillie, so recently as 1851, at eighty-nine; Harriet Lee, the last of the two sisters—Sophia, the elder—once well known by their "Canterbury Tales"—in the same year, at ninety-five; and outstripping all, the lady astronomer, doubling the luster of the name she bears, Caroline L. Herschel, in 1846, just touching a century—ninety-eight!

Almost as near to the goal, to wit, ninety-seven, was Mrs. Garrick, a lady of fame, though not through her pen. And the same description serves for the Hon. Miss Monckton—such was her style—who reached, in 1840, the mark of ninety-four, and almost up to her closing day, conspicuous amid the fashion, and visited by the savans of the English capital; while her memory is preserved and ever fresh in the immortal pages of Boswell.

Without the octogenarian limit, but pressing toward it, Mrs. Sherwood, a special favorite with the evangelical community, counted, in 1851, seventy-seven years; Jane Porter—who survived her sister Anna Maria eighteen years—seventy-four in 1850; and Mrs. Hofland, whose "Son of a Genius" was once in so much vogue, the same number in 1844.

To wind up this enumeration, could one venture to be so retrospective as to let his glance go back some fifteen years prior to the earliest death-date given—1806, 1801—we might include the venerable Mrs. Carter, on the verge of ninety, and Mrs. Chapone, at seventy-five.

This might seem truly a goodly and cheering array to vouch for the healthful influences of a literary life. Still there is a reverse side to the picture, and it is not to be concealed. The names which, in the scale of length of days, next succeed to the very youngest of those already recited—

with the exception of Mrs. Inchbald, in 1821, whose period was sixty-seven—present a cluster much their juniors. For example, that mirror of the polite world, the Countess of Blessington, in 1849, at the age of sixty; Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, in 1846, at fifty-four; Mrs. Shelley, in 1851, the chief trophy of whose mind is "Frankenstein," at fifty-three; Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, the next year, at forty-nine—the two last, radiant not only with their own, but with the reflected luster of husbands or fathers, whose fame it was among the grateful editorial offices of both to perfect and extend.

Then appear, with about an equal lease of life, Mrs. Radcliffe, her years curtailed, in 1821, to fifty-nine, and Elizabeth Hamilton, in 1816, to fifty-six, whose honors rest secure with the "Cottagers of Glenburnie," "Modern Philosophers," and the "Letters on Education." These last, as well as Mrs. Inchbald, are strictly the coevals of the Edgeworths and the Mores.

Twelve or fifteen years more intervene to divide us from another group. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, whose American reputation, beyond that at home, owes perhaps something too much to the high auspices which here ushered her in, passed away in 1835, at the age of forty-one; then, at that of forty, both Jane Taylor, in 1823, and, fresh in memory, in 1850, Margaret Fuller; not however she, in the quiet course of nature, but mournfully lost in the war of its elements.

By a random guess, a period of life not wide from this may be assigned to Ellen Pickering, taken away in the autumn of 1843; for her exact age has baffled all my research. And yet one hesitates, while afloat in conjecture, to confine within such stinted duration, the uncounted products of a brain as exhaustless among women, as that of James among men.

About alike untimely, and departing nearly together, in 1818 and 1819, were Mrs. Brunton, the high-toned authoress of "Discipline" and "Self-Control;" and Jane Austin, not exceeding forty and forty-two, respectively; the last, an ex-

ample—how memorable and brilliant, not only of a fame all posthumous, but which, hardly emerging from her ashes till they had long been cold, has steadily waxed brighter and

brighter unto its perfect day.

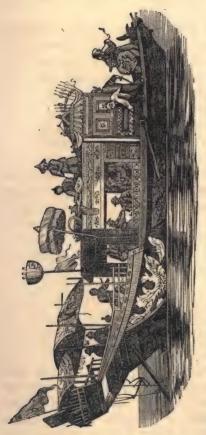
There remains only a trio, a little younger yet; stricken down in their bloom, if the phrase as concerns those last named, should rightly be—in their prime, viz., the lady who delighted in initials, L. E. L., Miss Landon, in 1838—not, however, her true name—at the age of thirty-six; the Countess of Lovelace—Augusta Ada Byron—at that of thirty-seven, in 1852; and with a more premature doom than all, Grace Aguilar, in 1847, at that of thirty-one.

Happily, Providence does not give occasion for us to recede further back than the threshold in our own country, unless it were to gather into our rich society that pair of precocious sisters, Lucretia and Margaret Davidson; who were yet in their teens—seventeen and sixteen—when they were "exhaled," in 1825 and 1838.

# FILIAL DUTY AND AFFECTION.

During an eruption of Mount Etna, the inhabitants of the adjacent country were obliged for safety to abandon their houses, and retire to a great distance. Amid the hurry and confusion of the scene, while every one was carrying away whatever he deemed most precious, two sons, in the height of their solicitude to preserve their wealth and goods, recollected that their father and mother, who were both very old, were unable to save themselves by flight. Suddenly they threw away their treasures, and one took up his father on his shoulders, and the other his mother, and they thus made their way through the surrounding smoke and flames. The deed struck all beholders with admiration; and ever since, the path they took in their retreat has been called "The Field of the Pious."

#### THE RIVER POPULATION OF CHINA.



THE enormous river population of China, who live only in boats, who are born and educated, who marry, rear their families, and die -who, in a word, begin and end their existence on the water, and never have or dream of any shelter other than the raft, and who seldom tread except on the deck or boards of their sampans - show to what extent their land is crowded, and how inadequate it is to maintain the cumberers of the soil.

In the city of Canton alone, it is estimated that 300,000 persons dwell upon the surface of the river; the boats, sometimes 20 or 30 feet deep, cover some miles, and have their wants supplied by ambulatory salesmen, who wend their way through every accessi-

ble passage. Of this vast population, some dwell in decorated river-boats, used for every purpose of license and festivity—for theaters—for concerts—for feasts—for gambling—for lust—for solitary and social receptions; some craft are employed in conveying goods and passengers, and are in a state of con-

stant activity; others are moored, and their owners are engaged as servants or laborers on shore. Indeed, their pursuits are probably nearly as various as those of the land

population.

The immense variety of boats which are found in Chinese waters has never been adequately described. Some are of enormous size, and are used as magazines for salt or rice; others have all domestic accommodations, and are employed for the transfer of whole families, with all their domestic attendants and accommodations, from one place to the other; some, called centipedes, from their being supposed to have 100 rowers, convey, with extraordinary rapidity, the more valuable cargoes from the inner warehouses to the foreign shipping in the ports: all these, from the huge and cumbrous junks, which remind one of Noah's ark, and which represent the rude and coarse constructions of the remotest ages, to the fragile planks upon which a solitary leper hangs upon the outskirts of society-boats of every form, and applied to every purpose, exhibit an incalculable amount of population, which may be called amphibious, if not aquatic.

# EXPENSES OF RELIGION.

Some researcher after curious statistics has made an estimate of the probable amount which it annually costs the individual members of the different sects in the United States to sustain their respective churches. The estimate is founded upon the last United States Census: A Baptist or Methodist, three dollars and forty cents; a Presbyterian, seven dollars; a Congregationalist, ten dollars; a Roman Catholic, fourteen dollars; an Episcopalian, eighteen dollars; a Reformed Dutch, twenty-two dollars; a Unitarian, twenty-three dollars.



GODFREY ENTRANCED BY A HEAVENLY VISION.

### JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

The poem of "Jerusalem Delivered," by Torquato Tasso, takes rank among the higher productions of human genius. This celebrated personage was born at Sorrento, in Italy, in 1544. He early displayed talent for poetical composition, and in 1565 was taken into the service of Cardinal Luigi

D'Este, brother of Alfonzo II., Duke of Ferrara. He became enamored of the Princess Eleonora, the duke's sister, to whom he addressed various sonnets; some of them boasting in prurient language of favors received, which, according to the best circumstantial evidence, were never granted, and if granted, should never have been mentioned.

In 1571, Tasso accompanied the cardinal to France; but after a time, he returned to Ferrara, where he was treated with the greatest kindness by Duke Alfonzo. In 1573 he applied himself to the completion of his great poem, already mentioned, and which he had begun several years before. In 1577, being in the apartments of the Duchess of Urbino, in the duke's palace, he fell into a violent fit of passion at some impertinence, real or supposed, of a domestic, and forgot himself so far as to throw a knife at him. This caused his arrest, but writing a submissive letter to the duke, he was released.

Soon after, it would appear that the duke having become acquainted with the liberties he had taken with the name of the princess, was incensed against him. Tasso, however, was left at liberty, and wandered about Italy for two years, seeming to be in a very unsettled state of mind. In 1579 he returned to France, by invitation of the duke. He arrived at a moment when the latter, with his whole family, were occupied in receiving his bride, Margarita Gonzaga. In this state of things Tasso was treated with inattention, perhaps with rudeness. He became furious, and uttered abusive words against the whole royal family. In consequence, he was arrested and confined as a madman in the hospital of St. Anna. Here he remained till July, 1586, a period of seven years.

This imprisonment subjected the duke to great obloquy, but Tasso's conduct seems to have furnished great apology for the harsh treatment he received. He appears to have been a man of nervous and irritable temperament, and was,

no doubt, at least partially insane. After his release he resided sometimes at Naples and sometimes at Rome. He enjoyed high reputation as a man of genius, and on his arrival at the latter city, he was met outside the gates by many gentlemen and attendants of the Papal Court, by whom he was led in a kind of triumph to the palace of the Vatican. Here lodgings were provided for him. Soon after, however, he became ill, and died on the 15th of April, 1595.

Although the other poems of Tasso are very numerous, his lasting fame rests upon "Jerusalem Delivered." The subject is indicated in the opening passage of his invocation:

"I sing the pious arms and chief, who freed
The sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane:
Much did he toil in thought, and much in deed;
Much in the glorious enterprise sustain;
And hell in vain opposed him; and in vain
Afric and Asia to the rescue pour'd
Their mingled tribes;—Heaven recompensed his pain,
And from all fruitless sallies of the sword,
True to the Red-Cross flag his wandering friends restored."

The hero of the poem is Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lower Lorraine, who, on account of his celebrity in arms, his noble descent, and his high reputation for both morals and valor, was made the leader of 80,000 foot and 10,000 horsemen, destined to aid in the capture of Jerusalem. The whole army of a hundred thousand warriors, and a multitude of attendants, who had previously departed under the direction of Peter the Hermit, had been either cut off by those whom they had outraged on the way, or by Soliman, the Turkish Sultan of Iconium, on the plains of Nice. A small portion only of the immense horde which soon after set out from Europe on the crusade, reached Palestine. Godfrey led the remnant of these to the attack, and by his courage, wisdom, and energy, planted the banner of the cross on the

walls of Jerusalem, July 15th, 1099. Three days of unsparing butchery and plunder marked the Christian triumph. Godfrey was now proclaimed King of Jerusalem, but he modestly rejected the title, taking that only of "Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre." He persisted in refusing to wear any diadem in that city in which the Redeemer had been crowned with thorns. He secured himself in the government to which he had been elevated by totally overthrowing, near Askalon, the myriads which the Caliph of Egypt and the Ottoman chieftains brought against him-and which were commanded by the renowned Asphad, vizier of the Egyptian Sultan, Mostali-August 12, 1099. Godfrey died the next year, after much too short a reign for the glory and happiness of his newly-established kingdom. He was succeeded in the government by his brother Baldwin. In 1187, however, the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem was taken by the celebrated Saladin.

Godfrey was no doubt a worthy hero for this great epic of the Italian bard. The poem abounds not only in battles and bloodshed, but marvels and miracles, in visions and inspirations, in which God and angels, demons and enchanters are seen to mix themselves up with the affairs of men. We present a mere outline, sufficient to give a general idea of the poem.

Already five years had passed since a holy zeal had drawn Christians to the East. From His throne on high the Eternal Father looked down upon the earth. Especially he fixed his supreme regard upon Syria and the assembled Christian princes. At a glance, his eye beholds Godfrey, who burns with ardor to free Jerusalem from its thraldom; Baldwin, who pants for glory; Tancred, devoured with human passions. He sees Bohemond, of Austria, absorbed in establishing laws in his new empire of Antioch; and the impetuous Rinaldo, panting to distinguish himself by military prowess.

After having looked into the hearts of these warriors, the Eternal sends the angel Gabriel to urge Godfrey on to the capture of Jerusalem, to assemble his chiefs, and place himself at their head. Inflamed with a holy zeal, Godfrey collects the scattered forces, and addresses the assembled chiefs, calling upon them to return to the siege with redoubled valor.

After he had thus spoken, the famous hermit, Peter, a simple monk, yet seated in the midst of the princes, rises up, and advocates the continuation of an enterprise which he was the first to propose. He advises them immediately to choose a chief whom all should be proud to follow. Godfrey of Bouillon was therefore declared general-in-chief of the army. He shows himself to the soldiers, and he appears worthy of this high station. He receives their homage and applause with modesty, and orders all the Christian forces to assemble on the morrow, in a vast plain, in order of battle. The command is obeyed, and they pass in review before him. First came the French knights and soldiers, commanded by leaders of courage and distinction; after these the light-haired Germans advanced with their renowned commanders; then a numerous squadron of English and Irish. Then came the generous and intrepid Tancred, with the soldiers of smiling Tuscany and the fertile Campania.

After these march the Greeks, covered with bows and arrows, and led by Tatine. They are mounted on swift and enduring steeds, prompt to attack, as well as prompt to retreat, in case of need. The next in order, we give in the words of Wiffen's translation:

Lo now, the last in order of command,
But first for honor, skill, and glorious scars,
The adventurers come, a brave, unconquer'd band,
The dread of Asia, thunderbolts of Mars!
Cease, Argo, thy renown'd adventurers,
Thy errant peers, Prince Arthur, cease to cite—
Filling our books with fable! fame instars
All antique story with a beam less bright
Than theirs;—now what fit chief may lead them to the fight?

Dudon of Consa! for, as hard it was Their birth and bravery to decide between-All had agreed to rank beneath his laws, As one who most had both achieved and seen. In the last stage of mellowing manhood, keen Shines his gray eye, and with his silver hairs He shows a strength still juvenile and green; While, as in noble proof of what he dares,

He many a seam and scar in front imprinted bears.

The description of the knights and princes which appear in succession before the commander, is highly picturesque, and displays a long list of names famous in the annals of this extraordinary enterprise.

Godfrey, satisfied with his resources, calls his chiefs, and bids them prepare to advance upon the holy city. At the same time multitudes of native Christians descend from the heights of Mount Seir, furnishing provisions for the army, and guiding them on their march. The neighboring sea groans under the weight of the vessels from Venice, France, England, Holland, and Sicily, which cover the waters, and which bring provisions to the crusade army.

At the moment that the attack is about to be made, a confused murmur runs through the city and adjacent fields of Jerusalem. Aladine, the Mohammedan tyrant, who had gained the throne of Judea, begins to be alarmed; he fears his enemies and doubts his subjects. In the city there were two parties, the Christians and Mohammedans. "I see," said he, "the joy of these infidels, but I will satiate myself with their blood; —I will fire their temples, sacrifice their priests, and destroy their children." At the same time he more strongly fortified Jerusalem, and assembled together his warriors.

While the tyrant prepared himself for the combat, Ismeno presented himself before him:

While the vex'd tyrant thus prepared to arm,
Alone to him one day Ismeno drew;
Ismeno, who from the closed tomb can charm
The dead, and make them feel and breathe anew;
Ismeno, who oft, as tales devoutly true
Affirm by whisper'd rhyme and murmur'd spell
Unbinds the demons of the deep to do
Deeds without name, or chains them in his cell,
And makes e'en Pluto pale upon the throne of hell.

A Christian once, he now adores Mahound,
Yet former rites not wholly can forego,
But oft to foulest use will he confound
The laws of both, though well he neither know;
And now from caves where fern and nightshade grow,
Far from the vulgar, where in glooms immersed,
He his black arts is wont to practice, slow
Glides he to front the storm about to burst,—
To an accursed king a counselor more accursed.

"For me, I come my succor to impart,
Thy friend alike in peril and in pain;
The utmost efforts of my magic art,
And the deep counsels of my aged brain,
Are at thy service; yea, I will constrain
The angel hosts from blessedness that fell,
Part of th' impending labor to sustain;
But where I purpose to commence the spell,
And by what simple means, give audience while I tell.

"Low in the Christian temple, under earth, Stands in a secret grotto the rich shrine Of her who gave their buried God to birth, The Virgin Mother and the saint divine; Before the vail that screens her image shine Undying lamps that to the mummery lend Bright pomp; and round, with many a senseless sign, The sapient devotees their gifts suspend, There in long vigils kneel, in dumb devotions bend.

"Now this their image I would have convey'd,
With thine own hand from their invaded fane,
To the chief mosque, and on it shall be laid
Spells of such power, that long as we retain
The new palladium in our keep, a train
Of mighty spirits shall protect thy states;
While steel attacks and fire assaults in vain,
Unrent the wall, impregnable the gates,
We shall the war roll back, and disappoint the fates!"

He said: the king approved; and in all haste Sped to the Christian sanctuary, and tore Down from its shrine the image of the chaste, And with irreverence to the temple bore, Where oft his impious Mussulmans adore, High Heaven incensing; there in dreadful style His spells the black magician mumbles o'er The holy image in th' unholy pile,—

Hymns which insult the skies, and praises which revile.

The next morning the image is no longer in the mosque where it had been placed. It was immediately conjectured that it must have been taken away by some Christian hand. The word is given; the followers of the tyrant spread themselves through the houses of the Christians, seeking in vain for the ravished image. Inflamed with anger, maddened by a furious rage, Aladine vows vengeance. "Let the innocent suffer with the guilty!" he cried; "kindle the pile, draw your swords! to arms, ye sons of the faithful!"

Death appears in all its horrors to the unhappy Christians, who fly in consternation. Suddenly a young woman, named Sophronia, beautiful, but modest, advances, and demands an audience of Aladine. "Suspend thy vengeance," she cries.



"I am here to reveal to you the guilty person. It is I who stole away the holy image. The glory was mine, let me alone share your vengeance!"

The satellites of the tyrant immediately seize upon her, and prepare her for the stake. She is already bound by her tender hands. At the same time the story is spread rapidly through the city. Olindo—a noble youth, of the same faith,

and in heart her lover-arrives at the fatal spot. He sees the condemned, with innocence upon her countenance, in the hands of her executioners. He rushes forward, and places himself before Aladine.

"My lord, it was not this maiden who stole away the sacred image from your altar!" he exclaimed; "she could not accomplish such a task! It is I, my lord; I am the criminal!"

Sophronia raised her eyes, and cast upon Olindo a glance full of sadness and pity. "Alas! unhappy man, you are innocent; I am able to support my fate, and do not need a companion in my suffering!" The tyrant, roused to fury, orders Olindo to be bound to the fatal stake. The two Christians are already surrounded by the crackling flames. Olindo is agitated with an agony of distressing thoughts: Sophronia, in a state of holy calmness, seeks to console her companion. An unwonted feeling of pity inspires the heart of Aladine at this moving spectacle; even he, the bloody tyrant turns away his eyes from the scene.

A lofty warrior, of imposing mein and armor, at this moment appears. The silver tigress impressed on her helmet immediately announces her as Clorinda, a princess of Persia, who has come to aid in repelling the Christians. While yet a child, she learned to govern a horse, to hurl a lance, to wield a sword: arrived at woman's estate, she became a hunter in the field, a lion in the combat! She approaches the burning pile; she notices and pities the victims. She flies to Aladine, and obtains their pardon as the price of her aid in the approaching conflict.

Two heralds now approach, with a message from Asdhal, the vizier of Mostali, Caliph of Egypt; but Godfrey refuses all overtures of peace. The Christians arm themselves; the camp re-echoes with preparations for war. When all is prepared, they approach the holy city. Deep emotions fill the hearts of the besiegers; they press on, and are soon discovered by a sentinel, who cries, "To arms! the enemy approaches!"

The old men and children within the city hasten to the mosques to pray; the men of middle age, and the youth, seize their arms, and prepare for defense. Aladine hurries from place to place, giving his orders and stimulating his soldiers.

Clorinda heads a band of warriors, and meeting a body of Christians, so violent is her attack, that for a moment they waver and give back; but the brave Tancred flies to their succor. The intrepid Rinaldo, also, seeing the Christians sorely pressed, comes to the rescue with the flower of the army. Dudon and his heroes swell the onslaught. But the career of this aged chieftain is suddenly terminated by a blow from the fierce Argantes. Rinaldo, who witnesses this event, burns to revenge his friend, and rushes on the infidels, carrying fright and terror on every side. At the same time, with voice and gesture, he encourages the Christians, and menaces the Saracens. Godfrey, fearing this excess of ardor, commands his followers to retire, and save their strength for another attack.

The Christian warriors, as it appears, had not the Mohammedan forces only to contend with, for,

While thus in fervent toil the artisan
His warlike engines framed, of largest size,
To storm the city, the grand foe of man
Against the Christians turn'd his livid eyes;
And seeing them in glad societies,
On the new works successfully engaged,
Bit both his lips for fury, and in sighs
And bellowings, like a wounded bull enraged,
Roar'd forth his inward grief, and envy unassuaged.

A variety of troubles, of course, fall upon the besiegers, and among others, dissensions in their own camp. Rinaldo 27



wishes to take a rank in the Christian army, to which Gernando aspires. The latter is descended from those kings of Norway who owned numberless provinces; the recollection of the riches and power of his ancestors fed his pride. Rinaldo's ancestors had been illustrious for centuries, both in peace and war; he, too, was renowned for warlike deeds, but he boasts not either of his deeds or his ancestry.

Gernando could not endure that a simple chevalier should presume to be his rival. His anger and contempt knew no bounds; his heart swelled with rage. All that was great and magnanimous within him was poisoned by jealousy.

In the center of the camp was a large inclosure, where the heroes assembled for trials of skill and strength. There, drawn on by his evil spirit, Gernando dares to insult Rinaldo. He speaks words of spite and hate; his tongue drops poison. Rinaldo sees him—hears him. "Thou liest!" he cried, and instantly unsheathing his sword, he precipitated himself upon him. His voice, says the poet, was like thunder; his sword, the vivid lightning that forewarns the tempest. Gernando trembled; he sees instant death, he can not escape it; he will not fly, and, sword in hand, he awaits his enemy.

A thousand swords were now drawn. Friends of the combatants surround them, and strive to separate them. But nothing can soften the anger of the insulted warrior; he throws himself in the midst of the clamorous throng, and, finally opening a passage, confronts his adversary. Always master of himself, in spite of his anger, he directs his blows toward his rival. He aims at his heart, his head, at the right, at the left; his raised and impetuous hand eludes those who seek to parry his blows. At length he plunges his sword in the breast of his enemy; draws it out and plunges it in a second time. Gernando falls, bathed in blood; the victor sheathes his bloody weapon, and leaves the spot!

Among the many supernatural episodes in the poem, is the following:

Sweno, only son of the Danish monarch, the glory and support of his age, burned to associate his name and fame with the warriors who had drawn the sword to avenge the ravished sepulchre of Christ. He desired to learn the art of war; he was filled with emulation, but especially was he in-



spired with the desire of immortal and celestial renown. He burns to combat the Saracens and dip his hands in their blood. Attended by devoted followers, he seeks the enemy. Famine, pestilence, opposition, attend his path, but he triumphs over every obstacle.

Arriving at the frontiers of Palestine, a formidable army approaches. The intrepid Sweno, with a calm and serene

aspect, cried, "Companions in arms, this day will give us either the victorious crown or the martyr's glory!" Suddenly the battle came. Sweno fought like a lion at the head of his forces. But the combat was unequal, and rivers of blood flowed from his friends around; making a ghastly rampart of the bodies of his men, however, he carried terror into the hearts of his enemies. But overborne, he sank to the earth, at last, covered with wounds.

One of Sweno's followers, as he lay wounded upon the field, in a state between death and sleep, saw suddenly a light appear, as if before him, and heard a faint murmur in his ear. Opening with pain his heavy and swollen eyelids, he saw two aged men, draped in long garments, one with a sword in his hand. He then spoke, saying, solemnly, "Oh my son, believe in God!" Scarcely had these words been pronounced, when the wounded man rose up with new vigor. "Raise thine eyes," said the seer; "regard the star that shines before you; its rays will guide you to the spot where lies the body of Sweno."

The light descended, and covered with brightness the body of the pale and lifeless chieftain. His right hand still grasped his sword. The aged stranger unclasped the pallid fingers, and presented the weapon to the soldier. "Solyman slew Sweno," said he; "the sword of Sweno must slay Solyman! To the camp of the Christians at Jerusalem, and fear not! You will give this sword to Rinaldo, and tell him that Heaven expects him to avenge the fate of Sweno!" Then the two bade farewell and disappeared.

The aid which Godfrey himself obtained from supernatural sources, is thus indicated:

Invisible to all other eyes, the celestial warrior, who watched over the destiny of Godfrey, presented himself before him. He was covered with a divine armor, the brightness of which vied with that of the unclouded sun. "Godfrey," said he, "the hour is arrived when Zion must be triumphant; close

not thy dazzled vision, but contemplate the divine assistance that Heaven sends thee.

"Cast thine eyes upward, and behold the ranks of immortal warriors assembled in the air. I will dissipate the cloud that thy human nature draws around thee, and which obscures thy senses. Thou shalt see the celestial spirits; thou shalt for a moment endure the effulgence of angelic brightness.

"There are warriors who once were like thyself, avengers of the Cross, but now inhabitants of the heavenly courts. They come to second thy efforts, and share thy victory. In the midst of these clouds of dust and smoke, upon that vast pile of ruins, fights thy friend Hugo. Further on, Dudon, wielding sword and fire, beats at the northern gate; he furnishes arms to thy soldiers; he encourages them; he raises the ladders, and urges them to mount. That spirit that thou seest on yonder hill, the crown on his head, and covered with pontifical robes, is Ademar; he stretches over thee his guardian arm. Still higher, behold all the celestial host united against the infidels."

Godfrey raised his eyes, and an innumerable army appears before him. Three squadrons divided themselves into three circles, each circle growing larger and larger. Dazzled by this wonderful vision, he closes his eyes for a moment, but on reopening them the celestial hosts had vanished. He, however, sees on all sides his troops triumphant, and crowned with victory.

## QUEEN BESS.

"Good Queen Bess," when she visited Worcester, borrowed two hundred pounds of the corporation, which still stands as a "bad debt" on the town books!



ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII., occupies a prominent place in history. She was of Austrian descent, though the daughter of Philip II. of Spain; mother of Louis XIV., and regent during his long minority; and was connected with the French court during the period of the renowned ministers, Richelieu and Mazarin. She seems, therefore, to have

been a sort of pivot, around which revolved some of the most noted events in the history of France, indeed, of Europe, in modern times.

Anne was evidently a woman of more than ordinary talent. During her time there was a popular outbreak, and she and her court were in a state of imprisonment in the Palais Royal. The proud queen pacified the people, but soon escaped from Paris. Then came on the celebrated war of the Fronde, in which the noblesse, the citizens, and the people of Paris, were combined against her, her ministers, and their adherents.

The court was so fortunate as to secure the services of Marshal Turenne, who triumphed over the valor of the young noblesse, headed by the great Duke of Condé. The result of the rebellion and of the administration of Anne of Austria was, that the nobles and middle class were completely subdued, and were not afterward able to offer resistance to the royal power. This paved the way for the imperious sway of Louis XIV., which established absolute monarchy, and which remained till overturned by the Revolution of 1793.

Anne was of pleasing exterior, and was the theme of numerous scandals, which, however, are now generally regarded as without foundation. She died 1666, aged 64.

## COMMENTARY ON THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

Ar the examination of the children of the Windsor Infant School, a little boy was asked to explain his idea of "bearing false witness against your neighbor." After hesitating, he said it was "telling lies;" on which the worthy and reverend examiner said, "That is not exactly an answer. What do you say?" addressing a little girl who stood next, when she immediately replied, "It was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told of it."



VOYAGE OF 25,000 MILES AROUND A PUDDING.

Dr. Bushwacker folded his napkin, drew it through the silver ring, laid it on the table, folded his arms, and leaned back in his chair, by which we knew there was something at work in his knowledge-box. "My dear madam," said he, with an aboriginal shake of the head, "there are a great many things to be said about that pudding."

Now, such a remark at a season of the year when eggs are five for a shilling, and not always fresh at that, is enough to discomfort anybody. The doctor perceived it at once, and instantly added, "In a geographical point of view, there are many things to be said about that pudding. My dear madam," he continued, "take tapioca itself; what is it, and where does it come from?"

Our eldest boy, just emerging from chickenhood, answered, "85 Chambers-street, two doors below the Irving House."

"True, my dear young friend," responded the doctor, with

a friendly pat on the head; "true, but that is not what I mean. Where," he repeated, with a questioning look through his spectacles, and a Bushwackian nod, "does tapioca come from?"

"Rio de Janeiro and Para."

"Yes, sir; from Rio de Janeiro in the southern, and Para in the northern part of the Brazils, do we get our tapioca; from the roots of a plant called the Mandioca, botanically, Jatropha Manihot, or, as they say, the Cassava. The roots are long and round, like a sweet potato; generally a foot or more in length. Every joint of the plant will produce its roots, like the cuttings of a grape-vine. The tubers are dug up from the ground, peeled, scraped, or grated, then put in long sacks of flexible ratan-sacks, six feet long or more; and at the bottom of the sack they suspend a large stone, by which the flexible sides are contracted, and then out pours the cassava-juice in a pan placed below to receive it. This juice is poisonous, sir, highly poisonous, and very volatile. Then, my dear madam, it is macerated in water, and the residuum, after the volatile part, the poison, is evaporated, is the innocuous farina, which looks like small crumbs of bread, and which we call tapioca. The best kind of tapioca comes from Rio, which is, I believe, about five thousand five hundred miles from New York; so we must put down that as a little more than one-fifth of our voyage around the pudding."

This made our eldest open his eyes.

"Eggs and milk," continued Dr. Bushwacker, "are home productions; but sugar, refined sugar, is made partly of the moist and sweet yellow sugar of Louisiana, partly of the hard and dry sugar of the West Indies. I will not go into the process of refining sugar now, but I may observe here, that the sugar we get from Louisiana, if refined and made into a loaf, would be quite soft, with large loose crystals; while the Havana sugar, subjected to the same treatment, would make a white cone almost as compact and hard as granite. But

we have made a trip to the Antilles for our sugar, and so you may add fifteen hundred miles more for the saccharum."

"That is equal to nearly one-third of the circumference of

the pudding we live upon, sir."

"Vanilla," continued the doctor, "with which this pudding is so delightfully flavored, is the bean of a vine that grows wild in the multitudinous forests of Venezuela, New Granada, and, in fact, throughout South America. The long pod, which looks like the scabbard of a sword, suggested the name to the Spaniards; vayna meaning scabbard, from which comes the diminutive, vanilla, or little scabbard—appropriate enough, as every one will allow. These beans, which are worth here from six to twenty dollars a pound, could be as easily cultivated as hops in that climate; but the indolence of the people is so great, that not one Venezuelian has been found with sufficient enterprise to set out one acre of vanilla, which would yield him a small fortune every year. No, sir, the peons, or peasants, raise their garabanzas for daily use, but beyond that they never look. They plant their crops in the footsteps of their ancestors, and, if it had not been for their ancestors, they would probably have browsed on the wild grass of the llanos or plains. Ah! there are a great many such bobs hanging at the tail of some ancestral kite, even in this great city, my dear, learned friend."

"True, doctor, you are right, there."

"Well, sir, the vanilla is gathered from the wild vines in the woods. Off goes the hidalgo, proud of his noble ancestry, and toils home under a back-load of the refuse beans from the trees, after the red monkey has had his pick of the best. A few reals pay him for the day's work, and then, hey for the cock-pit! There, Signor Olfogie meets the Marquis de Shinplaster, or the Padre Corcorochi, and of course gets whistled out of his earnings with the first click of the gaffa. Then back he goes to his miserable hammock, and so ends his year's labor. That, sir, is the history of the flavoring, and

you will have to allow a stretch across the Caribbean, say twenty-five hundred miles, for the vanilla."

"We are getting pretty well round, doctor."

"Then we have sauce here, wine-sauce—Teneriffe, I should say, by the flavor.

'The isles

Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring Their spicy drugs.'

We must take four thousand miles at least for the wine, my learned friend, and say nothing of the rest of the sauce."

"Except the nutmeg, doctor."

"Thank you, my dear young friend; thank you. The nutmeg! To the Spice Islands in the Indian Ocean we are indebted for our nutmegs. Our old original Knickerbockers,
the web-footed Dutchmen, have the monopoly of this trade.
Every nutmeg has paid toll at the Hague before it yields its
aroma to our graters. The Spice Islands! The almost fabulous Moluccas, where neither corn nor rice will grow; where
the only quadrupeds they have are the odorous goats that
breathe the fragrant air, and the musky crocodiles that bathe
in the high-seasoned waters. The Moluccas,

'From beneath the cliff Of sunny-sided Teneriffe And ripened in the blink Of India's sun.'

There, sir! Milton, sir. From Ternate and Tidore, and the rest of that marvelous cluster of islands, we get our nutmegs, our mace, and our cloves. Add twelve thousand miles at least to the circumference of the pudding for the nutmeg."

"This is getting to be a pretty large pudding, doctor."

"Yes, sir. We have traveled already twenty-five thousand five hundred miles around it, and now let us re-circumnavigate and come back by the way of Mexico, so that we can get a silver spoon, and penetrate into the interior!"



THE TWO DOCTORS TRYING TO PERSUADE M. DE POURCEAUGNAC THAT HE IS UNWELL

# MOLIÈRE.

Mounte, the most celebrated of the French comic dramatists, was born in Paris in 1632, being the son of an upholsterer. As he was designed for his father's trade, he was poorly educated, till the age of fourteen, when he was sent to the College of Clermont.

Cardinal Richelieu was fond of theatrical amusements, and had private theatricals in his palace. Molière performed at some of these, and thus displayed talent and acquired taste for the stage. In 1653 his first comedy was played at Lyons. After this, he rapidly gained reputation in his profession, which went on increasing till his death, in 1673.

Among the most celebrated of Molière's plays are "Tartuffe," which presents a powerful picture of hypocrisy in the person of its hero; "Les Femmes Savantes," in which groundless pretensions are ridiculed with great force of humor; "L'Ecole des Femmes," "Le Misantrope," &c.

All these are keen satires upon life, and are full of practical moral philosophy. There are others—as "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "M. de Pourceaugnac," &c.—though very lively and laughable, are rather farces than comedies. The latter is in fact only an account of the impositions practised by some mischievous wags of Paris upon a rather simple country gentleman.

### A PERSIAN WAG.

Ar a ball recently given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, a group, among which was the Secretary of Feruk Khan, were discussing the merits of the Euphrates Valley Railroad. "Your country," said a lady to the secretary, "will then be very near to us." "Yes, if the project should be accomplished." "Do you doubt its accomplishment?" "The difficulties of execution are very great and numerous." "Certainly, but the English engineers will surmount them." "Oh!" replied the young Persian with an air of cunning, "there is one against which their science must fall; all these deserts are peopled with ostriches." "Well?" "Well, these birds, you know, digest iron; they will, perhaps, eat the road up!"



HALF OF THE PROFITS.

A NOBLEMAN, resident at a chateau near Pisa, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a large turbot.

Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered

with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him.

"One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whipcord on the bargain."

The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished; but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have; but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold!" exclaimed the fisherman; "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share."

"What! are there two such madcaps in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman. "Name him, and he shall be sent for instantly."

"You need not go very far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot."

"Oh!" said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly; he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice."

This operation having been faithfully performed, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

## MATRIMONY.

When General Lafayette was in the United States, two young men were introduced to him. He said to one, "Are you married?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Happy man," quoth the general. He then put the same question to the other, who replied, "I am a bachelor." "Lucky dog," said the general.



A MILLIONAIRE BEGGAR.

THE Paris correspondent of one of the papers furnishes the following:

"It is not long since I related to you a rather curious story of a young female rag-picker, who turned out to be the daughter of a wealthy merchant. Here is the fellow to that anecdote, and it is still more marvelous, but not less true.

"Upon one of the most frequented bridges of Paris, was every day to be seen a man of about sixty years of age, clothed in rags, though in seeming good health. This old man asked the charity of passers-by, in a plaintive voice, and, as he appeared worthy, many a sou was thrown into his cup.

"One evening a lady passed near him, and, taking a piece of money from her purse, put it in the old man's hand, and walked on, conscious of having done a kind act. Upon re-

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turning to her own house, she discovered that, instead of a penny, she had, through mistake, given the old beggar a twenty-franc piece. She immediately returned to the bridge, but the mendicant was gone. Turning to a woman, also a beggar upon the bridge, she inquired the old man's address, and learned that he lived in the rue de Lille. The next morning she went to the house indicated, and found it to be an elegant hotel.

"'No doubt he lives in one of the garrets, where he is permitted to lodge rent free,' said she to herself. 'I'll ask. Old

Marcel?' she demanded of the porter.

"'First story, in front, madam!' was the reply.

"Arrived at the rooms alluded to, the lady felt certain that there must be some mistake. She did not like to trouble the servants of a prince to ask after a beggar, but finally suppressing her emotion, and determined to see the end of the adventure, she rung the bell. A man in livery presented himself.

"' Could you show me the room of old Father Marcel?" asked the lady.

"'It is here,' answered the servant. 'Please sit down, and

I will go and call monsieur.'

"'There is certainly a blunder somewhere,' thought the lady; 'but as the same names are frequently borne by rich

and poor alike, I shall only need to beg pardon.'

"Scarcely had she seated herself upon a sofa, when a second domestic opened the door of a handsome saloon, and a tall, old man, wrapped in a rich morning-gown, advanced, and said—

" 'Of what service can I be to you, madam?'

"'Why, sir,' stammered the lady, 'I trust you will excuse the apparent impertinence, but the name, the address, even a striking resemblance, may plead for the error I have made. These are the circumstances. Yesterday, in passing over the Pont Royal, I hastily gave a Napoleon instead of a copper to

a poor man who—but these details are useless. Permit me to retire.'

"'Remain, madam, if you please,' he answered, smiling. 'You are not mistaken. You are speaking to old Marcel; and I recognize you as the lady who has frequently bestowed alms upon me. If by error you gave me a twenty-franc piece, we will try to recover the coin. Pierre! bring me yesterday's receipts!'

"The lackey disappeared, and the lady was nore astonished than ever. In a moment Pierre returned, bearing a large plate, upon which was a pile of small money, which the old man ordered him to empty upon the table. Marcel then turned over the coppers, and presently found the gold

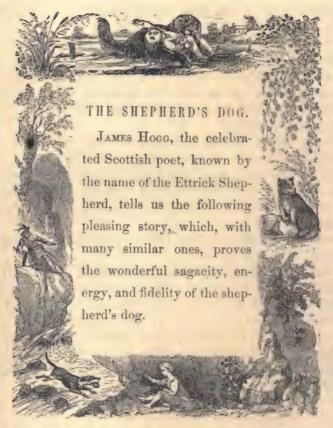
piece.

"'You are right, madam,' said he, courteously handing it to her. 'Here is the coin.'

"The lady could scarcely believe her eyes. She received her money with a blush, and bowed to Marcel, who respectfully conducted her to the door. She has now learned to bestow her charitable gifts with more circumspection, and scarcely expects a repetition of her extraordinary adventure. Such an occurrence, in any other part of the world, would certainly seem incredible, but in a wonderful city like Paris, it is only a commonplace affair."

## A GOOD COMPANION.

Lessing says: "The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker."



"I was a shepherd for two years on the same farm, where I had always about seven hundred lambs put under my charge every year, at weaning time. As they were of the short or black-faced breed, the breaking of them was a very ticklish and difficult task. I was obliged to watch them night and day, for the first four days, during which time I had always a person to assist me. It happened, one year, that, just about midnight, the lambs broke loose, and came up the moor upon us, making a noise with their running louder than

thunder. We got up and waved our plaids, and shouted, in hopes to turn them, but we only made matters worse, for in a moment they were all around us, and by our exertions we cut them into three divisions: one of these ran north, another south, and those that came up between us, straight up the moor to the westward.

"I called out, 'Sirrah, my man, they are away'—the word, of all others, that set him most upon the alert; but owing to the darkness of the night and blackness of the moor, I never saw him at all.

"As the division of the lambs that ran southward were going straight toward the fold, where they had been that day taken from their dams, I was afraid they would go there, and again mix with them; so I threw off part of my clothes and pursued them, and by great personal exertion, and the help of another old dog that I had besides Sirrah, I turned them, but in a few minutes afterward lost them altogether. I ran here and there, not knowing what to do, but always, at intervals, gave a loud whistle to Sirrah, to let him know that I was depending on him. By that whistling, the lad who was assisting me found me out; but he likewise had lost all trace whatsoever of the lambs.

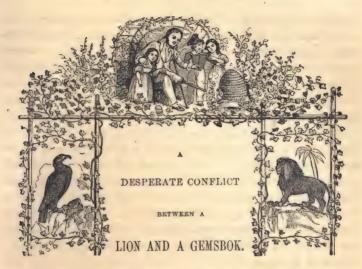
"I asked if he had never seen Sirrah. He said he had not, but that, after I left him, a wing of the lambs had come round him with a twirl, and that he supposed Sirrah had given them a turn, though he could not see him for the darkness. We both concluded that, whatever way the lambs ran at first, they would finally land at the fold where they left their mothers, and, without delay, we bent our course toward that; but when we came there, there was nothing of them, nor any kind of bleating to be heard, and we discovered with vexation that we had come on a wrong track.

"My companion then bent his course toward the farm of Glen, on the north, and I ran away westward for several miles, along the wild track where the lambs had grazed while following their dams. We met, after it was day, far up in a place called the 'Black Cleuch,' but neither of us had been able to discover our lambs, nor any trace of them. It was the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing to do but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them.

"On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the 'Flesh Cleuch,' and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up, and when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs, which Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation; for it was about a mile and a half distant from the place where they first broke and scattered. But what was our astonishment, when we discovered, by degrees, that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun, and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to assist him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can say further is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to Sirrah that morning."

## THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DANIEL AND NOAH.

When Daniel Webster was traveling in the West, a distin guished citizen, on being introduced to him, said, "Mr. Webster, I have studied your spelling-book and dictionary, but I never had the pleasure of seeing you before." This man had not found out the difference between Daniel and Noah.



Dr. Livingstone, in his recent account of his travels, gives a very interesting description of a fight he witnessed in Africa between a lion and a gemsbok, which is a large species of antelope.

The doctor and his guides had just emerged from a narrow defile, between two rocky hills, when they heard an angry growl, which they knew to be that of the monarch of the forest. At the distance of not more than forty yards in advance of them, a gemsbok stood at bay, while a huge, tawny lion was crouched on a rocky platform, above the level of the plain, evidently meditating an attack on the antelope. Only a space of about twenty feet separated the two animals. The lion appeared to be animated with the greatest fury; the gemsbok was apparently calm and resolute, presenting his well-fortified head to the enemy.

The lion cautiously changed his position, descended to the plain, and made a circuit, obviously for the purpose of attacking the gemsbok in the rear, but the latter was on the alert, and still turned his head toward his antagonist. The

maneuvering lasted for half an hour, when it appeared to the observers that the gemsbok used a stratagem to induce the lion to make the assault. The flank of the antelope was for a moment presented to his fierce assailant. As quick as lightning the lion made a spring, but while he was yet in the air, the gemsbok turned his head, bending his neck so as to present one of his spear-like horns at the lion's breast.

A terrible laceration was the consequence; the lion fell back on his haunches, and showed a ghastly wound in the lower part of his neck. He uttered a howl of rage and anguish, and backed off to the distance of fifty yards, seeming half disposed to give up the contest, but hunger, fury, or revenge once more impelled him forward. His second assault was more furious and headlong; he rushed at the gemsbok, and attempted to leap over the formidable horns, in order to alight on his back.

The gemsbok, still standing on the defensive, elevated his head, speared the lion in his side, and inflicted what the spectators believed to be a mortal wound, as the horns penetrated to the depth of six or eight inches. Again the lion retreated, groaning and limping in a manner which showed that he had been severely hurt; but he soon collected all his energies for another attack. At the instant of collision, the gemsbok presented a horn so as to strike the lion immediately between his two forelegs, and so forceful was the stroke, that the whole length of the horn was buried in the lion's body. For nearly a minute the two beasts stood motionless; then the gemsbok, slowly backing, withdrew his horn, and the lion tottered and fell on his side, his limbs quivering in the agonies of death.

The victor made a triumphant flourish of his heels, and trotted off, apparently without having received the least injury in the conflict.



## THE ART OF PRINTING.

The author of "Salad for the Social" has collected together some interesting items touching "Book Craft" and the "Black Art," as printing has been irreverently termed. He speaks in fitting terms of Franklin, the printer, author, and statesman, who was technically described by one of the fraternity as follows:

"The \* of his profession, the type of honesty, the ! of all; and, although the of death has put a. to his existence, every § of his life is without a ||;" which, translated for the benefit of the uninitiated, means: "The star of his profession, the type of honesty, the admiration of all; and, although the hand of death has put a period to his existence, every section of his life is without a parallel."

Type-setting in early times was not remarkable for its exactness and accuracy. In the year 1561, a book was printed called the "Anatomy of the Mass." It had only 172 pages in it, but the author—a pious monk—was obliged to add fif-

teen pages to correct the blunders. These he attributed to the special instigation of the devil to defeat the work, and hence may have come the use of the title, "Printer's Devil."

A printer's wife in Germany lost her life by feloniously meddling with "rule," in Genesis iii. 16, where Eve is made subject to her husband, and made the verse read, "he shall fool over thee," instead of "he shall rule over thee." It is said that she was put to death for this wickedness.

It is well known that the printers of an early edition of the Scriptures were so heavily fined as to be utterly ruined, for leaving out the word "not" from one of the Ten Commandments.

There is an edition of the Bible called the "Vinegar Bible," from the parable of the "Vineyard" being printed "vinegar." Other equally notorious instances of errata in editions of the Vulgate, which provoked the anathemas of the Vatican, are on record. In one case there were six thousand errors, and after a revision nearly as many more were detected on a subsequent inspection. It is, perhaps, scarcely possible to produce a book faultless, but the art, at the present day at least, approximates very closely to perfection.

#### POETRY.

POETRY is the morning dream of great minds, foreshadowing the future realities of life: it evokes the phantasms of all things before the things themselves appear: it is the prelude to thought, and the precursor of action. Overflowing intellects, like Cæsar, Cicero, Brutus, Solon, and Plato, begin by imagination and poetry—the exuberance of mental vigor in heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and orators. Sad is his lot who, once at least in his life, has not been a poet!—Lamartine.



### THE FOX AND THE LAMB.

A rox once saw a lamb drinking at a brook. He felt very hungry, and was desirous of finding some pretext for devouring him. The creature, however, appeared so innocent, that even Renard's cunning could not instantly hit upon any mode of picking a quarrel with him. At last, however, a shrewd thought came into his mind.

"Good-morrow, neighbor Lamb," said he, with a look of curious inquiry; "how is it that you have muddled the water in this stream so that I can not drink it?"

"Oh," said the lamb, innocently, "I only put my feet in the edge of the water, as I was drinking."

"Yes," said Renard, "but you saw me drinking lower down the stream, and you knew, or should have known, that all your mud came into my throat. I'll teach you better manners!" Then the fox fell upon the lamb and ate him up.

The fox is very much like kings and rulers, and even some men in private life, who, in case they wish to destroy a person, can always find some pretext for doing it.

#### POETICAL LICENSE.

THE difficulty to which a poet may be put in finding words that will rhyme, is tolerably well illustrated by an old epitaph that is extant in a churchyard in the north of England. It runs thus:

"Here lies the body of Nicholas Newcity; He died t'other day, the more's the pity."

The man's name was Oldtown, but it wouldn't rhyme.

### THE SEA-SHELL.

A currous child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of island ground, applied unto his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard—sonorous cadences; whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith.



MR. CUMMINGS' ACCOUNT OF THE LION.

Mr. Cummings, a Scotchman, who spent several months in Southern Africa, some few years since, in hunting wild animals, thus speaks of the lion:

"The male lion is adorned with a long, rank, shaggy mane, which, in some instances, almost sweeps the ground. The color of these manes varies, some being very dark, and others

of a golden yellow. He attains his mane in the third year of his existence. At first it is of a yellowish color; in the prime of life it is blackest; and when he has numbered many years, but still is in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish-gray, pepper-and-salt sort of color. These old fellows are cunning and dangerous, and most to be dreaded.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when its voice dies away in five or six low muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. They roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice.

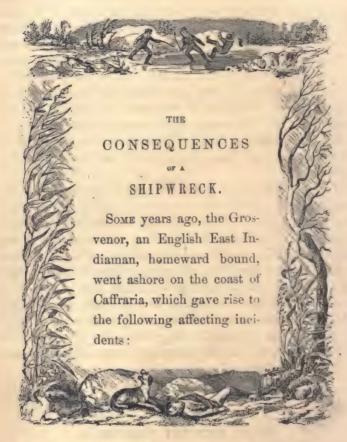
As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing means commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, they may be heard as late as nine and ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather, this is continued in a subdued tone through the day.

It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain-side. He is also partial to leafy reeds, or fields of long, rank yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying valleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowl. When he is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking, not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active than the male, as a general rule. At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has got small young ones. At that season he knows no fear, and, in the coolest and most intrepid manner, he will face a thousand men.

### JUDGE NOT THY NEIGHBOR.

What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.



After various plans had been proposed, it was resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew—in number, one hundred and thirty-five souls—should endeavor to penetrate on foot, across trackless deserts, infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separated into two parties, but never more to meet on earth.

There was a solitary child among the passengers, a little

boy of seven years old, who had no relation there; and when the first party was moving away, he cried after some member of it who had been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touched them, and he was immediately taken into that detachment—from which time forth he was made a sacred charge.

He was pushed on a little raft across broad rivers by the swimming sailors; they carried him by turns through the deep sand and long grass, he patiently walking at other times; they shared with him the putrid fish which they found; they laid down and waited for him when the rough carpenter, who became his especial friend, lagged behind. Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst and hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shades, they never—O Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it!—forgot this child.

What touching scenes ensue! The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries, eaten while he was in a state of starvation; and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child. God knows all he does for the poor baby. He cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill: how he feeds him when he himself is griped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket around him, lays his little warm face with a woman's tenderness upon his sunburnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet!

Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand, and bury their good friend the cooper—these two companions alone in the wilderness—and the time comes when

they are both ill, and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day; they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third they move very softly about in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey, for the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes—the fire is dying—and the child is dead!

His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great. He staggers on for a few days, lies down in the wilderness, and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who can doubt it?—with the child, when he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

#### THE MIND.

The mind of man is a curious thing, in some respects not unlike an old Gothic eastle, full of turnings and windings, long, dark passages, spiral staircases, and secret corners. Among all these architectural involutions, too, the ideas go wandering about, generally very much at random, often get astray, often go into a wrong room and fancy it their own; and often, too, it happens, that when one of them is tripping along quite quietly, thinking that all is right, open flies a door; out comes another and turns the first back again,—sometimes rudely blowing her candle out, and leaving her in the dark,—and sometimes taking her delicately by the tips of the fingers, and leading her to the very spot whence she set out at first.



PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

This beautiful and celebrated story was written by a Frenchman named St. Pierre, about the year 1788. A brief outline of it will be acceptable to all who have not perused the original work.

In 1726, a young man called M. de la Tour, living in Normandy, a district in the northwest of France, finding himself in poor circumstances, determined to go to the Isle of France to seek his fortune. He took with him a young wife, whom he tenderly loved, and established himself at Port Louis. Wishing to go to the Island of Madagascar to purchase some necessaries, he was taken ill of a fever, and died soon after. His unfortunate wife found herself without resources and without friends, except a negress who had accompanied her to the island.

Seeking solitude, she left the village, and directed her steps toward a secluded and rocky spot, trusting that communion with nature would calm her troubled spirit.

Here she found a quiet place, where she determined, with her servant, to cultivate the ground, to supply her with food. To her surprise and pleasure, she found, sitting on a stone, a pleasant woman, nursing her child. She, it seems, from some singular motive, had sought an asylum in the island, and lived in a little cabin erected by the kindness of an old man who dwelt at some distance. Mde. de la Tour having told her simple story to her new friend, whose name was Margaret, so interested her in her favor, that the old man built another cabin close beside that of Margaret; so the two friends found themselves in possession of a quiet home, and with land enough to supply them with the necessaries of life.

Soon after the completion of Mde. de la Tour's cabin, she found herself the mother of a charming little girl. The old man named her Virginia, having given the name of Paul to Margaret's child. Domingo, a negro belonging to the latter, marrying the negress of Mde. de la Tour, named Marie, cultivated the grounds belonging to their mistress with great assiduity. They sowed rice, wheat, and other grains; they planted potatoes, cucumbers, and banana trees, and, being very industrious, they made coarse stuffs and baskets with the herbaceous plants growing in the woods. Marie raised

some chickens, and reared two little goats to play with the children. A large and faithful dog guarded the little colony at night, and gamboled by day around this happy though rocky

spot.

Paul and Virginia, deprived of all other society, were never separated; they ate, drank, sported, and slept side by side. If Paul was unhappy, his mother showed him the little Virginia, and smiles took the place of tears. If Virginia was ill, Paul sought to comfort her by the most tender assiduities; their first words were to call each other by the tender names of brother and sister. As they grew older, they took their part in the little duties of the ménage. Virginia prepared their simple repasts, and Paul, following the faithful Domingo in his labors, sometimes found a pretty flower, a fine bunch of grapes, or a pretty bird's-nest, to present to Virginia. Where one was to be seen, the other was never far off. They studied nothing but to please and help each other; they could neither read nor write, and thought there was no other country than their own little isle. They knew little of religion; but if they made no prayers in the church, they lifted their innocent hands toward heaven, with hearts full of love for the Being who made them so happy.

Thus passed their childhood. Simple and healthy food rapidly developed the strength of their bodies, and the calm and contentment of their lives were expressed upon their faces. Virginia, at twelve years of age, was of a good height; her head was covered, as with a vail, with fair hair, and her coral lips and blue eyes gave a charming expression to her countenance. When she spoke, gayety and smiles were painted on her face; but when she was silent, her eyes, turned toward heaven, were filled with sensibility, and sometimes with

a shade of melancholy.

Paul was taller than Virginia; his complexion was darker, his nose more aquiline, and his black eyes would have been a little fierce, if they had not been shadowed by long, dark eyelashes. When alone, he was always in motion; but when Virginia appeared, he quietly seated himself beside her. Their repasts often passed in silence; and one would have almost supposed them, on remarking their naked feet and their picturesque attitudes, to be an antique group of white marble.

Madame de la Tour, remarking the growing beauty of her daughter, began to feel great anxiety. "If I were to die," said she to herself, "what would become of Virginia without fortune?" She had, in France, an aunt of high birth, who was rich, old, and a devotee. As she had refused aid to Mde. de la Tour before her marriage, because M. de la Tour was of obscure parentage, her niece had determined never, except under extreme necessity, to ask any favors of her; but love and anxiety for Virginia overcame her scruples. She therefore wrote to her aunt the touching narrative of her misfortunes—the unexpected death of her husband, the birth of Virginia, and the embarrassments under which she lived, far from her country, without support, and with a child to educate. But she received no reply. Not at all discouraged, she wrote again. But many years rolled by without any sign that her letters had been received.

At last, she was told that the governor of Port Louis had a letter for her from her aunt. Filled with joy, she hastened to receive it; but, to her sorrow and disappointment, she found it filled with reproaches. She told her that she merited her fate, for having married an adventurer without fortune; that the premature death of her husband was a just chastisement from heaven; that she had done well to exile herself rather than dishonor her family in France; that she was, in fact, well placed in a country where all did well except the idle.

After having thus reproached her, she finished by praising herself, and finally, in a postscript, told her niece that she had strongly recommended her to the attention of the governor. He, however, was prejudiced against her, and received her with great coldness. He replied to the representations she had made of her situation and that of her daughter by monosyllables: "We will see by and by; there are many unfortunate people besides you; why vex a respectable aunt? it is you who are to blame," &c.

Poor Madame de la Tour returned to her abode, with her heart full of grief and bitterness. She entered her house, sank down into a chair, and throwing her aunt's letter on the table, said to Margaret, "Behold the fruit of eleven years' patience!" She then took up the letter, and read it to the assembled family. She had hardly finished, when her friend replied, with vivacity, "What need have we of your relatives? Has God abandoned us? He is our Father. Have we not been happy till now? Why then be unhappy?" Then seeing Madame de la Tour weep, she threw her arms round her neck, and pressing her in her arms, "Dear friend!" she cried, "dear friend!" But her own sobs stifled her voice.

At this spectacle, Virginia melted into tears, and pressed alternately the hands of her mother and Margaret against her lips and her heart; and Paul, his eyes sparkling with anger, doubled his fist and struck his foot down, not knowing how otherwise to express his feelings. Hearing this, Domingo and Marie came running in, and nothing was heard but cries of grief. "Ah, madame—my good mistress—my mother—do not weep!"

These tender marks of love dissipated the sorrow of Mde. de la Tour. She took Paul and Virginia in her arms, and said to them, "My dear children, you are the cause of my trouble, but you are the cause also of all my joy. Oh, my children, unhappiness comes from afar, but happiness and content are all around me!" Paul and Virginia did not understand her, but seeing her once more tranquil, they smiled upon her and covered her with caresses. They therefore continued to be happy, and the storm that had darkened around

them for a moment gave way before the sunshine of peace and contentment.

Every day was a day of happiness for this family. Neither envy nor ambition tormented them. The beauties of nature filled them with joy; they admired the power of that Providence who had blessed the work of their hands, by covering their sterile rock with abundance and beauty. Paul and Domingo transplanted young lemon and orange trees; the tamarind, which is of such a beautiful green, and the date, which bears delicious fruit—these were placed around a sort of circle; intermixed with these were flowering plants, whose branches, intertwined and of different colors, delighted the eye. Various nut trees began to yield both fruit and shade, and vegetables and herbs were yielded abundantly from the soil once so sterile and unprofitable.

This happy family drew pleasure from all that surrounded them. They gave the most tender name to objects in appearance the most indifferent. A circle of orange-trees, bananas, and a species of rose-bush, planted around a green-sward, served as a dancing-room for Paul and Virginia. They called it "The Hall of Peace." An old tree, under whose shade Mde. de la Tour and Margaret told each other their sorrows, was called the "Banished Tear." Two small plats of earth, where they had sowed corn, peas, and strawberries, they called "Britanny and Normandy." Domingo and Marie, imitating their mistresses, in remembrance of Africa, the place of their birth, gave the name of "Angola" to a small cultivated spot. Thus, in a strange land, this exiled family still entertained the sweet memories of their country by means of the fruits and vegetables their industry procured.

But the most agreeable of all that was seen in this inclosure was a place called "The Repose of Virginia." At the foot of a rock, called "Discovery of Friendship," was a kind of fountain, in the middle of a green meadow. On the day of Paul's birth, Margaret planted a cocoa-nut on the borders

of this fountain, to serve as the epoch of the birth of her son. Mde. de la Tour, after the birth of Virginia, did the same. Two trees sprang up, which thus formed the archives of the family; one was called Paul's tree—the other, the tree of · Virginia. They grew like their young namesakes, and in twelve years were higher than the cabins in which they lived; their branches intertwined, and their clusters of fruit hung over the basin of the fountain.

With this exception, this wild spot had been left as nature formed it. Upon the moist and brown sides of the rock, large green and black stars of the plant called maiden-hair shone in the sunshine, and tufts of scolopendia waved in the wind like long green ribbons. Near these grew the long tendons of the periwinkle, and the pimento-tree, the shell of whose seed is as red as coral. Near by, balm, whose leaves are heart-shaped, and sweet basil, with an odor like cloves, exhaled their sweetest perfumes. From the top of the mountain hung the bindweed, which resembled floating drapery, forming upon the sides of the rock large patches of verdure.

The sea-birds, attracted by these quiet retreats, came there to spend the night. At sunset, one might see the sea-lark flying along the shores, and high up, the black sea-swallow, with the white tropical bird, all of which left with the orb of day the solitudes of the Indian ocean. Virginia loved to repose upon the borders of this fountain, decorated with a pomp both wild and magnificent. She often went to wash the linen of the family under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees. Sometimes she allowed her goats to graze there. Whilst she made cheese of their milk, she amused herself with seeing them browse on the maiden-hair, upon sharp edges of the rock, and stand upon the cornices as upon a pedestal.

Paul, seeing that this place was the favorite resort of Virginia, brought there from the neighboring forest the nests of all kinds of birds. The parents followed their young ones, and established themselves in this new colony. Virginia

threw them, from time to time, grains of rice, maize, and millet; and as soon as she appeared, the warbling blackbird, and the cardinal, whose plumage is the color of fire, quitted their thickets; parrots, green as emeralds, descended from the neighboring palm-trees, partridges ran from under the herbage; all ran, pell-mell, to her feet like chickens. Thus Paul and Virginia amused themselves with their loves, their eagerness for food, and their gay songs.

Here, also, these amiable and loving children ate their simple repast, which had not cost the life of any animal. Calabashes full of milk, fresh eggs, rice-cakes made upon the leaves of bananas, baskets filled with potatoes, mangoes, oranges, bananas, dates, and pomegranates, offered at once the most wholesome dishes, the most delicious juices, and the

gavest colors.

Their conversation was as innocent as the repast. Paul spoke of what he had done and of what he intended to do. He constantly meditated some improvement in the arrangements of the family. In some places the alleys were not wide enough; in others, the seats were not comfortable; the bowers and arbors did not afford shade enough; Virginia would be better in some other place.

In the rainy seasons, masters and servants spent their days together in the house, occupied in making mats and baskets of herbaceous plants and bamboo. On the sides of the wall, ranged in the nicest order, might be seen rakes, spades, and axes, and near these instruments of agriculture—the fruits of their use—sacks of rice, bundles of wheat, and piles of bananas. Virginia, taught by Margaret and her mother, prepared cordials and delicious drinks with the juice of the sugar-cane, lemons, and citrons.

In the evening they supped by the light of a lamp. Then Mde. de la Tour told some stories of travelers lost at night in the woods, and attacked by robbers, or of the shipwreck of some vessel thrown upon the rock of a desert island by a tem-

pest. At these recitals, the sensitive feelings of the children were roused, and they prayed to God that they might be able to exercise hospitality toward such unfortunate people. In the fine season they went every Sunday to a church not far distant. As they shunned the society of all they met, they were thought by some to be timid, and by others to be proud; but their conduct was accompanied by such marks of politeness and kind feeling, especially to the poor, that they insensibly acquired the respect and confidence of all classes.

As Paul and Virginia grew older, they extended their walks further from home. They became better acquainted with the ways to the different parts of the forest, and more familiar with the aspect of the country on different sides of their abode. Their parents gradually gained more and more confidence in their judgment and caution, finding that, whenever they ventured further from home than usual, or pursued a new path to explore some part of the woods they had not visited, they always returned safely, and at an early hour. Such also was the kind care shown by Paul for his lovely companion, that they believed he would never allow her to incur any danger, and that he would avoid encountering any risk on her account. They therefore often came to take a short leave of their mothers, promising to return soon; and usually brought back some beautiful flower or fine fruit, which they had culled in their walk, among the luxuriant tropical vegetation which covers that beautiful island.

But one day, in their rambles, they began to doubt which way to go, and stopped; they went on, but stopped again.

That afternoon the sun sank low without their appearance; but it was supposed they had only spent a longer time than usual in one of their favorite walks. Madame de la Tour expressed a little anxiety, by inquiring what could be the reason of their delay; and Margaret also began, at last, to feel uneasy. They waited, looked toward the forest, and again

and again asked, "Where can they be?" At length Domingo set out to seek for them; and he spent much time in looking after them.

Now it happened that, in some parts of the forest, there lived colored men, called Maroons, who were ignorant, having nobody to teach them their duties to God or mankind, or any of the good things in the Bible. They knew scarcely any thing but what they saw. They are such fruits, roots, birds, and animals as they could find, when they were hungry, and drank water from the springs and brooks when they were thirsty. Of course they were never drunk—which is a great advantage to any people. Oh that all were as sober! They were kind-hearted, as mankind usually are, however poor or ignorant they may be, unless they can not get food enough, or have been ill-treated by others.

Paul and Virginia had heard of the Maroons, and were afraid of them, thinking they were bad men. Now, at the time when they were expected home so anxiously, they had lost their way, and knew not where to go. They wandered till it grew darker and darker, and still were unable to find a path or even a tree which they had seen before. At length they met with some of the Maroons, who at once discovered their condition; and, instead of doing them any harm, showed them great kindness, took them in their arms, offered to help them all they could, and not only pointed to show them which was their way home, but undertook to take them back to their mothers.

If Madame de la Tour and Margaret had known this, they would have felt much less distressed; but they had now become very anxious indeed. Poor Domingo, who was seeking for them in the forest, went on till it grew dark, when he saw a fire among the trees, and stopped; then several Maroons appeared with a lighted torch, about twenty paces off, and the principal man of the party said: "Good little white children, don't be afraid!" He then made a signal, and four

black Maroons soon made a litter of branches and vines, placed Paul and Virginia upon it, took it on their shoulders, and carried them gently on toward their home. Domingo came up with great joy, with a basket of food hung by his side, which he had brought to feed the children; and they were soon safely restored to their anxious parents. The Maroons seemed as happy in the good they had done, as the others in being so kindly befriended.

It is difficult for those who live in cities, and under the rules imposed by society, to conceive the true pleasure afforded by the study and love of nature. It is inexhaustible. Paul and Virginia had neither clocks, nor almanacs, nor books of philosophy, history, or chronology. The periods of their life were ruled by those of nature. They knew the hours of the day by the shadows of the trees, the seasons by the succession of fruit and flowers, and the year by the num-

ber of their seasons of harvest.

These images mingled in all their conversation. "It is time for dinner," said Virginia to the family; "the shadows of the bananas fall to their feet:" or, "the night approaches; the tamarinds close their leaves." "When will you come and see us?" said some of the neighbors to Paul. "At sugarmaking," replied he. "Your visit will then be quite sweet and agreeable," replied they. When Virginia was asked her age, and the age of Paul, "My brother," said she, "is of the same age as the great cocoa-nut tree by the fountain, and mine of the smallest. The mangoes have yielded their fruit twelve times, and the orange-trees have flowered twenty-four times since I was born." Their lives seemed to depend upon the trees, like those of the fawns and dryads. They knew no other epochs in history than those of the lives of their parents,-no other chronology than that of their orchards,no other philosophy than to do good to all the world, and to resign themselves to the will of God.

While they were in this condition, a vessel arrived from

France, bringing Madame de la Tour a letter from her aunt, who, having been very ill, and feeling herself infirm, wished her niece to return, or at least to send Virginia to her, that she might educate her, and make her the heiress of her estates. "Alas!" said Margaret to her friend, "can you quit us now?" "No, no," said she, "I have been so happy in these humble cabins, that I wish for nothing. I will not leave you."

The next morning at sunrise the governor arrived on horseback, followed by two slaves; they entered the cabin, and Virginia served them coffee and rice, hot potatoes, and fresh bananas, in calabashes. He was delighted with the neatness and order of the little cabin, and with the perfect harmony of these two charming families. After breakfast, he took Madame de la Tour aside, and giving her a bag of gold, told her to make immediate preparations for the departure of Virginia, whose aunt awaited her with impatience. He represented to her that it was her duty so to do. Her aunt could not live long, and would leave all her fortune to Virginia. With a sad heart, the mother told Virginia the wishes of the governor. The poor girl wept at the thought of her separation from her family, and especially from Paul, between whom and herself had grown up, almost unknown to themselves, the most tender attachment. She, however, replied, "Let the will of God be done; I will go."

It was one of those delicious evenings, so common in tropical countries. The moon shone resplendent in the heavens, the winds were hushed, and nothing was heard but the caressing notes of the birds in their nests, rejoicing in the tranquillity and beauty of nature. Virginia left her cabin, and gazed out upon the sea. There she saw the vessel destined to bear her away. She turned, and found Paul at her side. Turning her head away, that he might not see her tears, she put her hand in his.

"You leave us in three days, Virginia; are you not afraid

of exposing yourself to the dangers of the sea?" "I must obey my parents," said she. "You leave us," replied Paul, "who love you so dearly, to go to an aunt that you have never seen." "Alas!" said Virginia, "it is a cruel sacrifice. I wish to pass my life here, but God and my mother forbid it." "Ah," said Paul, "go then; choose riches and honors, and leave happiness behind. Where will you find friends who love you as we do? Where will you find a brother, a mother, like those you forsake? Cruel one! let me at least go with you."

Here his words were suffocated by sobs, and Virginia, sad at the sight of his grief, determined to stay where she had been so happy. But Madame de la Tour, who was watching their motions with great anxiety, tenderly separated them, and they returned, weary and heart-broken, to their cabins.

But no sleep refreshed their eyelids.

The next morning, Paul learned that the vessel had borne Virginia away at break of day, and was no longer to be seen. The governor had come for her in a palanquin, and, in spite of her tears, and those of her mother, had borne her to the ship. Wretched and miserable, Paul turned away from his mother, and wandered to the places so endeared to him by the memory of Virginia. "What do you ask?" said he to the goat that followed him; "you will see no more of her who fed you from her hand. Poor birds!" cried he at the "Repose of Virginia," "you will fly no more to her who cherished you." At last he seated himself on the rock where he had talked with her the evening before, and gave himself up to the bitterest grief.

But time, the great soother of sorrow, at last softened his regrets. Virginia had left him, but she had confessed her love for him, her sorrow at leaving him, and her hope of seeing him again. Insensibly he became more calm. News came that Virginia had arrived safely in France, and at the end of a year and a half Madame de la Tour received a let-

ter from Virginia, written with her own hand. She had been placed in a school, and was studying with great diligence, her aunt having been much surprised at her ignorance. Although surrounded by riches, she had no money at her disposal, and could only send to her friends the seeds of the fruits served at her table, of the trees that grew in the park, and the wild-flowers of the fields. "I feel sure," said she in her letter, "that you will be more pleased with these bags of seeds, than you would be with as much gold. It will be a great pleasure to me, if you can have apple-trees growing among your bananas and cocoa-nuts. You will almost believe yourself in your beloved Normandy. I have no pleasure far from you; but my grief is softened by the thought that I am where God wills me to be."

In a postscript, Virginia tenderly requested Paul to sow a little packet of seeds she sent to him, in certain spots specified by her. "The violet, whose flower is of a dark blue, seeks to hide itself under the bushes, but still makes its concealment known by its perfume. I wish you to sow it at the foot of a cocoa-tree, on the border of the fountain. The scabious," added she, "from the spots of black, one would suppose to be in mourning. It is called the 'Mourning Widow.' Sow it, dear friend, near the rock where we last spoke together, and give the rock, for my sake, the name of the 'Farewell Rock.'" The seeds were placed in a little purse, interlaced with a P. and V., formed of Virginia's hair.

Time passed on, when one morning, at daybreak, Paul perceived a signal, on the top of a high hill, of the appearance of a ship in the distance. He ran immediately to the village, to see if it brought any news from Virginia. He staid till the return of the pilot who visited the ship, and who brought back the letters, according to usage. Among them was one for Madame de la Tour, from Virginia. Paul seized it, and embraced it with transport. He ran to the cabin, and Madame de la Tour began to read to the impatient family.

This told them, that having been very unhappy with her aunt, who insisted upon her marrying a great lord, Virginia begged to return home. Her aunt, therefore, disinherited her, and sent her immediately in a ship bound for the Isle of France. The waves were very high, and the distance from land too great for the captain to allow her to accompany the pilot to the place where she longed to embrace her friends. She must, therefore, wait with patience the moment of reunion.

The letter was hardly finished, before shouts of "Virginia is come!" shook the air. Masters and servants embraced each other with transport. Paul waited but a moment, and then started for the port. He was met by a man, who said he was sent to notify the governor that a vessel was anchored under the Isle of Ambre, and that she was firing signals of distress, as the waves were very high and dangerous. In truth, the weather was threatening, and the waves dashed ashore with great velocity, while flashes of lightning showed long ridges of thick clouds assembling around the island. Repeated reports of cannon proved the danger of the ship.

Suddenly these reports ceased, causing Paul to shudder with apprehension. He, however, continued to advance, and toward midnight arrived, in a state of exhaustion, upon the shore of the sea. Not far off, some people were assembled around a fire, and Paul reposed himself while they recounted what had passed. They said that they had seen a vessel at noon, carried toward the shore by the waves; that the night had hidden her from view; that they had heard signals of distress, but that the waves were so high that they could not go to their succor. Some thought that the vessel would be wrecked; others were of opinion that she would anchor at safety in the canal.

The night passed in this manner, and at seven in the morning the governor arrived on horseback, accompanied by a detachment of soldiers and a number of people. The soldiers

fired simultaneously, and immediately, in reply, came the cannon of the vessel—the Saint Géran. Looking through the fog, they perceived her distinctly, close upon the land, surrounded by tremendous waves, threatening her destruction. She fired cannon every three minutes, in token of her danger and distress.

The governor ordered fires to be made on the shore, and planks and cables to be prepared. Every thing announced the approach of a hurricane. Multitudes of sea-birds came screaming to land, to obtain shelter from the storm, of which their instinct assured them. At nine o'clock vast waves rolled to land, the wind scattered the fog, and discovered the unhappy ship anchored between the island and the mainland. The waves raised her up with frightful violence, and then dashed her down, until she was almost submerged. At last the cable which restrained the ship gave way, and she was thrown violently on shore.

One long cry of distress was heard. Paul would have thrown himself into the sea, but a friend held his arm. "Would you perish?" said he. "Let me save her, or die in the attempt!" said Paul, half distracted.

A rope was accordingly tied round his waist, and he advanced, half swimming and half walking upon the sands. But the unpitying sea sent him back with frightful violence, bleeding and half-drowned upon the shore. As soon as he recovered his senses, he again advanced toward the ship, which the sea was dashing to pieces at every stroke. The despairing crew and passengers now seized planks, coops, barrels, every thing that offered a chance of escape.

One sailor only remained upon the deck, who was urging Virginia to let him take her on shore in his arms; but she, seeing Paul making vigorous efforts to reach her, refused all assistance, and stretched out her arms toward the dear friend of her childhood. But at this moment a mountain of waves advanced, with a roar, toward the vessel. At this sight, the



sailor threw himself into the sea, and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, placed her hand upon her heart, and raising her serene eyes to heaven, seemed like an angel about to take her flight.

Oh, frightful day! all was overwhelmed! The unhappy Paul was taken from the waves without consciousness, and was placed under the care of a physician. The sea continued to throw pieces of wreck on the coast, and at last the body of the unfortunate Virginia was washed on shore. She was not much changed; her eyes were closed, and serenity was still depicted on her countenance. In the hand that was placed upon her heart was found, tightly clasped, a miniature of Paul, given her on the day she parted from him, and which she had promised him should never leave her.

The distress of Madame de la Tour and her family can not be described. Words fail to depict the agony of separation. No painter can depict the woes of the parent mourning the child—the brother losing the sister; but the heart can feel, and the bereaved ones were consoled by the voice of sympathy. The funeral of the virtuous and lovely Virginia was attended by all the neighboring people, who had loved her in life and who mourned her in death. The governor and his suite attended, and all that respect and love could do, was lavished on these last, sad rites.

Paul survived his beloved Virginia but two months, and died pronouncing her name. Margaret followed him in a week, making the most tender adieus to Madame de la Tour, who was sustained wonderfully amid these great and sad losses. She had consoled Paul and Margaret to the last, as if she herself had no misfortunes to support. When they lived no longer, she still spoke of them as of friends who were not far of. She outlived them, however, but a short time. No gravestone shows the place of their repose; but their memory remains uneffaceable in the hearts of all who knew them.

The inhabitants of the Isle of France have given names to different points which remind the passer-by of the loss of Virginia. Near the Isle of Ambre is a spot called "The Passage of the San Géran." The long point of land upon which the ship foundered is called the "Unhappy Cape;" and the place where the body of Virginia was buried is still named the "Bay of the Tomb."



## PECULIARITIES OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

RACINE composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. One day, when thus working at his play of Mithridates, in the Tuileries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks, he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had thus written it out, he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" considering the versification as a very small affair.

Magliabecchia, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books and upon books. They were his bed, board, and washing. He passed eight-and-forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence—once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He

was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread, and water, in great moderation.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet-a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain, he would take his flute or his guitar with him into the porch, and there execute some musical fantasy—for he was a skillful musician—when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets: it is the only art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. The great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had books, manuscripts, and papers carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected any thing. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his outdoor duties for days, weeks, and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage at midday; Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night.

: Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep,

and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work.

Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the seaside, in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied, and declaimed.

Rabelais composed his Life of Gargantua at Bellay, in the company of Roman cardinals, and under the eyes of the Bishop of Paris.

La Fontaine wrote his fables chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau.

Pascal wrote most of his Thoughts on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments.

Fenelon wrote his Telemachus in the Palace of Versailles, at the court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and be written by a priest, may seem surprising.

De Quincy first promulgated his notion of universal freedom of person and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ, perhaps, of the French Revolution—in the bouldoir of Madame de Pompadour!

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from Heaven.

Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing, and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented his walking about, even had he wished to do so.



GERARD, THE LION-SLAYER.

### COURTSHIP AND DUELS AMONG THE LIONS.

A Frenchman by the name of Jules Gerard has lately spent several years in Algeria, and in the more interior parts of Africa, chiefly in hunting the larger kinds of game. He devoted himself especially to the lion, and, in consequence of his exploits, he acquired the title of the "Lion-Killer." He has published an account of his adventures, which has been excellently translated into English by Charles E. Whitehead. From this translation we make the following extract:

"It is ordinarily at the end of January that the monarch of Africa seeks his royal consort.

"As the males are by one-third more numerous than the females, it is not an uncommon occurrence to find one of these dusky belles accompanied by two or three pretendants, who indulge in most desperate battles for her favor. She at last becoming ennuvéd to find that these gallants do not strangle each other to share her undivided love, leads them toward the haunt of some brave old lion, whose valor is known afar by the thunder of his voice. The disputing lovers arrive with their mistress in the presence of the new rival, and march bravely forward. The negotiations are not long, and the result of the encounter is always certain. Attacked by the three lovers at once, the old lion receives them without moving from his place; he strangles the first with a grasp of his jaws, the second is thrown aside with a broken leg, and the third feels himself very happy if he can get away from the battle with one eye, which he very hastily does, leaving the other in the claws of his master.

"The place once clear, the noble victor shakes out his mane to the wind, with a long roar, and then comes and stretches himself at the feet of his love, who, for the first mark of her favor, licks the wounds he has received on her account with a fawning grace, that awakens the tenderest emotions in his susceptible heart.

"When two old lions meet upon the same adventure, the affair is not so gayly terminated. Mohammed, an Arab of the tribe of Kesenna, told me of a combat of this nature where he was a spectator, though much against his will. It was in the stags' rutting season, and Mohammed, a great hunter of every kind of wild animals, perched himself at sunset in the boughs of an oak-tree, to watch for a doe that he had seen wandering in the vicinity, accompanied by several stags. The tree which he had climbed was situated in the middle of a large clearing, and near a path that led into the neighboring forest. Toward midnight he saw a lioness enter the clearing, followed by a red lion, with a full-grown mane. The lioness strolled from the path, and came and laid herself down at the foot of the oak, while the lion remained in the path, and seemed to be listening to some noise as yet inaudible to the hunter.

"Mohammed then heard a distant roaring in the forest, and immediately the lioness answered it. Then the lion commenced to roar with a voice so loud that the frightened hunter let fall his gun, and held on to the branches with both hands, lest he might tumble from the tree.

"As the voice of the animal that had been heard in the distance gradually approached, the lioness welcomed him with renewed roarings, and the lion, restless, went and came from the path to the lioness, as though he wished her to keep silence, and from the lioness to the path, as though to say, 'Let him come, the vagabond; he'll find his match.'

"In about an hour, a large lion, as black as a wild-boar, stepped out of the forest, and stood in the full moonlight on the other side of the clearing. The lioness raised herself to go to him, but the lion, divining her intent, rushed before her, and marched right to his adversary. With measured step, and slow, they approached to within a dozen paces of

each other. Their great heads high in air, their tails slowly sweeping down the grass that grew around them, they crouched to the earth—a moment's pause—and then they bounded, with a roar, high in air, and rolled on the ground, locked in their last embrace.

"The battle was long and fearful to the involuntary witness of this midnight duel. The bones of the two combatants cracked under their powerful jaws, their talons strewed the grass with entrails, and painted it red with blood, and their roarings, now guttural, now sharp and loud, told their rage and agony.

"At the beginning of the contest, the lioness crouched herself on her belly, with her eyes fixed upon the gladiators, and all the while the battle raged, manifested, by the slow, cat-like motion of her tail, the pleasure she felt at the spectacle. When the scene closed, and all was quiet and silent in the moonlight glade, she cautiously approached the battle-ground, and snuffing the dead bodies of her two lovers, walked leisurely away, without deigning to answer the gross but appropriate epithet that Mohammed hurled at her as she went, instead of a bullet.

"This example of the conjugal coquetry and fidelity of the lioness is applicable to all her species. What she desired is a lover full-grown and brave, who will drive away the young lions, whose beardless chins and constant quarrels offend her delicacy, and trouble her repose. Such a lover she is sure to find, although she may not keep him, for the moment that a braver lion appears, she gives him always a ready welcome. From what I have seen of the lion, I am led to believe that he has a more faithful heart than his fickle spouse, and never, unless forced to do so, changes his mistress, but takes her for better or for worse, during the whole term of his matrimonial connection, and he shows for her an affection and care that is worthy of a better return.

"When the royal couple leaves its lair, both in going and

returning, the lioness always leads the way; and when she pauses in her walk, the lion stops till she is ready to go on. After arriving at the Arab encampment, where their supper is to be procured, the lioness lies down at a short distance off, while the lion bounds bravely into the inclosure, and selects for her whatever is best to her taste, and lays it down at her feet. He watches her with great pleasure while she makes her repast, and never thinks of eating himself until she is satisfied. In a word, there is no form of tenderness that he does not manifest for her, either during or after the honeymoon.

"When the lioness becomes heavy with young, which occurs during the latter part of December or the first of January, she seeks a dense and impenetrable ravine, where she may deposit her offspring. The litter varies in number from one to three, depending upon the age and the vigor of the lioness; but there are ordinarily two cubs, one male and one female.

"During the first few days after becoming a mother, she never leaves her cubs, even for an instant, and the father provides for all their wants. It is only after they have reached the age of three months, and have finished teething, that the mother goes out to get food for them, and then is absent only a few hours each day. On her return, she brings them mutton, or some other simple food, carefully skinned, and torn in small pieces. The crisis of teething is a very important era in the life of the lion cubs, and a large number die at that period.

"The male lion, who is of a very grave and reserved character when old, does not love to stay by his offspring, whose childish gambols offend his dignity, and in order to be more tranquil, he selects a sleeping apartment in the jungle near that of his wife, and where he may be called in case of need."



A JESUIT PRIEST TEACHING THE INDIANS.

# THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY.

The Jesuits—an order of Roman Catholic missionaries, founded by Loyola—against whom there are such extensive and well-founded prejudices, have still done some things which it is pleasant to record. Their operations in converting the Indians of Paraguay are acknowledged to have shown great devotion to a benevolent cause, as well as a professed

skill in the management of the tribes that fell under their influence.

Having obtained permission from the Spanish government to commence their enterprise among the tribes in the interior of South America, and being left uncontrolled to follow their own plans, they began with the tribe of the Guaranies. They removed twelve thousand of these from the forests of the interior into Paraguay, and formed them into communities. With this beginning they labored with indefatigable pains and skillful policy. Extending their operations to other tribes, they softened the tempers of the most savage, and prevailed on hundreds of roving communities to embrace their religion and submit to their government.

With no weapons but those of persuasion, they mingled freely with the most barbarous natives of the forests. They learned their language; and, by those arts of address and insinuation for which they have long been famous, they gained the confidence of the wildest among them. They protected them from the violence of the Spanish and Portuguese, and settled them in regular communities.

The mode by which the Jesuits proceeded was, first to instruct the natives in the arts of civilized life, and next to convert them to their religion. They reserved to themselves the civil and religious authority, and, in a manner, all property, having the absolute disposal of every thing belonging to the community. This was generally used for the benefit of the Indians, but a portion of the proceeds was sent home to Spain, and paid into the general treasury.

The Paraguay Indians thus lived in towns, regularly built. They were good clothes, were taught to labor in agriculture, and carry on manufactures. Some of them excelled even in the elegant arts. Their houses surpassed in elegance and internal comfort those of the Spanish settlers. Their churches were large, well built, and splendidly decorated; each had its band of music, consisting of vocal and instrumental per-

formers; and divine service was celebrated with all the pomp and ceremony of the Romish cathedral.

Every town had a school for teaching reading, writing, music, and dancing. There were also shops and workhouses for painters, sculptors, silversmiths, carpenters, weavers, watchmakers, &c. Two days in every week were set apart for the cultivation of a piece of ground, the produce of which was applied to the support of widows, orphans, old people, and others in want.

In this manner, the Jesuits at last ruled over more than a million of Indian subjects in Paraguay alone. They were divided into forty-two parishes, about thirty miles distant from each other. Each parish had a Jesuit at the head, who was the supreme ruler, and nominated all the caciques and subor dinate officers.

Industry was common to all, yet none were rich. The product of their labor was carried into the society's magazines, from which the fathers dispensed it to every family, according to their wants. Each parish had a military force of horse and foot, and the whole body of militia amounted to sixty thousand men.

Many of the Indians, who were destined to the minor services of the Church, were taught Latin; but Spanish was interdicted in the schools. The most exact police was maintained throughout this republic. All the inhabitants were required to be at home at a fixed hour every evening. A party of horse was always employed in scouring the country, and watching all the defiles by which strangers might enter it.

The Guaranies, as already stated, were the first tribe converted in this manner. Next to these were the Tapis, who spoke the same language. Afterward, almost all the tribes between the Parana, the Uruguay, and Brazil, supplied the Jesuits with recruits.

Their country was fertile and the climate temperate. Sugar,

tobacco, cotton, wax, honey, Paraguay tea, &c., were produced in abundance. From the time that the Indians were allowed to use firearms, they were not only able to repel their enemies, but were frequently called upon to aid the Spaniards in distant enterprises, and on difficult emergencies. On these occasions they were always commanded by the Jesuits in person.

After exercising this dominion for nearly two centuries, the Jesuits were compelled to resign their authority into other The disputes between the Spanish and Portuguese governments, respecting their mutual boundaries in this quarter, led to a dismemberment of the Jesuit missions, which gave a serious blow to their prosperity. The proscription of this powerful order of men by the sovereigns of Europe, which soon followed, completed their overthrow in America. Their organizations among the Indians were broken up, and all the tribes who had thus been partially civilized, speedily relapsed into their original barbarism.

## PATRICK HENRY AND GOVERNOR GILES.

THE Louisville Journal recollects hearing from the late Chief-Justice Marshall, that Governor Giles, of Virginia, once addressed a note of this tenor to Patrick Henry:

"Sir,-I understand that you have called me a 'bobtail' politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning.

"WM. B. GILES."

To which Mr. Henry replied in this wise:

"Sir,-I do not recollect having called you a bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or the occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not.

"Very respectfully,

PATRICK HENRY."



THE FOX AND THE STORK.

A rox, who, like other foxes, possessed a great deal of low cunning, had a stork for a neighbor, with whom he desired to keep on terms of politeness. He therefore always treated the stork with attention, and when he met her abroad he bowed civilly, and paid her many compliments. But, in order to maintain the acquaintance, it was necessary that he should now and then invite her to dinner.

This he did, but being very stingy, and liking in his heart to tease his neighbor, he had nothing but soup, and this was served on a plate. The fox lapped it up easily with his broad tongue, but the stork, with her long narrow bill, could hardly get a drop.

The fox laughed in his sleeve; but when the stork gave a dinner, and invited the fox, she had her soup served in a bottle, so that the greedy fox could not so much as moisten his lips with it; and thus he learned that his meanness was fully appreciated, and that, in a game of sharps, he who begins is very likely to get well punished.

### I NEVER FORGIVE.

In the course of a voyage to America, Mr. Wesley heard General Oglethorpe, with whom he sailed, making a great noise in the cabin, upon which he stepped in to know the cause. The general immediately addressed him, saying, "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me. I have met with a provocation too great for a man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me best of any; I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it; and this villain (his servant, who was present, almost dead with fear) has drank up the whole of it. But I will be revenged on him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then, sir," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "I hope you never sin." The general, confounded at the reproof, threw his keys to the servant, and bade him do better in future.

Here, then, is the point: if we would never forgive, we must never sin. The very proneness to sin which we find in ourselves should be a most powerful incentive to the cultivation of a spirit of forgiveness.



THE TORTOISE.

The tortoises are a numerous family, some living on the land and some in the sea; some being but little larger than a man's hand, and some weighing hundreds of pounds.

The sea-tortoises are the largest, and among them the green turtle is the most interesting. Though living the greater part of their lives in their proper element, they sometimes enter the mouths of large rivers, and occasionally stray into the woods and sheltered parts of the country. It swims with facility, but on the land it moves by a kind of scramble, rather than a walk. At sea it usually keeps its head and part of the shell above water, but on the approach of danger it dives beneath the surface. It may, indeed, often be seen browsing at its ease at the bottom.

The tortoise lays her eggs in a heap on the land, and scratches over them some earth or land, and leaves them to be hatched by the sun. The eggs are round, six or eight inches in circumference, and covered with a white parchment-like skin. The eggs are deposited at intervals of about forty days, the latter part of summer and beginning of autumn.

Some of these turtles gain the enormous size of six feet in length, and weigh 800 pounds. They are supposed to live a century or more. They are found abundantly among the islands of the East and West Indies. They are much valued for their flesh and for their shell, the latter being extensively used for various implements and ornaments.

### MONEY HOARDED.

According to the Treasury estimates, there are in this country about \$250,000,000 in gold, of which little more than a fifth is in the banks—leaving little short of \$200,000,000 to be found elsewhere. The Treasury hoards very commonly from twenty to twenty-five millions—leaving probably \$175,000,000 to be sought among the people. Allowing \$50,000,000—a liberal estimate—to be in actual use, there remains \$120,000,000 which is hoarded by the people, in imitation of the Government, and to an extent six times exceeding the Treasury hoards.



BELISARIUS.

THERE are few names more renowned in history than that of Belisarius, but the date and place of his birth are both unknown.

He first makes his appearance on the stage of action about 525 A.D., when the Byzantine empire being at war with Persia, he was in command of some Greek forces in an expedition against Persarmenia. On his return, he was appointed to the government of Dara, an important town in Mesopota

mia, where he took into his service, as secretary, the celebrated Procopius.

Belisarius rose by degrees to the chief command of the army which Justinian sent against the Vandals in Africa. By a series of masterly operations, he vanquished the enemy, and restored this important province to the Byzantine government. He also conducted the long war against Italy, and surmounting almost incredible embarrassments and difficulties, finally brought nearly the whole of that peninsula into subjection to his master.

To these important services, he added others of a similar nature; but in the year 563, a conspiracy against the emperor was discovered, and Belisarius was accused of participating in it. His innocence was soon proved, but he appears never to have resumed his former position. It is handed down by tradition that he became blind, and wandered from place to place, in a state of poverty, begging his bread. This legend is deemed improbable, though Lord Mahon, in an elaborate biography of him, attempts to prove its truth.

Belisarius is described as a man of majestic person, brave, generous, affable, and a strict lover of justice. His talents for war were of the highest order, and we have few examples of such great results produced with such small means.

# PRESSED FOR COPY.

THE following story is told of an Irish newspaper editor. The foreman called down to him from the printing-office, "We want six lines to fill a column."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Kill a child at Waterford," was his reply.

Soon after came a second message: "We have killed the child, and still want two lines."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Contradict the same."



THE JAGUAR.

This formidable member of the cat family is chiefly confined to South America. It is larger and more powerful than the leopard, which it resembles in color, but has a black streak across the chest, and a black spot in the center of the rosettes upon its body. It is fond of climbing trees, and finds little difficulty in ascending, even when the trunk is smooth and destitute of branches.

It chases monkeys successfully, and is said to watch for turtles on the beach, and to scoop out their flesh by turning them on their backs, and inserting its paws between the shells. It often makes fearful havoc among the sheep-folds, and is said to depart so far from the usual habits of the cat family, as to enter the water after fish, and to capture them in shallow water. There have been instances of the domestic cat acting in the same manner.

The jaguar is sometimes called a tiger by European writers, and under this name, Florian, in his tale of the "Incas," describes a Roman Catholic priest as being only saved from a fatal attack of one of these animals, by the Indians gathering around him—upon which the fierce brute sprang upon one of the party, seized him, and carried him off in triumph. This is a possible adventure, but not very probable.

# LEARNED ELEPHANT.

"That's a werry knowing hanimal of yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder.

"He performs strange tricks and hantics, does he?" inquired the cockney, eyeing the animal through his glass.

"Surprising," retorted the keeper. "We've learnt him to put money in that box you see away up there. Try him with a dollar."

The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and sure enough he took it in his trunk, and placed it in a box high out of reach.

"Well, that's werry hextraordinary—hastonishin' truly! Now, let us see him take it out and hand it back."

"We never learnt him that," returned the keeper, with a roguish leer, and then turned to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.



THE KANGAROO.

The great kangaroo inhabits New Holland and Van Dieman's Land. Its singular formation, peculiarly adapted to the country, calls forth a corresponding degree of ingenuity on the part of the natives, who live much on its flesh. Its method of progression is by immense leaps with its long hind legs, assisted by its tail. The length of each leap is about fifteen feet. Of course this swiftness would soon leave its

pursuers behind; but the Australian is able to break one of its limbs, or strike it insensible to the ground, with his boomerang, the most wonderful weapon that uncivilized man ever produced. This extraordinary missile is a flat curved piece of wood, which the Australian natives can wield with wonderful skill, making it describe circles in the air, or rush at an object, and then return to its owner's feet; or throw it at the ground, and make it leap over a tree, and strike an object on the other side.

The kangaroo, except when feeding, stands upright on his hind legs, and can then see over the tops of the rank herbage. Hunting this animal is a very favorite sport with both colonists and natives. The natives either knock it down with the boomerang, spear it from behind a bush, or unite together and hem in a herd, which soon fall victims to the volleys of clubs, spears, and boomerangs which pour in on all sides. The colonists either shoot it or hunt it with dogs, a breed of which is trained for that purpose, just as we train fox-hounds. The "old man," or "boomer," as the colonists call the great kangaroo, invariably leads the dogs a severe chase, always attempting to reach water, and escape by swimming. It is a formidable foe to the dogs when it stands at bay, as it seizes the dog with its fore legs, and either holds him under water until he is drowned, or tears him open with a well-directed kick of its hind feet, which are armed with a sharp claw.

The female kangaroo, like the American opossum, carries its young about in a kind of pouch, from which they emerge when they wish for a little exercise, and leap back again on the slightest alarm.

The length of the great kangaroo is about five feet, without the tail, the length of which is about three feet.

There are many species of kangaroo, the most extraordinary being the tree kangaroo, which can hop about on trees, and has curved claws on its fore paws, like those of the sloth, to enable it to hold on the branches.



DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN TWO SERPENTS.

As I was one day sitting, solitary and pensive, in this primitive arbor, my attention was engaged by a strange sort of rattling noise, at some paces distant. I looked all around, without distinguishing any thing, until I climbed up one of my great hemp-stalks, when, to my astonishment, I beheld two snakes of a considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity through a hemp-stubble field. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long; the fugitive was a water-snake, nearly of equal dimensions.

They soon met, and in the fury of their first encounter, appeared in an instant firmly twisted together; and whilst their tails beat the ground, they mutually tried, with open jaws, to lacerate each other. What a fell aspect did they present! Their heads were compressed to a very small size; their eyes flashed fire; but, after this conflict had lasted about five minutes, the second found means to disengage itself from the first, and hurried toward the ditch. Its antagonist instantly assumed a new posture, and, half creeping, half erect, with a majestic mien, overtook and attacked the other again, which placed itself in a similar attitude, and prepared to resist. The

scene was uncommon and beautiful, for, thus opposed, they fought with their jaws, biting each other with the utmost rage; but notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage and fury, the water-snake still seemed desirous of retreating toward the ditch, its natural element,

This was no sooner perceived by the keen black-eyed one, than, twisting its tail twice around a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat—not by means of its jaws, but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water-snake —he pulled it back from the ditch. To prevent a defeat, the latter took hold of a stalk on the bank, and by the acquisition of that point of resistance, became a match for his fierce antagonist. Strange was this to behold; two great snakes strongly adhering to the ground, mutually fastened together by means of the writhings that lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length. They pulled, but pulled in vain; and in the moments of greatest exertion, that part of their bodies which was entwined seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then convulsed with strong undulations, rapidly following each other. Their eyes appeared on fire, and ready to start out of their heads.

At one time, the conflict seemed decided; the water-snake bent itself into great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched; the next minute the new struggles of the black one received an unexpected superiority; it acquired likewise two great folds, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate; victory seemed doubtful, inclining sometimes to one side, and sometimes to another, until, at last, the stalk to which the black snake was fastened suddenly gave way, and in consequence of this accident they both plunged into the ditch.

The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage, for by their agitations, I could still trace, though I could not distinguish, their attacks. They soon reappeared on the surface, twisted together, as on their first onset; but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority; for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water, until its opponent was stifled, and sank. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of further resistance, than, abandoning it to the current, it returned to the shore and disappeared.—American Farmer.



BOTTLE STORIES.

Capt. Beecher, editor of the English Nautical Magazine, has compiled, within the last ten years, the following curious voyages of bottles thrown into the sea by unfortunate navigators.

A good many bottles thrown into the sea near the African coast have found their way to Europe. These bottles seem to have crossed to South America, passed northward in the Gulf-stream, and returned to Europe by way of the Banks of Newfoundland.

Three or four bottles, thrown into the sea by Greenland mariners, on Davis' Strait, landed on the northwest coast of Ireland.

Another one made a very curious trip. It swam from the South Atlantic Ocean to the west coast of Africa, passed Gibraltar, went along the Portuguese and French coast, passing Brest, and was finally picked up on Jersey Island: at least the direct line touches all these places, and makes it more than probable that it took this route.

One bottle was only found after sixteen years' swimming, one after fourteen, and two after ten years.

A few only traveled more than one year, and one only five days. This last was sent off by the captain of the Racehorse, on the 17th of April, in the Caribbean Sea, and was found on the 22d, after having gone through three degrees of longitude, in a western direction.

Captain M'Clure, of the Investigator, well known since his discovery of the Northwest Passage, threw a bottle into the sea in 1850, on his way to Behring's Strait. It swam 3,600 miles in 206 days, and was picked up on the Honduras coast.

A work like that of Captain Beecher's can not fail to throw some light on the different currents of the sea.

# REASONS FOR CHEERFULNESS.

The sun is careering in glory and might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudless white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild-wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flower-tree;
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay—
And why should not I be as merry as they?



THE FISHERIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The value of fish, as an article of food, has been appreciated in all nations, and all ages. The earliest pictorial records of Egyptian every-day life are largely occupied with the capture and preservation of these animals. Various forms of nets, the fish-spear, the hook and line, are all in requisition; and strings of fishes, split and salted, and hung out to dry, remind us of scenes familiar enough to the writer of these pages—the cod-fisheries of Newfoundland.

Allusions to the hook and line occur in the most ancient of writings, the book of Job; and in the Mosaic law, "whatsoever hath fins and scales in the seas, and in the rivers," was freely given to Israel for food. The most remote and savage tribes feed largely on a fish diet; and the ingenious devices and implements employed by the islanders of the Pacific archipelago, far exceed in variety, and in their elaborate effectiveness, those produced by European art. Every sea, from the Pole to the Equator, is stocked with fishes; they abound in the rivers and lakes of all climates, even the "tarns" and little basins scooped out of the summits of moun-

tain-ranges, hold species of interest and value peculiar to themselves. So that the beneficent providence of God has thus stored up inexhaustible magazines of wholesome, palatable, and nutritious food, and placed them within reach of man for the supply of his necessity—at once the stimulus and the reward of industry.

The fisheries of Britain are of national importance; the amount they contribute to the public wealth is immense; and they are regulated, even in many minute details, by repeated enactments of solemn legislation. An enumeration of the species which form the objects of our fisheries is itself startling: The sermullet, gurnards of half a dozen kinds, seabream, mackerel, scad, dong, atherine, gray mullet of two kinds, gar-fish, salmon, herring, pilchard, shad, cod, haddock, pout, whiting of two kinds, pollock, hake, ling, beerbot, torsk, turbot, halibut, sole, flounder, plaice, dab, eels of three species, conger, thornback, skate of several kinds—are all taken in quantities, and brought regularly to market; not to speak of many other kinds, such as perch, trout, char, pike, carp, roach, tench, etc., which are taken for the table, chiefly from our rivers, for individual amusement.

The quantity of human food thus taken yearly from the water is enormous. An idea of it may be formed from the fact that, of one species alone, and that a very local one, being confined to the western extremity of our island—the pilchard—the Cornwall fisheries yield 21,000 hogsheads annually. What, then, must be the produce of all the species above enumerated, all round the indented coasts of Britain and Ireland? We have no sufficient data to determine the commercial value of British fisheries, but it has been estimated by Sir John Barrow at £8,300,000 per annum.— Wood's Natural History.



This is the title of an amusing book, and though it has quite as much to say of the boys as of the girls of the Green Mountains, it presents a lively yet true picture of Vermont life. Stories of the olden time, of smugglers along the border during the war of 1812, of sleigh-rides, courtships and marriages, of the village hotel, the stage-coach, of meetings and meeting-houses, of schools and school-houses, of sowing and reaping, and all the outdoor and indoor scenery of rustic

life, sprinkled with stirring passages of romance, accident, and adventure, make up the contents of the volume, and afford a varied as well as an agreeable treat to the appreciative reader. We shall not attempt to give an outline of the story: a few episodes must suffice. The following extract will give the reader an insight into the state of things along the lines during the war already alluded to:

"If the government at Washington ever imagined that it could station men enough along the Canada line to prevent the people from trafficking across, back and forth, it very much mistook the Yankee character. Nothing short of a picket fence of bayonets would have been sufficient, and even then some fellows would have dug under, or flew over.

"As long as personal intercourse was not interdicted, it was impossible to prevent small traffic, since the ingenuity of concealment baffled all the cunning of search. And if a party was detected, and lost his goods to-day, it only served to sharpen his wits to-morrow. The people were constantly outwitting the custom-house officers.

"It was owing to this fact being represented at Washington, that the soldiers were sent here; and for them there was no love. It was as much to outwit them, as for the profit of the thing, that the following plan was hit upon to get a little pork over the line. Almost as a matter of course, Doctor Field was the concoctor of the scheme, but to carry it out he had to have a goodly company of assistants, and what was more than all, a part of those must be girls. But who that knows the country, does not know that nowhere else on earth could be found a company more ready for a daring expedition, either upon a tour of duty, or for one of pure frolic and fun, than the Green Mountain girls?

"The plan was agreed to perhaps, on their part, all the more readily, because of the dislike they had taken to Captain Simonds." The truth is, he had undervalued the Green Mountain girls, and they were disposed to give him proof

that they were not verdant, however so were their hills and mountains.

"It did not require any persuasion, after the plan was named, to induce them to go into the measure most heartily. According to arrangements, it was circulated through the settlements that the boys and girls were going to get up a sleigh-ride to Stanstead next week, and Captain Simonds was even asked to join them.

"He had a good excuse, that, being a soldier, he would not be permitted to visit the enemy's dominions. He had no objection, however, to let the sleighing party go over, but cautioned them to be careful and not make any purchases of goods to bring back, for that he would not tolerate, even to a single yard of ribbon or paper of pins. He never suspected the real object of the party.

"Doctor Field went over the day before the ride was to come off, and arranged with the commander to let the party pass the line without any delay for examination.

"The company made their rendezvous at 'Decker's,' a noted tavern, some fifteen or twenty miles from the line.

"The night was one of those clear cold ones, when the trees snap with frost, and the snow fairly screams with cold as the sleighs glide over it, and the horses turn white in the ice of their own breath. As fast as the sleighs drove and unloaded the girls at the door, Decker had them driven right into his capacious barn, and when all were ready for a start, he had them hitched up, and the girls all carefully bundled in their furs before he opened the great doors; so that if, in fact, the girls had been contraband, the custom-house spy that was lurking about could not have counted the number; for when the doors opened, they went out in a perfect rush, with a wild and joyous shout.

"As they neared the line, they had a cordon of sentries to pass, but they drove right up to the captain's quarters, and asked permission to pass, and the girls, peeping out of their skins and blankets, laughingly invited him to come and search for contraband goods. He, however, declined to look beyond the surface of things, and permitted the whole party to pass, little suspecting that he was the victim of one of the cunningest tricks of the smugglers.

"If he could have been present when the party alighted at the 'King's Arms,' he would have opened his eyes in wonder, to see that of every two bonnets, only one got out of the

sleigh—the other was driven away to the barn.

"He would have opened his eyes still wider, if he had been present to see the unbonneting and unwrapping from among the blankets of the figures that had sat so upright, and to more than one of which the beau captain had bowed and said, 'Good evening, miss,' when he found that, instead of a jolly fat Green Mountain girl, each one was a jolly fat carcase of pork. It was a fat trick, the profits of which more than paid all the expenses of the sleigh-ride; and when at length it became known—for it was too good, the girls said, to keep—it more than paid up many an old score they had set down against the captain and his blue-coats.

"The poor victims of the successful trick never heard the last of it. Every time a pig squealed, it gave a hint for some mischievous boy to run and tell a soldier to look out for an-

other pork trade.

"At killing time, some girl was sure to send Capt. Simonds a present of a pig's head, with a bonnet on. Whether he roasted the head or not, I can not say, but certain it is, the girls frequently roasted him, by inviting him to dinner whenever they had roast pork. He took these jokes in pretty good part from the girls, but if any of the young men wanted a free fight, they had only to say pork, and the fat was in a blaze."

Two of the principal characters of the book are thus introduced to the reader:



ALIDA BLYTHE SITTING BY THE ROCK.

"It was while thus situated, that, one day, Alida Blythe received a visit from Mike Granly, who, as the neighbors said, was always everywhere, and to whom all the hen-roost robberies were sure to be charged; and, of course, all the melons and fruit stolen, were not stolen by Blythe White, Nat Brandon, Scale Williams, or John Longwood, and other scions of 'first families,' so long as there was a Mike Granly

to bear their sins, like the scape-goat, into the wilderness of oblivion.

"Poor Mike; undoubtedly he was sometimes guilty of little peccadillos, but did it never occur to his accusers that he must have had the stomach of an elephant, and digestive powers of an ostrich, to dispose of all the eatables and drinkables laid to his charge. Fatherless and motherless, neglected and abused, with no one to care for him, and no one to speak a kind word for him, is it any wonder that he should be an outcast from society, when all its members seemed intent upon making him so? Had some one taken him, and given him a home and instruction, and acted the part of a father toward him, he would have made a good member of society, for he had a good and grateful heart.

"It was this that had brought him here at this time. All the morning he had been watching an opportunity, hoping Alida would come out, as she frequently did, to sit and read, or work, by the side of a rock, upon each side of which there was a rural seat, one constructed upon the sunny side for winter, and one upon the other, in the shade, for summer—an overhanging projection serving as a roof, in case of a sudden shower. It was a romantic place, a favorite spot, and it had been made clear and pleasant by the unsolicited labor of Mike, and he had done it out of pure love of doing good to one who had always been kind to him, and had always spoken to him as though she supposed he was possessed of a heart and soul like her own.

"By the side of this very rock, she had spent hours, days, weeks, months, if all the hours were counted, in teaching lessons to Mike that he could not learn at the old log schoolhouse, down by Hemlock Pond; because, as he was nobody's son, nobody cared whether he went to school or not, and if he did, none of the nobodies who taught the school for 'eight dollars a month, and boarded round,' felt under any obligation to teach him, because he had no rich father to pay his

schooling, and furnish board; nor widow, with a pretty daughter, to furnish courting stock for the schoolmaster; and so Mike's education was sadly neglected, until taken in hand by Alida, who found him such an apt boy, that he soon got so much ahead of others of his own age, that when he went to school the next winter, he was the surprise of the 'school committee-men,' and the envy of the 'big boys;' and finally, when he proved himself an over-match for the erudition of the 'schoolmaster,' his presence became so hateful to him, that he 'declared he would leave the school, if that intolerable bad boy was allowed to attend.'

"But as he could not ferret out any one thing that he had done, except to tell boys things that the teacher could not, the committee decided that they could not discharge him, although they expressed the opinion 'that it was to be deplored that a boy like Mike, who had no possible way of rising in the world, should become so proficient in figures, and such an excellent penman, as it might enable him to do a great deal of mischief in the world.' Not one of them said to the other, 'this is a very extraordinary bright boy; let us take charge of him, and give him a good education, and he will make a very useful man.'

"Alida had been seated by her favorite rock some minutes, so deeply engaged in reading a letter that she did not hear Mike's footsteps, or know that she was not alone, until he spoke."

The following gives a vivid picture of a thunderstorm, and its effects in the destruction of a distillery:

"I am writing this letter at Parson White's. We have just attended family prayers, and among all the other things prayed for by the old parson—that queer compound of religion and oddity—was this: 'that if God should take it into his head to strike Deacon Brandon's distillery with lightning, that he would do it now, while it was full of whisky.' I sup-

pose he was reminded to put in this petition by some of the most vivid flashes that I ever witnessed, except once in the mountains near Montpelier, when I counted more than fifty successive streams of fluid, passing down upon the bare rocky peak of one of the highest points. It seemed as though the fire came down in solid masses, and as it fell upon the rock, split in pieces, and rolled down the sides, while the thunder not only rolled overhead, but actually seemed to crash down through the rocks and trees away below where I stood. In fact, I was above the heaviest part of the shower; I was on a level with the clouds, and compassed about with fire. Tonight it is all overhead, but the flashes come in quick succession, lighting up the valley so that I can count every house as plainly as I could at midday. There! just now there was a flash, that seemed to rest for half a minute upon a spot which must be ever dear in your memory—that sweet place, by the big rock, where you took your final leave of Alida. What would I give to restore her to the bliss of that moment! Then, her pathway in life was as bright as this flash that has just passed, leaving all nature ten times darker for its vivid light. In the midst of all this terrible darkness, there is one light, sending up its smoke, and glare, and sparks, upon the night air, and they rise up toward the black clouds, as if to covet connection with their electric fire, for there is not a breath of wind to waft them away.

"You will guess that this is the fire of the old distillery. Yes, it burns on, and, for aught that I can see, will burn on, consuming this sweet vale like a pestilence; it is worse than ever, since it has fallen into the hands of its new owner, Jake Oldenheimer.

"Heavens! what a peal and flash, all blended in one! I am blinded. I could not tell which came first. And now, oh, how intensely dark! And now what a bright light flashes out upon the darkness again! What can it be? for this is not from the clouds. It comes from the earth. What can it be?

Ha, ha, I see! We are avenged at last. The lightning and the old distillery fire have met. Yes, yes, it must be so. How sudden! for while I have written these few words, the flame has sprung up through the floors, and along the posts, illuminating every window, and now it is out of the roof. Fire! fire! fire! now rings out upon the stillness, for the thunder having done its work—having spent its power in that last peal—has rolled away to the mountains, and the lightning has hid itself in the clouds, while the dry boards and shingles of that old building, and the two hundred barrels of liquid lightning stored in its loft, send a more vivid, enduring light up to the very clouds, than their own electric flashes. Even the rain which had just begun to patter its music upon the roof, lulling the tired laborer to sleep, has suddenly dried up, that no drop should hinder the burning of that old black roof, and all beneath.

"There goes the bell upon the little church, to waken all the sleepers around, till they shall hear the cry of 'Fire! fire! fire!' and come out to look upon the magnificent spectacle. The whole building is already one sheet of flame. I never saw any thing so sudden. The bolt must have fallen upon a cask of fiery fluid, and burst it at the same time it ignited, and that has burst others, and now all is a sea of billowy, rolling, surging flame, sending its forked tongues a hundred feet up toward the home of Him who kindled the fire. Now the great wood-shed has taken fire, and a thousand cords of dry hemlock wood will add a mass of fire hot enough to melt the rocks of our own Green Mountains into glass. I have often seen the terrific fires that roar up the mountain sides, where the trees have been winrowed, but I have never looked upon so grand a sight as this. Perhaps it is because all else around is so intensely dark that the flame glares out over the whole valley in such vivid brightness. In every house it is as light as day. I have put out my candle, and sit here a mile away from the fire, writing by the light of

that burning building. Everybody is out looking upon this midnight illumination, but no one lifts a hand or voice to save, for all are powerless. Those who regret to see it burn, are awe-struck, and exclaim, 'It is the hand of God!'

"In an hour from now not a stick will remain above the surface of the ground where once stood that pest of this valley—Deacon Brandon's old Distillery."

Here is a sketch of another kind, truthfully and happily given:

"Dr. Field and Mike passed through the gate, and stood upon the stone step of the door, and were just going to give the customary knock, when they were arrested a moment by the recognized voice of the inebriate of the previous evening, who said, 'Mary, daughter, I expect a gentleman here this morning to see me and—'

"'Oh, not here, father, just at breakfast-time. Who is it?'.

"'Dr. Field; you need not be afraid of him.'

"'No, not afraid; but I wonder at his coming here. I thought you always went to Decker's to see him, when you had any business with him. I wonder you do not go there.'

"'Mary, with your assistance, I am never going there

again.'

" 'Oh, husband!' said another voice.

"'Father, father, are you in earnest? Say that blessed

word again.'

- "'In serious, sober earnest. I have made up my mind, and that is what Dr. Field is coming here for, to witness my promise to you and your mother. He has quit drinking, and I believe I can. I shall try.'
  - "'Oh, Samuel Tharp, have I lived to see this day?"

" 'Tharp—Sam Tharp,' whispered Mike.

"'Hush,' said the doctor; 'listen.'

"'Father, father! may Heaven bless and strengthen that resolution!"



THE DAUGHTER'S PRAYER.

"'Mary, my dear child, ask God for his blessing. I am not fit; your heart is pure.'

" 'Will you kneel with me?'

"'I will, penitently.'

"There was a little stir of chairs in the room, during which the doctor opened the door gently, and he and Mike entered and took their places behind those already kneeling, and list

ened and joined in one of the most holy, because the most pure, simple outpourings of the heart's thanksgiving they had ever heard. It was the eloquence of a grateful heart—the heart of an only child, born to love and be loved, but one which had been, through long years of anguish, pining, hoping, desponding, alternately, over the sad fault of a father, who she knew loved her most dearly, when his intellect was not blunted by rum, which often debased him to the level of a brute. Something told her now that hope long deferred was about to give certain promise of the accomplishment of her most ardent desires. In all the eighteen years of her life, this was the first time that she had ever seen that father kneel before the throne of Heaven. Her words were but few, but they reached the heart of every one present, and tears flowed freely. All seemed to feel 'it is good to be here; here, where a daughter was pleading for a father before the highest tribunal of justice which mortals can approach.

"Mary was the first to discover that strangers were present, and had been listening, yet had bent the knee, and united in her prayer, and she blushed crimson at the thought that her humble effort had been witnessed by two strangers, whose dress indicated that they belonged to a class in life above her sphere. Then she wondered how they had got into that little family circle, and who they were. She started with an exclamation of surprise when she first saw them, but was allowed but for a single moment to feel the embarrassment of her position. The open, manly, striking countenance, and beaming intelligent eye of the doctor, as he advanced and extended his hand, reassured her, and when he said, 'Dr. Field,' she gave and received a warm pressure of the hand, for she felt in a moment he was a friend, and it did seem as if an overruling Providence had directed him there just at that juncture for a blessed purpose.

"'Oh, doctor, although a stranger, I am so glad, so very

glad, to see you. My mother, Dr. Field. Father.'

"He had still remained kneeling, with a handkerchief to his eyes, but as he caught the name of Dr. Field, he arose and grasped him by the hand, then kissed his wife and Mary, and passed out into the garden. His heart was too full-he could not speak. But fresh air and cold water soon restored him, and he entered the room again, as Mary often said afterward, looking like a new man. She had never seen him look so before. Her mother had, and it reminded her of 'auld lang syne.' He greeted them with words of kindness. Mary said the very tone of his voice was changed. He turned to where Michael was standing, almost unobserved by the others, who had been so deeply absorbed in their own thoughts and words, while he kept aloof."

The following story, strange as it may seem, is founded upon an occurrence which actually took place in Vermont some forty years ago. The facts are indeed almost literally related as follows:

"My brother liked the business of carrying the mail better than I did, and so I went to work in a new clearing I had commenced, about a mile and a half from home, and not quite so far from the house of a brother-in-law. I used to stay about as often at one place as the other. It was a bad arrangement, as in case of accident, neither family would be alarmed or go to look for me if I should not come home. I felt the force of this in the course of the winter, and so will you directly.

"There had fallen one of our old-fashioned, Northern New York snows, crusted over hard enough to bear a man. I was getting on famously with my clearing, getting ready to build a house in the spring, and all the time building castles, the foundation of which is always above the reach of mortals. It is curious that the presiding princess of all my castles was my late passenger and her angel daughter. Not that I hoped to have her to preside over the hewed log one that I intended

to build with a firmer foundation than air, but I did think that I should try for one of the same sort. I was ambitious, and worked early and late, going without my dinner some days, when the piece of bread and meat I brought in my pocket was frozen so that I could not masticate it without taking up too much of my time. I did so upon the last day of my chopping. It was intensely cold, with a prospect of a storm, that might hinder my work the next day, and so I worked on as long as I could see, and after twilight I felled a tree which in its descent lodged against another. I could not bear the idea of leaving the job half finished, and mounted the almost prostrate body to cut away a limb to let it down.

"The bole of the tree forked, about forty feet up, into two equal parts, with large projecting limbs from both. It was one of these that I had to cut away to bring it to the ground. In my haste, perhaps, I was not as careful as I should have been; at any rate, the first few blows eased the lodgment so that the tree began to settle, and I was just going to jump off, when the fork split, and one foot dropped into the space so that I could not extricate it for the moment; but I felt no alarm, for I knew that I could cut away the tree in a minute. or perhaps draw my foot out of the boot, as the pressure was not severe. At the first blow of the axe, the tree took another start, rolled over, and the split closed with the full force of its giant strength, crushing my foot till the very bones were flattened, like the stems and leaves of a flower pressed between the sheets of a book by a heavy weight; and there I hung suspended, just able to touch the points of my fingers to the snow, with nothing to rest upon a moment -the air at zero, and growing colder-no prospect of any one coming that way, that night—the nearest house a mile away -no friends to feel alarmed at my absence, for one would suppose me safe with the other. My first thought was, 'Oh my mother! it will kill my mother to learn how I died-so



near her, almost within call of her voice—thus to perish, thus to break her heart. It must not be—it shall not be—I will live.'

"But how? My axe, in its fall, rested upon the snow-crust about ten feet off. If I could only get that, I could yet save myself. I did not think how I was to cut my foot loose from the body of that great tree, suspended, as I was, with my head down, and suffused with the rushing current of dis-

ordered blood, but I thought in that keen blade my only hope of life was fixed. Just forward of me, but out of reach, grew a slim bush, which I thought, if I could obtain, I could form into a hook, by twisting the limbs together, and draw the axe within my reach. But that bush was about a foot too far away for my utmost exertion. I tried to put the loose foot against the tree, and give my body an oscillating motion till I swung within reach, but it would not do. You may wonder how I could think and act all this time, in such torture as a crushed foot must give. I did not feel it. Hope and my mother absorbed all my faculties. I did not fear to die, yet I desired to live, and so went on calmly with my work, to avert death. Oh, how I toiled to reach that bush, for without that I had no hope of reaching my axe; yet I could only touch it, as I swung that way, with the tips of my fingers—I could not grasp it. Yet hope did not forsake me; my failure only drove me to expedients-to an exercise of ingenuity—to accomplish by mechanical force what unassisted nature could not do. I took off my suspenders—a stout pair of woolen yarn, knit by my young sister as a Christmas present, and now, I thought, prepared by her to save my life. I tied them together, and swung them around toward the bush, and the loose end wound about it, and clung as tight as though tied in a double knot.

"I pulled the bush now within reach, and cut it off with my pocket-knife—one of that sort so long known by the name of 'Barlow knives,' having a single blade about two and a half inches long, and three-eighths of an inch wide, of equal width all its length, set in a handle of a peculiar form, half its length iron, and half horn or bone. I never shall forget its appearance, for I have a sort of reverence for the very name. I succeeded admirably in fashioning my hook, and almost felt the handle of the axe in my grasp, so certain was I of success. The stars were now glittering in the sky, and I looked upon the glistening metal of that piece of iron

and steel, as it lay sparkling in the star-light, with more pleasure than ever a miser looked upon his shining gold. I thought I could kiss its cold surface with pleasure, notwithstanding the frost in it would skin my lips. I had still made no calculation, any more than the miser, how I was to use my treasure when I obtained it, because, like him, my whole soul was absorbed in its pursuit. I felt nothing-heard nothing-saw nothing but that one bright spot upon the snow—that single treasure that I should soon call my own that of all others the most precious—the only earthly treasure worth possessing. At length, I was ready to take possession -ready for the felicity of once more grasping the handle of that keen blade, and I extended my staff, and slipped the loop I had formed of the limbs over the end of the helve. I could have laughed or cried with joy at the success of my plan. 'My mother,' I exclaimed, or thought-I do not know which—'I shall see you once more. My sisters, I shall again clasp you to my lips and heart. My father-my brother, you will not have to mourn me dead.' I was happy. I have stated that the deep snow was crusted over with ice. From the tree that imprisoned me, the ground descended rapidly, for a dozen rods or more, to a little creek. My axe lay tipon the brow of this hill. The very first movement I made toward twisting the loop of my stick around the handle, so asto draw it within my reach, loosened it from its icy rest, and away it went down the hill, with the speed of the boy upon. his sled, crashing through the little frost-brittle bushes, down upon the ice of the creek, down that to a little fall a few rods below, and over that into the unfrozen pool, with a surging sound, as it fell in the water, that seemed to send its icy chill through every vein and artery in my whole body, congealing the very heart's-blood to ice, for it crushed all hope, and left the mind one chaos of black despair. 'Here, then, must I die without hope,' I exclaimed aloud in my agony. The woods wore their wintry stillness—the stillness of a calm,

cold night. It was a night for Echo to be abroad, and this lovely daughter of air and earth, faithful to the command of Juno, sent back the final word.

"Hope! Blessed word—how it rang through that old wood. It came up the hill from that little water-fall, where I thought all hope had sunk. It climbed the trees, and dropped down all around me from every pendent twig; it glittered in every star, and glistened sparkling bright from every shining particle of frost; it came to my ear again and again in soft soothing tones; it was the music of echo, echoing hope to my soul; and it told me in language never to be forgotten, 'there is no place on earth—no position in which man can be placed—if he will only open his heart to hope, that she will not come in and abide with him.' The echo of that word saved my life.

"My axe was gone. Why should I pine for an inevitable loss? I still had my knife. True, it was a rude surgical instrument, but hope gave it a charmed edge, and the love of life gave me strength to climb up by my fastened leg, and cut away the boot and stocking, and then with that knife I unjointed my ancle, and fell to the ground—my left leg a footless, bleeding stump! The intensity of the cold saved me from bleeding to death. I tore off a part of my coat, and with my handkerchief and suspenders managed to bind up my leg with a handful of snow, and started to crawl home.

"I could have gone nearer to my sister's, but I knew a mother's love, a mother's care; and besides, I was perishing with thirst, and I knew that there was a spring a little upon one side of the path, which I must reach or die. It was a hard thing to turn aside, and go back and forth almost a quarter of a mile, with my hands cut upon the icy crust till they marked a track of blood. The journey from the path to the spring was the hardest task of that night, and hope almost forsook me, but she came back with the first lave in the pure water, and I succeeded in reaching within sight, and

I hoped within call, of the house, and then my strength utterly failed me.

"I could see my father sitting before the great kitchen fire, busily engaged in making for me a new axe-helve. My mother sat on the opposite side of the fire, knitting. I knew she was finishing me the last of a pair of stockings. She little thought that one would suffice. My sisters were busy around the fire. and that gave me hope, for I knew that they were preparing supper for my brother, whom they expected every moment with the mail. I had tried my voice in vain, and I could not make them hear. I exerted myself once more, and crawled toward the road that Heman must come. It was a painful task, for, besides my exhaustion, I was perishing with cold. Just then I heard the sweetest strains of music that ever fell upon mortal ears. It was the sound of my brother's stagehorn, and the jingle of his bells coming down the hill—now he is crossing the bridge—now he is coming up slowly on this side, and the bells make but little noise—now is my time to halloo, for if I wait for him to get opposite, he can not hear, and will drive past with race-horse speed, and I am lost.

"I strained my voice to its utmost pitch, but he did not, could not hear; but there was with him another friend—man's faithful friend—who did hear. Old Hunter—the noble old dog—had insisted upon going with him that trip, and brother said, 'Let him go; who knows what good may come of it?' Good did come of it, for his ear was quicker than Heman's, and he roused up at the first cry. Heman said, 'Lay still, Hunter; we are almost home;' but Hunter would not lay still, and as the second cry reached his ear, he leaped out, and in a minute was at the spot where I lay upon the snow. He smelt all around, and I held up my footless leg, and said, 'Away, Hunter; stop him.' Just then the sleigh had got up the hill, and I heard the whip crack, telling as plain as I could speak Heman's thoughts, 'Now for a race, old Hunter, down to the house.' Hunter sprang back into

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the path, and barked loudly, and as the horses came up, he jumped up, seized the reins, and would not let go till Heman called a halt.

"'What is it, Hunter? Something must be wrong. What

is it, my good dog? Come here and tell me.'

"Hunter let go his hold of the horses, jumped back to the sleigh, and caught hold of Heman's hand, pulling off the mitten, and away he ran back to where I was, and commenced barking furiously; but I heard nothing. The effect upon me, when I knew that I was discovered by that faithful old dog, and that he never would desert me, or cease his efforts until he obtained help, had caused a syncope. My brother knew that Hunter was not at play—that something serious was the matter—and he jumped out of the sleigh and ran after him.

"In an almost incredible short space after that, he dashed up to the kitchen door with the sleigh, upsetting mother's wash-tubs, and buckets, and kettles, in his hot-haste, crying out, as he did so, 'Father—mother—help—help—Theron is dead!' as he lifted me out of the sleigh, and kicked open the door, and handing his burden into the hands of my father, said, 'Take him—take him, father; I am going for the doctor'—and away he dashed nearly two miles, sprang out of his sleigh, and into the doctor's house at a bound, fairly lifted him out of his armchair asleep, and had him wrapt in the buffalo-skins in the sleigh, and the horses tearing down the lane, before the doctor was fully aware of where he was going, or who had carried him off."

# MIDAS.

Middle was so great a man that every thing he touched turned to gold. The case is altered now. Touch a man with gold, and he will change into any thing.



THE INCAS OF PERU.

The legends of Peru ascribe the beginning of its civilization to Manco Capac and his wife, Mama Oello. According to these stories, these two persons were first seen in their country about three hundred years before the arrival of the Spaniards. They were of a majestic stature, and were clothed in garments. They declared that they were the *Children of* 

the Sun, and were sent by their parent to reclaim the human race from barbarism and misery.

The savage tribes submitted to the instruction of these beings, whom they believed to be of divine origin. Manco Capac and his wife taught them the first arts of civilization, agriculture, and the manufacture of clothing.

He organized a regular government, and formed his subjects into four different ranks or classes, somewhat resembling the divisions of society among the Hindoos. He also established many useful laws and customs, and founded the city of Cuzco, which soon became the capital of an extensive dominion called the *Empire of the Incas*.

Manco and his successors, being considered as the offspring of the Deity, exercised absolute and uncontrolled authority. Disobedience to their orders was regarded as a sin and violation of the commands of the Supreme Being. Their blood was held sacred, and intermarriage between the race of the incas and the common people was expressly forbidden. The family thus separated from the rest of the nation, was distinguished by peculiarities in dress and ornaments, which it was unlawful for others to assume.

This high degree of veneration paid to the monarchs was used by them only to promote the good of their subjects. They extended their empire, not with a view to increase their own power and wealth, but from a desire to diffuse the blessings of civilization and a knowledge of the useful arts among the barbarous tribes whom they conquered.

The Peruvians, when they were first discovered by the Spaniards, had made a considerable progress in civilization. They were acquainted with architecture, sculpture, mining, the art of working the precious metals and jewels, and agriculture. They had a regular system of government and a code of civil and religious laws.

Their lands were divided into regular allotments. One share was consecrated to their deity, the Sun; and its prod-

ucts were appropriated to the support of religious rites. A second share was assigned to the inca, or supreme ruler, and this served for the support of government. The third and

largest portion was the property of the people.

In their agricultural pursuits they exercised great diligence and ingenuity, and irrigated their lands in a skillful manner. The earth was cultivated in common, no man occupying a field longer than one year. Their chief agricultural implement was a sort of spade made of very hard wood. They had no iron.

In architecture, the Peruvians far surpassed all the other South American Indians. They had great temples and palaces, built of hammered stone, many of which now remain in ruins, and prove the knowledge and industry of this persevering people. They also constructed roads of immense extent, paved with stone, and provided with tambos, or houses for resting-stations at regular intervals. The great road from Cuzco to Quito was nearly fifteen hundred miles in length.

Their skill in polishing stones to form mirrors, and in sharpening them to serve for hatchets and weapons of war, was as admirable as the ingenuity which they displayed in all their

ornamental works of gold and precious stones.

The religion of the Peruvians had nothing of that sanguinary and ferocious character which distinguished the worship of the Mexicans. They adored the sun as the supreme deity, under whose influence they also acknowledged various dependent gods. Instead of offering human victims on their altars, they presented to that glorious luminary the choice productions of the earth.

Next to the sun, they regarded their incas with the greatest reverence, looking upon them as his immediate descendants and vicegerents upon earth. The only sanguinary custom among them was observed at the death of an inca, when a number of his servants were slain and interred with him.

The Peruvians were not acquainted with writing; nor had

they proceeded so far toward this invention as the Mexicans, who used hieroglyphics and paintings. The Peruvians had a rude substitute for these in their quipos, or knotted cords, of various colors, by means of which they preserved the remembrance of facts, although, doubtless, in a very imperfect manner. The public accounts and records were kept by this method of artificial memory.

### THE INVENTOR OF RAILROADS.

About half a century ago, there was born at Leeds, England, a man named Thomas Gray. He was, we believe, a poor collier, and, being very ingenious, he conceived the idea of facilitating the transportation of coal from the Middletown colliery of Leeds, a distance of three miles, by means of a sort of railway which he constructed of wood.

Upon this his cars moved at the rate of three miles and a half an hour to the great merriment of a wise and discriminating public, who laughed at the idea of a railway as something very visionary, and as the mere suggestion of laziness. Poor Gray thought otherwise. Magnificent visions of future railways, such as are now stupendous realities, loomed up before him, and he began to talk in public of a general system of iron railroads. He was, of course, laughed at, and declared a visionary, moon-struck fool. But the more Gray contemplated his little railway for coal, the more firmly did he believe in the practicability and immense usefulness of his scheme. He petitioned the British Parliament, and sought interest with all the great men of the kingdom; but all this had no effect except to bring down upon him, wherever he went, the loud sneers and ridicule of all classes. Still he persevered, and at length engaged the attention of men of intelligence, and the result is now before the world.— W. Howitt.



# ATAHUALPA.

When Fernando Cortez invaded Peru, in 1532, the government of the empire was in the hands of Atahualpa, son and successor of the inca, Huana Capac. The country, however, was agitated with civil war, arising from a contest between Atahualpa and his brother Huascar. The latter had been

defeated, captured, and imprisoned by his successful rival. Atahualpa, hearing of the arrival of some powerful strangers in the country, and still feeling insecure, naturally sought to gain their favor. Accordingly Pizarro, who was marching toward Cuzco, the capital, received an invitation from the emperor to meet him at Caxamalca.

In compliance with this invitation, Pizarro proceeded to that city, entered it, and took possession of a large court, on one side of which was a royal palace, and on the other a temple of the sun; the whole being surrounded by a strong wall. Having posted his troops in this advantageous situation Pizarro dispatched his brother Ferdinand and De Soto to Atahualpa.

These ambassadors found the Peruvian army drawn up to receive them. As they passed the ranks, the natives gazed with astonishment at the horses; and Soto, leaping his courser over a ditch, caused him to plunge, rear, and curvet, greatly to the delight and amazement of the simple spectators. They could scarcely believe that the rider and horse were not one animal.

The wonder on both sides was nearly equal. The Spaniards were astonished at the riches, grandeur, and state of the inca. Some minutes passed in profound silence: at length the Spaniards approached the throne of gold on which Atahualpa was seated, making the most submissive obeisances. The inca bade them welcome to his dominions.

An elegant entertainment was immediately served up by six girls and as many boys, richly dressed. The drink was presented in golden cups by two beautiful virgins of the blood royal; and they drank peace and friendship to each other, according to the custom of Peru.

The cordiality of this reception was sufficient to banish all suspicion of hostility from the mind of Pizarro. But he perceived the weakness of the monarch with whom he was dealing, and did not wish to suppose him sincere. Ambitious,

resolute, unfeeling, and cruel, he determined at once to strike a blow which should astonish the whole empire.

Availing himself of the unsuspicious simplicity with which the inca relied on his professions of peace, he conceived the design of seizing his person. While the minds of the Spaniards were heated with the hopes of possessing the enormous wealth which they saw in the Peruvian camp, Pizarro unfolded to them his scheme, palliating it with the pretense of meditated treachery on the part of Atahualpa.

Pizarro, having thus animated his troops, by the powerful motives of avarice, glory, and self-preservation, divided his cavalry into four small squadrons. The musketeers he placed in a tower of the palace, from whence they might fire with advantage upon the defenseless multitude. Fifteen chosen men with spears were appointed to keep near his own person, for the dangerous service which he had reserved for himself.

The two field-pieces and the cross-bowmen were placed opposite the avenue by which Atahualpa was expected to approach. The rest of the infantry were formed in one body. All the soldiers were commanded to keep within the square, and not to move till the signal was given.

After a long delay, Atahualpa approached, preceded by four hundred men in uniform, adorned with plates of gold and silver and precious stones. The inca, sitting on a throne of burnished gold, ornamented with plumes of various colors, was carried on the shoulders of his chief men. Behind came the great officers of his court, also carried in state. Bands of singers and dancers completed the procession. The whole plain was covered with troops to the number of seventy thousand men.

As soon as the inca entered the square, Valverde, the priest who accompanied the Spaniards, advanced with a crucifix and breviary, or prayer-book. He made a long discourse to the inca about religion, the power of the pope and

the king of Spain; and, in conclusion, demanded of him to submit himself and his empire to Charles V.

Atahualpa replied calmly that he wished to be a friend to the Spanish monarch, but he refused to be his vassal, and preferred the religion of his ancestors to that of the pope. "I adore the sun," said he; "but where did you hear the story of the creation, the fall of man, and the other things which you have related?"

"In this book," replied the priest, holding out his breviary. The inca seized the book, turned over the leaves, and put it to his ear. "This tells me nothing," said he, contemptuously throwing it to the ground. The enraged monk turned toward his countrymen, crying with great vehemence, "Vengeance! Vengeance! Christians! see how your gospel is insulted! Kill the impious dogs!" &c.

Pizarro instantly gave the signal for the attack. The cannon and muskets were fired, the drums beat, the trumpets sounded; and the cavalry, sallying out by three different ways, fell upon the unresisting multitude. At the same time the infantry attacked them with their swords and spears, making a terrible slaughter of the Peruvians, who now thought of nothing but flight.

The results of this atrocious and treacherous conduct on the part of Pizarro, is well known. Atalualpa fell into his hands, and was finally executed on some shallow pretense, while his whole empire became the prey of these audacious fillibusters. Such was the fate of the last inca that sat on the throne of Peru.

### CAUTION.

Ir you want to sleep quietly, don't praise another woman while your wife is undressing for bed.



LOUIS XIV.

Louis XIV., King of France, occupies a place in the history of his native country, almost as prominent as that of Charlemagne or Napoleon. He was born in 1638, came to the throne in 1643, and continued to reign till his death, in 1715—a period of 72 years.

He was not a warrior, and did not command his armies in person, yet he kept France almost constantly in a state of war, by which means the country rather lost than gained. He had sumptuous tastes, and was a munificent patron of the arts. He made a great impression on the age in which he lived, and the French people gave him the title of the *Grande Monarque*. Yet there was really something false in his whole career, and the actual results of his reign are to be found in the French Revolution of 1793. He established absolute monarchy, but on such a basis as to insure its destruction.

The following estimate of his character is given by Mac-

aulay:

"Concerning Louis XIV., the world seems at last to have formed a correct judgment. He was not a great general; he was not a great statesman; but he was in one sense of the word a great king. Never was there so consummate a master of what James I. would have called kingcraft,—of all those arts which most advantageously display the merits

of a prince, and most completely hide his defects.

"Though his internal administration was bad; though the military triumphs which gave splendor to the early part of his reign were not achieved by himself; though his later years were crowded with defeats and humiliations; though he was so ignorant that he scarcely understood the Latin of his mass-book; though he fell under the control of a cunning Jesuit, and of a more cunning old woman, he succeeded in passing himself off on his people as a being above humanity, and this is the more extraordinary, because he did not exclude himself from the public gaze, like those Oriental despots whose faces are never seen, and whose very names it is a crime to pronounce lightly.

"It has been said, that no man is a hero to his valet; and all the world saw as much of Louis XIV. as his valet could see. Five hundred people assembled to see him shave, and put on his breeches in the morning. He then kneeled down

at the side of his bed and said his prayer, while the whole assembly awaited the end in solemn silence, the ecclesiastics on their knees, and the laymen with their hats over their faces. He walked about his garden with a train of two hundred courtiers at his heels. All Versailles came to see him dine and sup. He was put to bed at night in the midst of a crowd as great as that which had met to see him rise in morning. He took his very emetics in state, and vomited majestically in the midst of all the crowd of courtiers and ministers.

"Yet, though he constantly exposed himself to the public gaze in situations in which it is scarcely possible for any man to preserve much personal dignity, he to the last impressed those who surrounded him with the deepest awe and reverence. The illusion which he produced on his worshipers can be compared only to those illusions to which lovers are proverbially subject during the season of courtship.

"It was an illusion which affected even the senses. The contemporaries of Louis thought him tall; Voltaire, who might have seen him, and who had lived with some of the most distinguished members of his court, speaks repeatedly of his majestic stature; yet it is as certain as any fact can be, that he was rather below than above the middle size.

"He had, it seems, a way of holding himself, a way of walking, a way of swelling his chest and rearing his head, which deceived the eyes of the multitude. Eighty years after his death, the royal cemetery was violated by the revolutionists; his coffin was opened; his body was dragged out, and it appeared that the prince whose majestic figure had been so long and so loudly extolled, was, in truth, a little man.

"His person and his government have had the same fate. He had the art of making both appear grand pageants, in spite of the clearest evidence that both were below the ordinary standard. Death and time have exposed both the de-

ceptions. The body of the great king has been measured more justly than it was measured by the courtiers who were afraid of looking at his shoe-tie.

"His public character has been scrutinized by men free from the hopes and fears of Boileau and Molière. In the grave, the most majestic of princes is only five feet eight. In history, the hero and the politician dwindles into a vain and feeble tyrant, the slave of priests and women—little in war, little in government, little in every thing but the art of simulating greatness."

## IRISH WIT.

THE wit of the Irish is no less natural and striking than their eloquence. The very transposition of ideas, which sometimes produces a bull or a blunder, not unfrequently startles us as if with the scintillations of humor. "What are you doing there?" said one Irishman to another, who was digging away the dirt before a cellar-window. "I'm going to open this window," said Pat, "to let the dark out of the cellar!"

A few years ago, as several persons were standing on a wharf at Liverpool, one of them slipped into the dock. The first individual to move for the relief of the drowning man was an Irishman, who plunged into the water, and, after a severe struggle, rescued the person from the waves. When the man had at length recovered from his ducking, he took some change out of his pocket, and selecting a sixpence, handed it to the Irishman who had saved his life. The latter looked an instant at the sixpence in the palm of his hand,—and then slowly measured with his eye the individual whom he had rescued, and observing that he was a very thin, withered little man, he put the money into his pocket, and turned on his heel, saying significantly, "It's enough!"



PHYSIOGNOMY.

There is no doubt some truth in the general doctrines of Phrenology. A brain of good size and good texture, is certainly better, for intellectual purposes, than a little brain of a feeble and flabby construction. But be this as it may, there is doubtless quite as much truth in physiognomy.

Many of the dogmas of phrenology are deduced from illus-

trations furnished by the brute creation, and we may perhaps be excused for following this example. Let any one look into the face of the creature standing over his victim in the engraving on the preceding page, and say if he does not carry his character in his face? Even if we did not know it to represent a hyena, and if we had never heard the horrid tales of this creature's doings, we should still have declared it to represent a mean, prowling, dastardly brute, thinking only of the gratification of a ravenous appetite.

Now we do not mean to say that there are men-hyenas, but still, there are bad men, and they generally carry the marks of their vices in their faces; and so there are good men, and these too, for the most part, have their characters written in their countenances. There are, indeed, so many qualifications of these remarks, that it is not safe to judge a man hastily by his physiognomy. The Evil One sometimes robes himself as an Angel of Light; and so wicked and base men sometimes smile and smile, and are villains still. And it may happen, on the other hand, that beneath a hard and repulsive countenance, there is a good, kind, and generous heart. These facts should make us careful in forming hasty judgments, though, at the same time, there can be no doubt that Providence designed the countenances of men, in general, to be a book, in which we may read at sight the hearts of those whom it is our lot to meet in life.

# A CONTRAST.

"Trees which abide age," said Burke, "grow slowly. The gourd that came up in a night withered in a day." This happily illustrates many things in life: the substantial, the enduring, is generally of slow growth; the flashy and the fleeting, which grow in a night, perish in a day.

### CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

An Unexpected Application.—When preaching in a chapel near London, on one occasion, the Rev. Thomas Binney remarked upon the want of good manners, in some persons, who would allow people to stand in a place of worship, when there was room near at hand in the pews. He would cite, he said, an instance from his own experience:

"I was preaching in a chapel, not over-crowded, and in one of the aisles of the chapel stood a young woman, apparently not too strong or robust, leaning upon a pew, in which were only two young men. Now would you believe it, that they sat and never opened that pew-door for that young There was no occasion for them to vacate their woman. seat, although that might not have been too much, in a crowded chapel, had they been gentlemen, and had she been a servant girl; no, no—there they sat. How strange the coincidence, my friends, for let me tell you, that this incident occurred in just such a chapel as this! The aisle was just like yonder aisle! Ay, it was just this day of the week too! Just this day of the month! Yes, and this very year! And it was in this very place; it is this very night! There is the place—there is the aisle—there is the pew!"

Eccentric Prayers.—Rev. Nathaniel Howe, of Hopkinton, exchanged with a brother clergyman on a Sabbath, when the morning chanced to be rainy and the afternoon pleasant. Observing a much larger attendance on the second service, he commenced his prayer with the following: "O Lord, have mercy upon afternoon hearers and fair-weather Christians!"

When Dr. Smalley was ordained, this same minister said in the ordaining prayer, "O Lord, may thy young servant put down the Methodists, the Baptists, and the Universalists, and the Episcopalians, by preaching better and living better than they!" The late Rev. — Mills, of Torringford, Connecticut, was addicted to the use of odd and often rather farcical phrases, in the pulpit. At one of the consociations, his brethren remonstrated with him for this, and the good man meekly promised to do better in future. When they were about to part, he was asked to make the concluding prayer. In doing this, he thanked the Lord for many things, and "especially that in this happy meeting they had been able so pleasantly to hitch their horses together!"

One Good Listener.—Dr. B—— was one day preaching to his people, but it being a warm day, everybody went to sleep, save a poor simpleton, who sat rolling his thumbs over one another, and looking the pastor full in the face, as if to catch every word. On looking up from his notes the preacher saw the state of things, and pausing for a moment said aloud, in a melancholy voice, "I declare, every one of my people has gone to sleep, except that poor idiot!" "Well," said the simpleton, still rolling his thumbs, "I suppose I should have gone to sleep too, if I had not been a fool!"

A Ready Answer.—Rev. Dr. Nathan Strong, and Dr. Leonard Bacon, physician, were the wits of Hartford, Connecticut, some forty years ago. One day the latter was chaffering in the street for a hog, which a countryman had brought, slaughtered, and laid out in his wagon. While thus occupied, he saw Dr. Strong coming up the street, and beckoned to him. The clergyman came, and after both had examined the swine, Dr. Bacon said:

"Pray, Dr. Strong, can you tell me why the snout of a hog is called minister's face?"

"I suppose," said he, instantly, "because t'other end is called Bacon!"

Wit and Wisdom.—While the celebrated Dr. Beecher was settled in Litchfield, he was one evening going home, having

in his hand a volume of Ree's Encyclopedia, which he had taken at the bookstore. In his way, he met a skunk, and threw the book at him, upon which the animal retaliated, and with such effect, that the doctor reached his home in a very shocking plight. Some time after, he was assailed rather abusively by a controversialist, and a friend advised the doctor to reply. "No," said he, "I once discharged a quarto at a skunk, and I got the worst of it. I do not wish to try it again!"

A Gentle Hint.—Rev. Jonathan French, of South Andover, was to be supplied with wood by his parishioners, by the terms of his settlement. Winter was coming on, but no wood had been furnished. Mr. French waited until the Governor's proclamation for Thanksgiving came, when, after reading it to his people, he said, with great apparent simplicity: "My brethren, you perceive that his Excellency has appointed next Thursday as a day of Thanksgiving, and, according to custom, it is my intention to prepare two discourses for that occasion—provided I can write them without a fire!" The hint took, and on the next day all his winter's wood was in his wood-yard.

A Darkey Theologian.—An old negro, near Victoria, Texas, who was the only Baptist in the neighborhood, always "stuck up for his own faith," and was ready with a reason for it, although he was unable to read a word. This was the way he settled the matter. "You kin read, now, keant you?" "Yes." "Well, I s'pose you've read the Bible, haint you?" "Yes." "You've read about John de Baptist, haint you?" "Yes." "Well, you never read about John de Methodis, did you? You see I has de Bible on my side, den. Yah, ya-a-h!"

A Good Sell.—A clergyman having on a certain occasion delivered himself of what is called a fine address, was met

by one of his hearers next day, when, in the course of conversation, allusion was made to it: the parishioner remarked that he had a book containing every word of it, and had heard it before. To this the clergyman boldly replied that the address was written by himself the week previous to its delivery, and therefore the assertion could not be correct. The next day he received a splendid copy of Webster's Dictionary from his friend, and readily took the joke.

Rev. Zabdiel Adams.—A neighboring minister—a mild and inoffensive man—with whom he was about to exchange, said to him, knowing the peculiar bluntness of his character, "You will find some panes of glass broken in the pulpit window, and possibly you may suffer from the cold. The cushion, too, is in a bad condition; but I beg of you not to say any thing to my people on the subject. They are poor," &c.

"Oh, no!" says Dr. Adams. But ere he left home, he filled a bag with rags, and took it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a short time, feeling somewhat incommoded by the too free circulation of air, he deliberately took from the bag a handful or two of rags and stuffed them into the window. Toward the close of his discourse, which was more or less upon the duties of a people toward their clergyman, he became very animated, and purposely brought down both his fists, with a tremendous force, upon the pulpit cushion. The feathers flew in all directions, and the cushion was pretty much used up. He instantly checked the current of his thought, and simply exclaiming, "Why, how these feathers fly!" proceeded.

He had fulfilled his promise of not addressing the society on the forbidden subject, but had taught them a lesson not to be misunderstood. On the next Sabbath the window and cushion were found in excellent repair.



THE ALOE.

Or this noted plant, there are many varieties; but the greater part of them are mere objects of curiosity; some, however, are of much value.

The most famous is that which grows in India, and some of the Eastern islands. It rises in height from eight to ten feet. At the foot there is a large bundle of leaves, thick and indented, narrowing toward the point, and about four feet in length. The blossom is red, intermingled with yellow. The fruit is like a large pea, white and red. The juice of the leaves is held in high estimation as a drug, and is obtained in

various ways. The leaves are sometimes cut off at their base and placed in iron vessels to drain until they have discharged all their juice; in other places they are cut into slices, and boiled in water for ten minutes; after which the liquid is exposed to evaporation. Occasionally, pressure is resorted to, for the purpose of obtaining the greatest quantity of juice.

The medicinal qualities of the product thus obtained, are well known, being considered a sovereign cordial against fainting-fits and other nervous disorders. The juice is also used as a varnish, to preserve wood from the attacks of destructive insects; and skins, and even living animals are sometimes smeared with it for the same purpose. Another use to which it was anciently applied in Eastern countries, was that of embalming, to preserve dead bodies from putrefaction. It was also employed to protect the bottoms of ships against the attacks of worms. Among the Mohammedans, and particularly in Egypt, the aloe is a kind of symbolic plant. It is dedicated to the offices of religion; and pilgrims, on their return from Mecca, suspend it over their doors, to show that they have performed their holy journey.

Some of the larger kinds of aloes are of great importance to the inhabitants of the countries where they grow. Beset as the leaves are with strong spines, they form an impenetrable fence. The negroes of the western coast of Africa make ropes and even nets of the fibrous part of the leaves. The Hottentots hollow out the stems of one of the kinds into quivers for their arrows. In Jamaica there is a species of aloe, which supplies the inhabitants with bow-strings, fishing-lines, and material from which they are able to weave stockings and hammocks.

A species of aloe, which grows in Mexico, is applied by the inhabitants to almost every purpose of life; it seems to make hedges for inclosures; its trunk supplies beams for the roofs of houses, and its leaves are used instead of tiles for the roofs. From this plant they make thread, needles, and various articles of clothing and cordage; while from its juices they manufacture wine, sugar, and vinegar. Some part of it they eat, and others they apply to medicinal purposes.

The wood of the aloe is sometimes used as a perfume. In 1686 the Siamese ambassadors to the court of France brought a present of it from their sovereign, and were the first in Europe who communicated a true account of the tree. The trunk of a species which is produced in India is of three colors, and contains three sorts of wood. The heart, or finest part, is used to perfume dresses and apartments. It is very precious, and is considered more valuable than its weight in gold. It is supposed that it was the wood of this tree that Moses cast into the waters of Marah, by which they became sweet.

## THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Knock! knock!
You can not come in.
The door is brass,
And the bolt is sin.
Stand on the threshold, trembling and cold,
Beautiful angel with hair of gold!

Maud, come hither and sit on my knee; I'll kiss thy lips, and thou'lt kiss me. Beatrice, thou of the milk-white hands, Fondle my long hair's electric strands. Blanche, no pouting! I vow I will rest My head, if I like, on that dove-like breast.

Knock! knock!
You can not come in.
The door is brass,
And the bolt is sin.

You are not meet for this company bold, Heavenly angel with hair of gold!

Pile the wood up in the chimney wide,
'Till the flame leaps high like the devil's pride.
In silver tankards simmer the wine,
Spice it with cinnamon fresh and fine;
And we'll bask and drink, and drink and bask,
While ever there lasts a log or a flask!

Knock! knock!
You can not come in.
The door is brass,
And the bolt is sin.
Rollic and riot you must not behold.
White-robed angel with hair of gold!

The wine is bitter!—the blaze is dim!
What horrible chill creeps over each limb?
I scarce can see as I gaze abroad—
Where are ye, Beatrice, Blanche, and Maud?
Ah, Heaven! Come, kiss me—some fire—a light!
Speak, lemans, or else I shall perish with fright!

Knock! knock!

How did you come in?

The door was brass,

And the bolt was sin.

Where are your white robes, your hair of gold?

Augel of Death, your touch is cold!

# OLD TIMES AND NEW.

In ancient days the celebrated precept was, "Know Thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim—"Know thy neighbor and every thing about him."



MONKEY ORATORS.

As the monkeys seem to be imitators of mankind in almost every thing, it was natural to expect among them orators and holders-forth; and such, indeed, are found. Among the several kinds which seem to hold assemblies, in which an individual mounts an eminence, and addresses his constituents seated around, is that of the howling monkey of Brazil and Guiana.

These creatures abound in the wooded islets along the shores. They move about, sometimes singly, and sometimes in pairs, and sometimes in small companies. The morning and evening are the times at which their oratory is poured forth. This consists of cries, yells, screams, long and loud, and diversified by a variety of strange rattling sounds. Sometimes these exercises are prolonged into the night, and are occasionally repeated in the daytime.

Travelers have given very curious accounts of the effect of these performances. They appear to affect the mind with a strange horror, especially at night. When heard at a distance, a whole forest seems to be filled with the cries of wild beasts; but on approaching the spot the scene becomes ineffably ludicrous. Sometimes the whole monkey company listens to an individual who appears to be addressing them, as if in a sermon or a lecture; at another time the whole join in a concert. One who occupies a conspicuous place begins the howling, and for some time he performs a solo, the rest giving careful attention; then, upon a signal from him, the whole company join in chorus, sending their discordant peals for miles over the country round. As they begin by a sign from their leader, so they finish by a sign from the same individual.

Such is a monkey opera in the wilds of Brazil!

# PROVINCIALISMS.

Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Proverbs, and Ancient Customs," contains no less than 50,000 words, which is about the number of provincialisms which it is estimated exist in the colloquial tongue of the lower classes of England, this estimate being founded upon actual collections made in thirty-five counties.

## HUGH, THE HUNCHBACK.

"Shame! for shame!"

"To treat a deformed child so!"

"Why can't you look, man, at what you're treading upon?"

Such were a few of the ejaculations poured out by a group of men, on the outskirts of a crowd assembled to witness a grand exhibition of fireworks, on the eve of the Fourth of July. The first speaker had picked up from the dusty grass a child who had accidentally been knocked down in the general crowding and jostling, and who now lay apparently senseless in his arms.

"Who is it? what is it?" inquired one and another.

"It's Joe Patterson's little hunchback, Hugh," answered the man; "and pity 'tis they couldn't have kept him out of this crowd. He has been knocked down and banged about till I am not sure whether there is any life left in him."

"Bring him here, sir!" exclaimed an elegantly dressed lady, whose carriage had been driven just outside of the ring which encircled the crowd.

"Oh, mamma, he is dead! the poor boy!" cried the youngest of her children, with tears in her pitying blue eyes.

"Just as well if he were," said another lady in the carriage. "It is cruel kindness to let such a deformed child live to grow up."

"Hush, sister," returned the first lady; "he is coming to. Remember, the child probably has a mother to love him, if he is a hunchback!"

"And he has a soul, too, aunty," spoke up little Lilla, with a reproachful look in her half-dried eyes.

"You are a strange child, Lilla! Look at the fireworks."
But the blazing rockets had lost half their attraction for Lilla; and when her mother proposed leaving them for a few

minutes to take the deformed boy home, as his arm was very painful, she consented gladly.

"I declare, I never will ride with you again, sister Winstan," said the aunt, disdainfully; "you are always picking up some object of distress to shock my nerves. I shall not get this creature out of my dreams for a month."

Lilla glanced at the boy, whose lips and eyelids trembled, though he lay perfectly still on the cushions. Hugh had heard all; but it was nothing new to the poor deformed child to hear ridicule and scorn heaped upon him. Yet it wounded him not less deeply, for he had a sensitive spirit, which had grown sore in its harsh contact with a selfish world. In one thing Mrs. Winstan had guessed wrong; he had no mother in this world, but was cared for in some small measure by a boisterous, drinking father, and a rough, but well-meaning sister.

Dorothy, the sister, came out to receive him, soon after the carriage stopped at their dwelling—a tumbling-down block in the dirtiest street of the suburbs. She lifted him out in her strong, red arms, thanked the lady for her kindness in a loud, shrill tone, and then stood to watch the horses as they trotted away.

"Oh, Dolly!" moaned the boy, "please carry me up

"Yes, yes, you silly child! this is what you get by going to such places! How long, I wonder, before you will learn that you are not like other folks, and can't go among 'em?"

"Not like other folks!" repeated poor little Hugh, when his sister had tucked him up carefully in his warm attic, and gone down to prepare a wash for his sprained wrist. He forgot for a moment his bodily pain in the pain which shot through his heart at these careless words. "Not like other folks! no, indeed, I am not! But how am I to blame for it! I didn't make myself! Why did God make me so?"

He raised the blanket from his face, and peered into the

darkness with a kind of superstitious fear at the question he had involuntarily asked, for he had not forgotten what his dead mother had taught him—that God was good, and that he did every thing for the best.

"I don't know what we shall do with Hugh, to keep him out of harm's way," said his father the next morning. "He has such an intolerable curiosity to see all that is going on in the world, that he'll get his neck broken among these city boys. I'll send him to my sister's cousin in the country to learn a shoemaker's trade."

"The best trade in the world for such as he," replied Dolly. And so, as soon as the sprained wrist was strong again, little Hugh was packed off to a country cobbler's close, leather-perfumed shop.

It was a new thing to him to be imprisoned from morning until night, waxing ends, whittling pegs, or driving them into the tough soles of shoes, new or old. Not a kind word ever fell on the poor boy's ear. If he did his work faithfully, he received no word or look of encouragement. If he fell to musing, as he sometimes did, he was roughly aroused by a shake, and a growl to the effect that he "didn't earn the salt to his victuals; should like to know what he expected to do in the world?"

One Saturday Hugh had the unusual privilege of half holiday. With the village boys he could not go to play, for they had once driven him from their green with shouts of scornful laughter. So he turned down a shaded lane that led to a dark pine wood. Through the heart of this wood stole a still stream of cool water. Upon a mossy knoll on its bank Hugh threw himself down to cherish sad thoughts.

"To be a shoemaker all my days, and stay in a stived-up shop!" thought he; "I can't bear it! But what else can I do? Who cares for me? Who is there that does not laugh at me? I wish I was dead—so I do."

He laid his pale cheek on the soft moss, and watered it

with bitter tears. As he raised his eyes at length, they lighted on a clear blossom of the fringed gentian. As he took the flower in his hand, it seemed to him as though its fringed blue eye looked lovingly into his, saying, "God made me!"

"God made you—yes; made you sweet and beautiful, but how did he make me?" reasoned the bewildered boy, whose rebellious feelings had by no means left him. Still he looked fixedly into the flower.

"I don't laugh at your hunched shoulders, Hugh," it

seemed to him again to be saying softly.

"No—you don't; and if there was one living blue eye that looked as kind as yours"—he stopped, and thought for a moment of little Lilla and her mother. "But that was only pity; even kind people can never love me. I wonder if the angels in heaven will love me? My mother will, I know"—and his lips trembled. "But I am afraid I never shall be fit to go to her, if these naughty feelings stay in my heart. I can't help them, either. It must be God made me for something, as well as this dear little flower. Yes, he gave me a soul—the little girl said that! Perhaps my soul can do something in the world, though my body is poor and crooked. I'll try."

And with these little magic words, Hugh sprang up from his knoll, buttoned the flower in his vest, and made his way homeward to his work.

Five years have flown. In the hall of a village academy, a knot of school-girls are discussing a weighty matter. The young men of the academy have been delivering orations of their own composition for a prize, and the result has astonished every one.

"Is it not too bad," says Sarah, "that such a fellow should win the prize?"

"Why, has he not as good a right as any of them?" asks a blue-eyed girl of fourteen at her side.

"Oh, right, to be sure; but I shouldn't think such a de-

formed piece of humanity would be very forward to push himself before other people."

"Should he not make the most of the gifts God has given him? It is unjust, Sarah. He won the prize fairly, and

spoke nobly. You ought not to be so unkind."

"I suppose you think no prize too great for him," responded Sarah, with a malicious little laugh. "Perhaps he will offer his services in escorting you to the pic-nic next Monday, in return for your eloquent defense of his rights. 'The Lily of Lisbon Academy,' as Professor R. called her, would be honored by such company."

"She would indeed be honored, Sarah, by any mark of esteem from one whose opinion is worth something," replied the blue-eyed girl, proudly arching her graceful neck. "Did

you never learn those lines of Watts-

'I would be measured by my soul; The mind's the stature of the man!"

"You are a most unaccountable girl, Lilla Winstan. But, good evening; I must not stand fooling any longer." And away went Sarah, followed by most of her mates, while Lilla returned to the school-room to search for a missing book.

"Thank you, Miss Winstan." These words, spoken almost in her ear, as she was bending over her desk, caused her to lift her head with a start and a blush of surprise. The deformed Hugh, now a young man of some seventeen years, stood by her chair, gazing at her with those mournful, deep, black eyes, which had often won her sympathy.

"Bless you for your words of kindness; they have done more for me than a hundred prizes could. I have learned that there is at least one in the world who will judge me by

truth-not by sight."

In the pulpit of one of the principal churches of D———, rises, Sabbath by Sabbath, a pale-faced, high-browed man, whose deformity is the first feature to catch the eye of a stranger. It is not until you hear him speak—until you

catch the fire from his eye, and the enthusiasm from his lips, that you forget to pity the speaker. You do not wonder then that he is willing to come before the public eye weekly, even with the weight of his natural defects; for who can think of these when once carried away by the tide of his eloquence?

Yes; Hugh has gained his end. He is "measured by his soul" in the sight of all who know him. He has striven nobly, by the help of his Maker, to fit that soul for companionship with the spotless apostles and angels, and a ray of

their own pure light seems to have fallen upon it.

If any one wonders at seeing, after the church services are over, a young, proud, beautiful woman lay her white hand upon the deformed preacher's arm, to walk down the richly-carpeted aisle, they have but to look into Lilla's face for the solution of the mystery. Lilla not only loves the crippled form at her side better than the most matchless ones of earth, but she is *proud* of her noble husband.—The Little Pilgrim.

# ALL BULLS ARE NOT IRISH.

A PERSON in using another language than his own, frequently makes mistakes, and it should be remembered by those who suppose all bulls are Irish, that English is not the

mother-tongue of an Irishman.

A Frenchman once speaking to Dr. Johnson, and intending to pay him a compliment by alluding to the "Rambler," which at that time was the theme of universal admiration, addressed him as Monsieur Vagabond—the word vagabond in French being synonymous with rambler.

An Italian gentleman, in speaking to an American lady, and intending to say that she had grown somewhat fleshy since he had seen her, said, "Madam, you have gained very

much beef since I saw you!"



THE IGUANA.

The iguanas are a genus of lizards, found in Guiana and Brazil. There are several species, the largest of which is from three to six feet in length.

This is considered a very ugly and uncouth-looking animal, for there is a general prejudice against the whole lizard family. They are all perfectly harmless, however, except

the larger species, as the crocodile, alligator, etc., which inhabit rivers.

The upper part of the common iguana is greenish yellow, marbled with veins of pure green, the tail being ringed with brown. The animal, however, is subject to great varieties of color, his skin having a kind of metallic power of reflection, according to the hues of the objects around him. When he is irritated, too, he gives forth tints of blue, violet, green, and even spots of black.

There is a crust of large spiny scales all down the back; a large plate on each side of the head, at the angle of the jaws; and the sides of the neck are covered with pyramidal scales. This species is very common in the warm parts of South America, and is of considerable use to the inhabitants. It is generally found upon the branches of the trees, though it occasionally takes to the water. It lives chiefly upon fruit, leaves, and vegetables. Its eggs are of the size of those of the pigeon. These eggs are esteemed a great delicacy, and are eagerly sought for by the inhabitants. The animal is also much hunted, its flesh being held in high estimation.

When these creatures are attacked or threatened, they put on a very formidable appearance. They open their mouths wide, expand their throats, brandish their tongues, and erect their crests; but this is all mere bluster, as they are incapable of inflicting any considerable wound, and are very easily captured and killed.

# JOHN RANDOLPH.

As John Randolph was walking one day, he met a man, who walked straight on, remarking "that he did not turn out for a rascal." "I do," quickly rejoined Randolph, and immediately stepping aside, he let the ruffian pass.

### PUNS.

THE speaker "who took the floor" has been arrested for stealing lumber.

"I will never marry a woman who can't carve," said M. "Why not?" inquired his friend. "Because she would not be a help-meat for me."

Luttrell wrote the following epigram on the celebrated Maria Tree, sister of Mrs. Charles Kean:

"On this Tree, if a nightingale settles and sings, The Tree will just give it as good as it brings."

Every wooden leg which supplies the loss of a limb sacrificed in battle, is a stump speech against all war.

No professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as the dentist.

A young lady who took the eye of everybody, has been arrested for stealing.

It is chiefly young ladies of narrow understanding who wear shoes too small for them.

How extraordinary it is that the Czar should be in want of money after all the checks he has received!

The sensitive actor, who couldn't sit in the same room with a teaurn, on account of its hissing, has just been killed by a "burst of applause."

Soldiers, come what may, can never be at a loss for bread, as they always can fall back on the regimental roll.

What sort of lucifers does a man use to make light of his troubles?

A Shanghai, when eating corn, takes one peck at a time.

The man who was found in liquor has been taken out by his friends.

Mrs. Brown says her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot in it.

A REVENUE CUTTER.—A householder who runs away without paying his taxes.

Wanted-A good strong adhesive plaster, to make busy-bodies stick to their own business.

LEATHER-An "awl" important matter.

Railway "jams" are any thing but preserves.

An anxious inquirer writes to know whether the Powder Magazine is published monthly, and is considered a safe magazine for families.

Also, whether mint juleps will be any cheaper if a branch of the United States Mint were located in New York.

Also, whether dead letters are ever known to revive after they reach the Dead-Letter Office; and if not, what is the use of sending them there.

Also, whether navigators have to double their capes in all latitudes, or only in cold regions.

Also, whether a schoolmaster can be said to have no scholars when he has pupils in his eyes.

If five and a half yards make a perch, how many will make a trout? And, again, if two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

Can a blind man be held liable for a bill payable at sight?

# TURNCOATS.

At the battle of Fustadt, fought in 1707, between the Saxons and the Russians on the one side, and the Swedes on the other, the Saxons were red coats, and the Russians white ones lined with red. The Saxons were soldiers of high reputation, while the Russians were the most abject creatures imaginable. To deceive the Swedes, the Russians were ordered to put on their coats wrong side out—the object being to prevent the Swedes from concentrating their forces upon the cowards. But the plan didn't answer; for though the Saxons repulsed the Swedes, the Russians ran away at once, in spite of their having turned their coats, and carried the Saxons with them. It was the old story of the ass in the lion's skin.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

SHAKSPEARE has said,

How shines a good deed in a naughty world!"

A striking illustration of this is furnished in the story of the "Good Samaritan." As it is brief, we insert it:

"And Jesus, answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

"But a good Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee."

Now why is it that this example of the Samaritan is held to be beautiful, and worthy of imitation by men of all countries, all ages, all creeds? It is because there is such a thing as virtue and goodness, and which is just as visible and just as beautiful to all mankind as the light of heaven. And the duty of cherishing, following, obeying such virtue is just as clear as the reasonableness of being guided by the light of day, in the ordinary walks of life.

# A DISH OF BERRYS.

A CELEBRATED comedian arranged with his green-grocer—one Berry—to pay him quarterly, but the green-grocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the green-grocer, and laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said: "I say, here's a pretty mul, Berry; you have sent in your bill, Berry, before it is due, Berry; your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not look black, Berry—for I don't care a straw, Berry—and shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

## DEAN SWIFT AND THE COBBLER.

Ir happened that the Dean was one day passing through Patrick's Close, when he espied a cobbler hard at work in his stall. Poor Crispin, though half naked, was singing away like a lark, and hammering at the heel of an old shoe with an apparent lightness of heart that astonished the Dean, when he contemplated the merry wretch's obvious misery.

"Friend," said the Dean, pausing in his walk at the stall, and addressing him, "you seem to be very poor; but then

you seem to be very merry."

"It's not mirth, sir," replied the cobbler—"I'm singin' for the children in the cellar below."

"How is that?" asked the Dean; "I don't understand

you."

"Why, sir," said the man, "whenever the poor things are hungry, and have nothing to eat, I sing droll songs for them, in order to make them forget the hunger."

"What family have you?"

"Not many, sir—only twelve or thirteen, or so—but plase God, there's a good time comin'. Nelly, sir, has her gifts—and, between you and me, is a valuable subject to her Majesty; as for myself, God help me, I'm obliged to keep hammering away at the leather as well as I can—just as you see me, sir, at the heel of this old shoe."

"And have you no prospect," asked the Dean, "of improv-

ing your condition in life?"

"If there be such a prospect, sir," replied the cobbler, "I have not been able to catch a glimpse of it yet; but I suppose you have heard the proverb of our trade, sir—once a cobbler, always a cobbler."

"The proverb is a bad one," observed the Dean, "and strikes at the very root of industry."

"It doesn't touch me, at all events-for as far as industry

goes, I'm the pattern to the neighborhood; but, unfortunately, the harder I work, the poorer I get. However, we have one comfort, which is, that there's a better world before us, and that we are preparing ourselves for it."

"How is that?" asked the Dean.

"Why, fasting and prayer are the best means of working out our salvation. It's true, indeed, we haven't time to pray much, but we make it up in the fastin'. As for my own part, since I can not fast and pray, I fast and sing."

"Oh, ho!" thought the Dean, "this is a character; I must try him a little further. What did you mean by saying, the

harder you work, the poorer you get?"

"Nothing's plainer, sir; my family's growin' up, and the employment goes down; you may understand me without a dictionary."

"Well, then," said the Dean, "suppose a friend were to enable you to lay in a quantity of leather, and all the necessary materials for making shoes, let me ask, could you make them?"

"Could Dane Swift write a ballad ?-

'Ye people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty;
At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty,
Which nobody can deny.'

"God bless the Dane, at any rate—by puttin' down Wood and his halfpence he saved me from bankruptcy; I should have closed my stall only for him. But, afther all, he deprived me of a good berth of it."

"What berth?" asked the other.

"Why, sir, the post of Solicitor-General, that I had in my eye at the time; but faith he stopped my promotion. However, divil may care that—I can hammer the leather still, if the work would only come in.

'The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing;
There's an end of your ploughing, your baking, and brewing;
In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin,
Which nobody can deny.'"

The Dean began to feel more than amusement in his chat with the cobbler, and after some further conversation, he said—

"Well, now, you comical rogue, do you know Dean Swift?"

"Not by person, sir; that's a pleasure that's before me yet; but I know him well by carecther."

"What do you know about him?" asked the Dean.

"Why, that he's a true friend to Ireland and her people, and an enemy to all oppressors.

'Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men,
Which nobody can deny.'

"Faith," he added, "if he wanted a carecther, and came to me for one, he would have no reason to complain of it."

"Well, now," said the Dean, "you seem to be a merry, honest fellow, and I think if you were assisted to improve your condition, that the assistance would not be thrown away upon you."

"Well, I think not," replied the cobbler. "I'm a good deal of that notion myself. Honor, industry, and good-humor runs in our family; but, somehow or other, poverty insists on being a relative as well as the others, and sticks to us like wax."

"Suppose, now," said the Dean, "that I lend you the sum of ten pounds, to buy leather and commence shoemaking, will you promise to pay me at the rate of half-a-crown a week?"

"I can only give you my word for it at the present time," replied the cobbler; "but you'll find I'll keep it."

"Well, then," said the Dean, opening his pocket-book. "here are ten pounds for you, which I give, trusting you will make good use of them."

"You are Dane Swift," said the cobbler, "for no other

man would do such an act as this."

"I am," replied the Dean, "and will further befriend you

if you deserve it. Now, good-by, and be industrious."

"Asy, your reverence," replied the cobbler. "I can't part from you that way. Down to my cellar you must come, till Nelly and the childer sees you, or I give up the money. It's the honor of the thing I look to—and, besides, I have a duty to discharge. Come, your reverence, don't be ashamed; it'll be no longer a cellar while you're in it, but a charming room; and for the same raison, you must get drawing-room treatment: besides, I have an ould custom of the country to fulfill."

The Dean, whose curiosity was excited to know more about a man whom he looked upon as an original, suffered himself to be prevailed upon, and descended into the cellar. After the cobbler had introduced Nelly and the Dean to each other, he whispered to the former, into whose hands he thrust the ten-pound note; and in a few minutes she returned with a bottle of claret!

"What's this?" exclaimed the Dean. "Do you expect me to drink with you?"

"We have an ould and holy custom in this country," replied the cobbler, "that the man who gets the money always gives the trate; because, you see, sir, nothing prospers when it's not done."

The Dean received a glass, and drank to his prosperity; after which he turned his steps homeward, considerably amused, and not a little mystified by the rather eccentric conduct of Crispin. Before he went, however, he enjoined him to come to the Deanery every Saturday at an appointed hour, to pay him his weekly installment of half-a-crown.

Accordingly, when the day and hour came, he presented himself at the hall-door, stating that he wished to see the Dean upon business.

"You, you rascal," returned the servant; "have you the assurance to suppose that Dr. Swift could have any business

with you, unless through the servants?"

"I come by his own appointment," replied the cobbler, "and it's not unlikely, if you refuse to bring the message, that you may find a slippery stone at his door. You ought to know him, I think. His reverence took a glass of claret with me this day week in my own place. If you know who the Dean is, remember, you don't know who I am."

With some difficulty, the man went up and delivered his message; when, much to his surprise, the Dean immediately desired the man to be shown up to the drawing-room, where he happened to be sitting.

"Well," said the Dean, "I am glad to find that you are

likely to be punctual in your payments."

"Sir," returned the cobbler, "you will find me here as regularly as Saturday comes. There's the first half-crown."

"That is very right," said the Dean; "nothing like punc-

tuality and honesty."

The Dean, who was reading, then resumed his book, feeling naturally certain that the man, now that the affair between them had been transacted, would, of course, have gone about his business—but in this he was mistaken, for the cobbler held his ground.

"Pray, why do you wait?" asked the Dean, at length.

"Have you not paid the money?"

"No doubt of that, sir," replied the cobbler; "but you can not forget the old custom of the country—the man who gets the money always gives the trate."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Dean, "you shall have it;" and as

he spoke, he rang the bell.

"John," said he, when the servant entered, "give this man a glass of whisky."

"Sir," said the cobbler, in reply, "I, though but a poor man, got you a bottle of claret, and you, who are a rich one, offer me a glass of whisky. I expect, sir, to get as good as I gave."

"And you shall," too, replied the Dean; "John, give this man a bottle of claret. Now, sir, I understand you," he added; "a bottle of claret is worth four shillings, and your weekly installment is only half-a-crown. Begone, you rascal, and never let me see your face again. I could afford to lend you ten pounds, but I could not afford to be repaid upon your own principle."

The tradition, however, goes on to say that the cobbler, whose name, we think, was Parker, proved himself to be an honest man, and punctually paid the money in question, which pleased the Dean so much, that he became a warm friend and supporter to him, and scrupled not to aid him with both his purse and counsel, until he had the satisfaction of seeing his witty protégé an independent and respectable man.

## FAMILY JARS.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberries nice,
Jars of mince-meats, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade,
Jars of pickles, all home-made,
Jars of cordial elder-wine,
Jars of honey, superfine;
Would the only jars were these,
Which occur in families!



THE METAMORPHOSIS OF INSECTS.

The study of insects is imagined by some unreflecting persons to be beneath the attention of serious minds; yet, in point of fact, there is no part of creation which opens a volume of more real wonder than this. "Observe," says Linnæus, "the large, elegant painted wings of the butterfly, four in number, and covered with delicate feathery scales. With these it sustains itself in the air for a whole day, rivaling the flight of birds and the brilliancy of the peacock.

"Consider this insect through the wonderful progress of its life: how different is the first period of its being, from the second, and both from the parent insect! Its changes are an inexplicable enigma to us: we see a green caterpillar, painted with silver feet, feeding upon the leaves of a plant; this is changed into a chrysalis, smooth, of golden luster, hanging suspended to a fixed point, without feet, and subsisting without food. This insect again undergoes another transformation, acquires wings and six feet, and becomes a gay but-

terfly, sporting in the air and living by suction upon the honey of plants. What has nature provided more worthy of our admiration than such an animal, coming upon the stage of the world, and playing its part there under so many different masks?"

The ancients were so struck with the transformations of the butterfly, and its revival from a seeming temporary death, as to have considered it an emblem of the soul; the Greek word *Psyche* signifies both the soul and a butterfly. It is for this reason that we find the butterfly introduced into the Greek sculptures as an emblem of immortality.

#### THE MOON.

Dr. Scoresby, in an account he has given of some recent observations made with the Earl of Rosse's telescope, said that with respect to the moon, every object on its surface of one hundred feet was distinctly to be seen, and he had no doubt that under favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects sixty feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stone almost innumerable. He had no doubt that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered visible by these instruments.

But there were no signs of inhabitants such as ours, no vestige of architectural remains to show that the moon is, or ever was, inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presents no appearance which could lead to the supposition that it contained any thing like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There was no water visible, not a sea, or river, or even the measure of the reservoir for supplying a tower or factory; all seemed desolate.

#### THREE GENTLEMEN IN ONE.

One of the frequenters of the Palais Royal, then called the Palais Cardinal, was Racan, a man of letters, and remarkable for his absence of mind. The cardinal used to be highly amused at the scrapes into which this quality led him, and the practical jokes of which it made him the victim. The day he was received into the Academy, all Paris was assembled to hear the address it was usual to hear on such occasions. He mounts the tribune, and taking a paper from his pocket all dirty and torn, "Gentlemen," he said, "I intended to read my speech to you, but unluckily my greyhound got hold of it; here it is; you see its condition; make what use you can of it, for I don't know it by heart, and have no copy."

There lived in Paris an ancient maiden, Marie le Jars, demoiselle de Gournay. She was born in 1565, and at the period to which the anecdote relates, was about seventy years old. In a short account of her life, written by herself, she says that, at the age of nineteen, having read Montaigne's Essays, she was seized with the greatest desire to become acquainted with the author; so when Montaigne came to Paris, she sent a message to him, expressing her admiration of himself and his book. The same day he paid her a visit to thank her for her partiality, and they immediately were on such terms of affection, that she called him father, and he called her daughter. The demoiselle de Gournay was an author, and had published a book in the style of the time, which was thought to surpass in pathos every thing that had been written before. It was called "L'Ombre de la demoiselle de Gournay." According to the custom then in vogue, she presented her book to the distinguished literary men of Paris, and among others to Racan. When the book was brought, two of his friends-De Bueil and Ivrande-were with him. Racan, flattered by this attention, said he should call on the 240

fair lady the next day at three o'clock. This declaration was not lost on his companions, who thought they would have some fun from it. The next day, at one o'clock, De Bueil knocks at the door of the demoiselle de Gournay. Her companion, Mademoiselle Jamin, opens it. De Bueil wishes to see the mistress of the house. She tells Mademoiselle de Gournay, who was in her closet, writing poetry, that a man has called to see her.

- "What is his name?"
- "He did not tell me."
- "How does he look?"
- "A well-looking man, thirty or thirty-five years old, and has the air of one accustomed to good company."
- "Ask him up. The thought I was pursuing is a good one, but it may return, and the cavalier may not."

As she finished her monologue he entered.

"Monsieur, I have admitted you on Jamin's report of your appearance, without asking who you are. Have the goodness to tell me your name."

"My name, mademoiselle, is Racan."

La demoiselle de Gournay, who knew Racan only by name, was extremely civil, and thanked him that one so young and fashionable should trouble himself about a poor old woman like her. De Bueil, who was a man of wit, made himself agreeable, and told divers diverting stories, which entertained her so much, that she called to Jamin to silence her cat that was mewing in the next room. After three-quarters of an hour's conversation, which the demoiselle de Gournay declared was the most pleasant she ever had, he took his leave, overwhelming her with compliments for her courtesy, while she was enthusiastic in his praise.

In a happy frame of mind was the ancient maiden to pursue the thought in which she had been interrupted, and which had been frightened away. She returned to her study, but had scarcely entered it, when Ivrande, who watch-

ed the moment, glided to her room. He opened the door of her sanctuary, and seeing her at work, said, "I have entered boldly; but the illustrious author of 'L'Ombre' ought not to be treated as a common person."

"That compliment is well turned, and I will inscribe it in my tablets; but, may I ask, what procures me the honor of

this visit?"

"Mademoiselle," said Ivrande, "I came to thank you for the book you have done me the honor to present to me."

"Monsieur," she replied, "I have not sent my book to you, in which I was wrong. I ought to have done so. Here, Jamin, a 'L'Ombre' for this gentleman."

"But permit me to tell you I have one already. To prove it, in such a chapter is this passage, in that chapter this other passage."

"This is exceedingly gratifying to me. You are an author

who reads all the new books as they appear."

"Certainly; and here are some of my own verses, which I am happy to offer in exchange for your book."

"But these verses," said the ancient demoiselle, "are by

Monsieur Racan."

"I am Monsieur Racan himself, at your service."

"Monsieur, you are laughing at me."

"I, mademoiselle, I laugh at the daughter of the great Montaigne—at that heroine of poetry of whom Lipsius has said, 'Videamus quid sit paritura ista virgo,' and the young Heinsius, 'Ausa virgo concurre reviris, scandit supra viros.'"

"Very well! very well!" says the demoiselle de Gournay, delighted beyond expression by this avalanche of praise. 'He who has just gone away was making sport of me, or perhaps it is you: but it is of no consequence; the young will always be at their pranks with the old, and either way I am happy to have met with two gentlemen so elegant and witty."

But it was not the intention of Ivrande to let his visit pass

as a jest; and at the end of three-quarters of an hour he departed, leaving her fully persuaded that, this time, she had had an interview with the veritable author of "Bergeries."

Scarcely was he out of sight, when the real Racan makes his appearance. The door was open. As he was a little troubled with the asthma, he entered out of breath, and at once threw himself into an armchair. At the noise he made, Mademoiselle de Gournay, who was trying to catch again the thought that fled before the Chevalier de Bueil, returned, and saw a coarse, farmer-like man, who, without saying a word, was panting and wiping his face.

"Jamin," said she, "come quickly."

Jamin ran to her.

"Did you ever see so ridiculous a figure?" cried Mademoiselle de Gournay, keeping her eyes fixed on Racan, and breaking out into a loud laugh.

"Mademoiselle," says Racan, who spoke in a thick tone, and could not pronounce R or C, "dans un qualt d'heule je vous dilai poulquoi je suis venu iti, but just let me take breath."

"Then, monsieur, at the end of the quarter of an hour you have asked for, you will at least inform me what occasion brings you to my house."

"Mademoiselle," replies Racan, "to thank you for your

present."

"What present?"

"Your 'L'Omble.'"

"My 'L'Ombre,'" says Mademoiselle de Gournay, who began to comprehend the language Racan spoke.

"Certainly, for your 'L'Omble.'"

"Jamin," says Mademoiselle de Gournay, "undeceive this poor man. I have sent my book to no one but to Monsieur de Malherbe, and he did not deserve it for his unfair criticism on my writings, and to Monsieur Racan, who has just left me."

"Who has just left you!" cries Racan. "I am Latan."
"You are Latan! I did not say Latan—I said Racan."

The unlucky poet made infinite efforts to tell his name, which was composed of five letters, two of which he could not pronounce, which he so strenuously distorted, that Mademoiselle de Gournay was unsuccessful in her attempts to comprehend it. Becoming impatient—

"Do you know how to write?"

"Do I know how to write? Si je sais eteile? Give me a pen, and you shall see."

"Jamin, give the gentleman a pen."

Jamin obeyed—gave a pen to the unfortunate visitor, who wrote as legibly as possible, in a large hand, Racan.

"Racan!" cried Jamin.

"Racan! Racan!" repeated Mademoiselle de Gournay.

"I am he," said Racan, enchanted at being understood,

and supposing his reception would now be different.

"Look at him, Jamin! is he not a pretty fellow to take that name?" and Mademoiselle de Gournay became very furious. "The other two," said she, "were at least amiable and pleasing, but this fellow is a miserable buffoon."

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, you amaze me! Pray tell

me what you mean."

"I mean that you are the third Monsieur Racan who has presented himself here to-day."

"I know nothing of the others, but I know I am the true

Latan."

"I don't know who you are," replied Mademoiselle de Gournay; "but I know you are the greatest blockhead of the three, and I will suffer no such tricks to be played on me. Do you hear, sir?"

Saying this in an impatient tone, she rose from her seat, and with a lofty wave of the hand, motioned him to depart.

In this extremity, Racan takes from his pocket one of his books, and presenting it,

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I am the real Latan; and to prove it, take this book, and I will repeat the verses from beginning to end."

"Then, sir, you have stolen the verses of Monsieur Racan, as you have his name; and I declare, if you do not leave the

house this instant, I will call for assistance."

"But, Mademoiselle-"

"Jamin, cry out, robbers!"

Racan did not wait for the result, but flying to the staircase, descended with the swiftness of an arrow.

The same day, Mademoiselle de Gournay learnt the whole story. Judge of her mortification, when she found she had driven from her house the only one of the three Racans who was the true one. The next morning she borrows a carriage and drives directly to M. de Bellegarde's, where Racan lived. He was still in bed, and asleep, but the poor lady was in such haste to make her excuses to a man whom she esteemed so highly, that, without listening to his valet de chambre, she ran hurriedly to his room, went straight to his bed, and lifted up the curtains. Racan, started out of his sleep, and seeing the face of yesterday, believed she was still pursuing him, and leaping out of bed, ran into his closet. Safe there, and bolting the door, he listened to what she said, and in a few moments the whole affair was explained.

Finding she had not come to renew the attack, but to make excuses, and with the kindest intentions, he left his closet, and from that day she and Monsieur Racan were the best friends in the world.

# A HINT TO PARENTS.

THE parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go in the way he would train up the child.



THE OCELOT.

This animal is a native of South America, and from its general appearance might be considered a small species of tiger. It is somewhat smaller than the jaguar and puma, which are the largest members of the cat family in America, but it is distinguished for the lightness and elegance of its fur, as well as the ease and grace of its movements.

The ocelot is of a reddish-brown color, the markings consisting of longitudinal stripes and spots of black. The spots, however, prevail over nearly the whole body. It is a retired and solitary animal, living in the thick bushes, and going forth only at night.

There are several varieties of the occlot, but all are distinguished for their beauty of fur and color, and the litheness of their movements. They are also distinguished for their activity and energy in seeking their prey, which consists of the smaller quadrupeds and birds of various kinds.

There is in South America an animal of this species, called the cocolo. A whimsical story is told of one of them. A gentleman who had been into the interior, in a boat, on the Paramaribo, shot one of these creatures, and placed the skin of it on the awning, and here it remained while he was descending the river. He often passed along under the trees, upon the low branches of which there were numerous monkeys. They no sooner saw the skin of the cocolo, than they universally set up a wild cry, showing clearly the terror which they cherished in regard to this animal.

# NUMBER OF BOOKS IN THE WORLD.

D'Israell, in his "Curiosities of Literature," states that the four ages of typography have produced no less than 3,641,960 works! Taking each work at three volumes, and reckoning each impression to consist of only 300 copies—a very moderrate supposition—the actual amount of volumes which have issued from the presses of Europe, down to the year 1816, appears to be 3,277,640,000. Between the years 1474 and 1600, it has been estimated that about three hundred and fifty printers flourished in England and Scotland, and that the products of their several presses amounted in the aggregate to 10,000 distinct productions.

#### HIBERNIANISMS.

An Irish friend of ours, hearing of a gentleman having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed—"Be me soul, an' that's a good idee! Shure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime!"

"Arrah, Teddy, an' wasn't yer name Teddy O'Byrne before you left ould Ireland?"

"Sure it was, my darlint."

"But, my jewel, why then do you add the s, and call it Teddy O'Byrnes, now?"

"Why, haven't I been married since I kem to Amiriky! And are you so ignorant of gramatics that you don't know when one thing is added to another it becomes a plural?"

An Irishman called into a store and priced a pair of gloves. He was told they came to ten shillings. "Och, be me sowl, thin," says he, "I'd sooner my hands'ud go barefoot than pay that price for 'em."

An Irish tailor, making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the tailor told the gentleman that his garments happening to fit a countryman of his, he had *let them out* at a shilling per week.

An Irishman being asked if he knew how cannon were made, replied—"Av course I do; they make a long hole, and thin pour brass round it."

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that?"

"Tom," replied the other, "botherashun, I have seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

An Irish auctioneer, while expatiating on the merits of a telescope, sagely observed—"How often has the widow's heart leapt with joy, when she has beheld her husband at a distance, brought near to her by such an instrument as this!"

An Irish jockey, who was "fetlock deep in the turf," being elated with his success at winning a race, observed—" By my shoul, I'm first at last; I've always been behind before."

Leitch, in his "Travels in Ireland," says: In my morning rambles, a man sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a look of squalor in his appearance which I had rarely observed before, even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged, and his face pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?"

"Sure, it's begging I am," was the reply.

"You did not utter a word."

"No! is it joking you are with me, sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; "do you see how the skin is speaking through my trowsers, and the bones through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am with a hundred tongues!"

### POLTROON.

A curious piece of history is wrapped up in the word "poltroon," supposing it to be indeed derived, as many excellent etymologists have considered, from the Latin "police truncus"—one that is deprived, or who has deprived himself, of his thumb. We know that in old times a self-mutilation of this description was not unfrequent on the part of some cowardly, shirking fellow who wished to escape his share in the defense of his country: he would cut off his right thumb, and at once become incapable of drawing the bow, and thus useless for the wars.

It is not to be wondered at that Englishmen should have looked with extremest disdain on one who had so basely exempted himself from service, nor that the "police truncus," the poltroon, first applied to a coward of this sort, should afterwards become a word of scorn affixed to every base and cowardly evader of the duties and dangers of life.



# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

This is a very famous poem by Ariosto, a native of Reggio, in Italy, and born in 1474. He was employed in various public stations by Alfonso, duke of Ferrara. On one occasion he was sent on an embassy to Pope Julian II., who, however, instead of receiving him with the courtesy due to his office, threatened to throw him into the Tiber. Ariosto

knew the pope too well to run the risk of braving his power, and therefore made his escape.

Becoming disgusted with the disappointments and vexations of a life depending upon court favor, Ariosto retired to Ferrara, and for two years occupied himself in writing the poem which has rendered his name immortal. He appears to have printed it on his own account, and probably received but a trifling compensation, as he sold it to booksellers at about thirty cents a copy.

Subsequent to this, he seems to have been kindly treated by Duke Alfonso, who furnished him the means of building himself a house at Ferrara, surrounded by a pleasant garden. He also appointed the poet as governor of a mountain district of Modena. The country was occupied by a rude population, largely sprinkled with robbers and banditti. Ariosto, in his poem, humorously describes the trouble he experienced in his administration. On one occasion, as he was traveling in the mountains, he was attacked and captured by a band of robbers. When, however, they heard his name, they treated him with great civility, offered to escort him on his journey, and begged pardon for the trouble they had given him. This seems to show that at this period the brigands of Italy were more civilized than the priests, for Cardinal Ippoleto, to whom Ariosto had dedicated his poem, only remarked upon it that he wondered where the author picked up such a mass of absurdities.

The poem of Orlando Furioso, or Mad Roland, is occupied with the fabulous and miraculous adventures of knights and paladins, Moors and Christians, of the age of Charlemagne, which had previously occupied the pens of French and Spanish romance-writers, and had become the popular reading of all classes of persons. In these, Orlando, or Roland, appeared as the champion of the Christians. Boiardo, an Italian, had written a poem entitled Orlando Inamorato, or Roland in Love, in which he made his hero fall into the

enticing snares of Angelica, an infidel princess of great beauty and consummate coquetry. He had carried his poem through sixty-nine cantos, when he died, leaving his work still unfinished.

Ariosto took up the story where Boiardo left it, and making the jilt, Angelica, fall in love with an obscure youth by the name of Medoro, Orlando is driven mad by jealousy and indignation. In this state he continues through the greater part of the poem, committing a thousand absurdities, until his reason is restored by Astolfo, who brings back his wits in a vial from the moon. The madness of Orlando rather furnishes the name than the subject of the poem, for the wars between Charlemagne and the Saracens are continued throughout the narrative, which forms a consecutive theme, ending with the expulsion of the Moors from France, and the subsequent death of their king, Agramant. Intermingled with this, are episodes of knights and damsels, of fights and loves, of demons and enchanters, with all sorts of strange adventures, some ludicrous and some pathetic. Although the story thus presents a maze of incidents, scenes, and characters, yet the author contrives to carry it through, and at last to wind off his divers threads with admirable skill. The poem takes a high rank among the literature of that age, and has been translated into most modern languages.

The following is the opening of the poem, according to

Hode's translation:

Dames, knights, and arms, and love—the deeds that spring From courteous minds and venturous feats, I sing:
What time the Moors from Afric's hostile strand
Had crossed the seas to ravage Gallia's land,
By Agramant, their youthful monarch, led,
In deep resentment for Tragano dead;
With threats on Charlemagne t' avenge his fate,
The imperial guardian of the Roman state.

Nor will I less Orlando's acts rehearse—
A tale not told, nor sung in worthy verse—
Who once, the flower of arms and wisdom's boast,
By fatal love his manly senses lost.

As the work comprises five volumes, we can hardly be expected even to give an outline of the entire story. A few extracts must suffice.

Two of the principal characters of the poem are Rogero and Alcida—the former a gallant knight, and the latter a beautiful and seductive princess. Rogero having obtained possession of a celebrated winged horse, called Hippogriffe, performs the most extraordinary journeys, especially as the animal sometimes takes the bit, and in the space of a few seconds, sweeps over the principal countries of Asia, Africa, and Europe. As the story goes:

One morn, he reached fair London's stately towers,
And stayed his course by Thames' fair winding shores,
Whose neighboring meads displayed a mighty force
Of hardy warriors, mingled foot and horse,
That, to the martial fife and trumpet's sound,
In beauteous order stretch'd their ranks around:
The good Rinaldo these to battle led,
The first of knights, and of a host, the head!
Who came ambassador from Charlemagne,
Assistance on the British coast to gain.

Here follows a long narrative of the British knights, English, Scotch, and Irish, that were gathering their forces to aid Charlemagne. These crowded around the strange warrior, and, as was very natural, were greatly enamored of his winged charger. It belonged, indeed, to a famous enchanter, who had permitted Rogero to use it. His enormous wings were covered with feathers of brilliant colors; he had the head of an eagle, but the rest of his body was that of a powerful horse. Rogero permitted the crowd to admire the animal for a time, when, at last, desirous of increasing their wonder,

he jumped upon his back, touched him lightly with the spurs, and rose into the clouds with the speed of light, leaving the multitude in a maze of astonishment and delight.

The performances of Rogero in battle are fully equal to the endowments of his horse. The following is a description of his exploits in cutting off heads:

His sword unsheathing with a furious look, His spear on Pinabello's knights he broke; Against the throngs unarmed his steed he guides; O'er many a body pressed to death, he rides. With cries the wretches fly, and all the train, So numerous late, are chased, or maimed, or slain, As when, beside a pool, the household breed Of smaller birds in flocks securely feed; If chance a hawk, descending from the skies, Amidst them strikes, and makes his single prize, Each quits his fellow, for himself provides, And from his feathered foe for safety hides; So had you seen dispersed the heartless crew, When first Rogero on their numbers flew: From four to six that thence too slowly fled, At one first stroke, Rogero lopt the head; Cleft to the breast through some his steel he sent: There, through the skull; here, to the teeth it went. What though no ponderous helms their heads inclose, But lighter motions bind each wretch's brows, Yet, were they armed at proof, his raging blade Through tempered helmet had the passage made.

Alcida, the enchantress, is thus described, and it is not wonderful that even a noble knight like Rogero should for a time have fallen a victim to her seductions:

Her matchless person every charm combined, Formed in the idea of a painter's mind. Bound in a knot behind, her ringlets rolled Down her soft neck, and seemed like waving gold. Her cheeks with lilies mix the blushing rose; Her forehead high, like polished ivory shows. Beneath two arching brows, with splendor shone Her sparkling eyes, each eye a radiant sun! Her artful glances, winning looks appear, And wanton Cupid lies in ambush here. 'Tis hence he bends his bow, he points his dart; 'Tis hence he steals the unwary gazer's heart. Her nose so truly shaped, the faultless frame Not envy can deface, nor art can blame, Her lips beneath, with pure vermilion bright, Present two rows of orient pearl to sight. Here those soft words are formed whose power detains Th' obdurate soul in love's alluring chains; And here the smiles receive their infant birth. Whose sweets reveal a paradise on earth, Her neak and breast were white as falling snows; Round was her neck, and full her bosom rose. Firm as the budding fruit, with gentle swell, Each lovely breast alternate rose and fell. Thus, on the margin of the peaceful seas, The waters heave before the forming breeze. Her arms well turned, and of a dazzling hue, With perfect beauty gratified the view. Her taper fingers, long and fair to see, From every rising vein and swelling free; And from her vest below, with new delight, Her slender foot attracts the lover's sight. Not Argus' self her other charms could spy, So closely vailed from every longing eye.

The following is another episode of this extraordinary work. One of its prominent heroes, named Griffon, is invited by Noradin, king of Syria, to take part in a tournament to be held at Damascus, one of the most beautiful cities of the East. He accordingly put on his beautiful white armor, which had been rendered impenetrable by a fairy.

When all was prepared, trumpets and timbrels sounded in the public square, and ladies threw flowers from their balconies upon their favorite combatants. The prize of success was a rich suit of armor, and a vest embroidered with gold and pearls of an inestimable price. Eight young lords, renowned for their valor, were to fight against Griffon, with the lance and the sword. One of the number fell under the stroke of his powerful arm. Martan of Antioch, a friend of Griffon, seeing his fate, and apprehending the same for himself, ran through the ranks of chevaliers, and fled away in fear for his life. After the first combat, the brave Griffon, shocked and disgusted at the cowardice of his companion, made still greater efforts, and gained a victory over all such as had the hardihood to oppose him. So much excitement did he cause, that the king hastened to put a stop to the combat.

Griffon immediately returned to his tent, glowing with indignation against Martan. Here he found the princess Origile, who had been confided for a long time to his charge; but she had a bad heart, and was of a perfidious nature. She was not friendly toward her protector, but was the confidant of the Chevalier Martan. She made excuses for his shameful flight to Griffon, who received them, and retired to his chamber, overcome with fatigue, where, throwing himself upon his bed, he slept profoundly. While he thus reposed, Martan and Origile meditated the blackest treason against him. It was agreed that Martan should take the clothes, arms, and horse of Griffon, and present himself to king Noradin as the chevalier who had gained the prize of the tournament. This was immediately done, and the king hastened to receive the knight of the white horse and brilliant armor, who was still unknown to him. He embraced him several times, placed him by his side, and, amid the sound of a thousand warlike instruments, proclaimed him the conqueror; the perfidious Origile partaking of all the honors he received.

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Griffon, on awaking from sleep, found neither arms nor clothes, but, to his amazement, recognized in their place the arms and clothes of Martan. He sought the traitor and Origile, but they had both disappeared. The landlord told him that long since a chevalier covered with white armor, and attended by a lady and suite, had returned to the city. The indignant paladin, forced to wear the arms of a traitor, hurried to Damascus to revenge himself for this infamous treason.

Near the gate of the city was a magnificent castle, ricnly ornamented in the interior. Here the king and all his court were at supper. Martan and Origile occupied the seats of honor at his side. At this moment, Griffon was observed in the distance, arriving at full speed. This excited the laughter of the ladies and courtiers, and the king himself asked of Martan who the vile coward could be who was arriving in such a wretched plight. "Excellent prince," said Martan, "I know not his name. I met him at Antioch; he joined my party; but I feel so dishonored by his appearance, that I pray your majesty to have him immediately hung, to serve as a warning to other cavaliers as cowardly and mean as himself." Origile applauded these remarks, and tried even to aggravate the feelings of the court against Griffon.

Noradin gave immediate orders to one of his barons to go to the gate of the city, to take Griffon prisoner, and after outraging him in every possible way, to shut him up in close confinement. In the mean time, Martan, afraid that his villainy might now be exposed, after having received gifts and treasures of value, disappeared with his accomplice, the perfidious Origile. The king's orders were obeyed. The unhappy paladin was taken into the public square without either helmet or cuirass, and placed upon an old sledge, drawn by two cows, was insulted and stoned by the women and children, and exposed to all sorts of injurious treatment from the populace. The impetuous Griffon, exasperated at this unlooked-for



MARTAN AND ORIGILE TAKEN TO DAMASCUS.

treatment, snatched up some arms, and rushed upon the mutitude. In a moment, thirty men fell under the weight of his anger. Terrified and horror-struck, the unarmed victims fell over one another, crushed and wounded, making the air echo with their cries. The king observing the confusion, headed a body of a thousand armed men, and went immediately to the scene of action.

Seeing with horror the multitude of the dying and dead, and feeling that such could not be the work of a coward hand, he perceived the truth, and advanced to meet the cavalier, who, wounded in the thigh and shoulder, stood respectfully waiting his commands. "I see that I have been deceived," said Noradin; "I see that I have offered an affront to the bravest of men. Ask half my possessions as an atonement, and grant me your forgiveness," extending his hand in token of friendship. Touched by this, the magnanimous Griffon threw aside his arms, and clasped the knees of the king, who ordered his attendants to convey the wounded man to the palace, and lavish all care and attention upon him.

Martan and Origile—the prize the former had received at the tournament being carried before him—were now met by Aquilant, the brother of Griffon, who, seeing the arms and the horse, supposed it to be his brother. When he discovered the truth, his indignation knew no bounds. "Villain," cried he, "where is my brother, and how have you dared to wear his armor?" The cowardly and perfidious Martan sought to excuse his conduct. "Wretch," cried Aquilant, "you lie!" He then struck him in the face, and seizing both him and his accomplice, Origile, he tied their hands behind their backs with a strong cord, and dragged them back to Damascus, where they met the punishment due to their crimes—Martan being executed, and Origile put in prison for life.

It is remarkable that among the infidels as well as the Christians, throughout this poem, the fair sex seem to occupy the minds of the warriors, to the exclusion of almost every thing else. Battles and tournaments are generally regarded only as opportunities for brave knights to signalize themselves in the eyes of their favorite fair ones. Quarrels and duels arise on every side, sometimes resulting in embarrassment to a whole army, and these mischiefs universally proceed from women, who, however, are either enchantresses or



DOBALIS CHOOSING HER LOVES.

princesses of ineffable beauty. The following is a specimen of these quarrels.

On a particular occasion there was to be a tournament in the Saracen camp, in which five redoubtable warriors were to be engaged. At the moment the lists were ready, a quarrel broke out between them, occasioned by the disputes of two knights—Rodomont and Mandricardo—in regard to their pretensions to the favor of the princess Doralis. The difficulty was at length pacified by the interference of the emperor, Agramant, who proposed that the question should be decided by the choice of the lady herself.

Both parties agreed to this, Rodomont being confident that he would be preferred, inasmuch as he was actually affianced to her, and Mandricardo having a confident hope, founded, perhaps, upon signs and signals, which lovers only can comprehend. The question was at last proposed, and to the amazement of the assembly, Doralis pronounced in favor of Mandricardo. Rodomont, though he had sworn to abide by her decision, now burst into a rage, and insisted that arms alone could decide the question. Such was his fury, that he could only be restrained by the positive commands of the emperor. Even then he cherished a feeling of bitter resentment, and soon after took leave of the court in disgust. The story is thus told in the translation:

Yet every art king Agramant would try,
And first, the Gordian knot of strife untie
Between the African and Scythian lord,
For beauteous Doralis, by both adored.
The king, by turns, would each to reason bend,
As prince, as brother, counsellor, and friend—
But when he saw that neither would incline
To truce, or peace, or her he loved resign—
Fair cause of all their strife!—he sought to find
Some middle course, to meet each rival's mind.
He meant the damsel should decide their loves,
And name the consort whom her choice approves.

So, at her sovereign's bidding might they cease From further strife, and firmly bind the peace, Each knight agreed, for each his love believed With mutual passion by the dame received. The king of Sarza, who long time had sued
To gain her hand, ere Mandricardo wooed;
Accustomed in her presence still to live,
With every grace that fits a maid to give;
Securely hoped, her sentence would dismiss
His jealous pangs, and fix his future bliss.
Nor he alone, but thus each Pagan thought
Who knew for her what deeds his arms had wrought,
In tournament and field—not thus they cried,
Should Mandricardo by her doom abide.
But he who love's soft hours with her had led,
While Sol on worlds below his splendor shed;
Who knew what flame her gentle heart avowed,
Laughed at the judgment of the erring crowd.

Before his sovereign lord, each peer confirms, With every solemn form, the stated terms, Then to the dame appeals; with downcast eyes, While her fair face the blooming color dves. She holds her bosom held the Tartar dear: With wonder all the soft confession hear. Fierce Rhodomont, as if each sense was fled, Scarce dares again exalt his drooping head; But when his wonted fury had dispelled The first surprise and shame that silence held His faltering tongue, he called the doom unjust, And snatching from his side his surest trust, Before the king and camp the blade he draws, And swears that this shall win or lose the cause; Not the light breath of woman's wayward will, Who, what they least should value, favor still.

Now Rhodomont, indignant to sustain

A two-fold shame before this princely train—
First from his king, to whom his pride gave way,
And next his dame, in one ill-omened day—
No longer there will dwell, but from the band

That late in battle owned his guiding hand
Two squires alone he takes, and swift as wind,
Departing, leaves the Moorish tents behind.
As when the surly bull, o'ercome in fight,
Resigns his heifer for the victor's right;
For woods and barren sands, he leaves the mead,
Where once he used the numerous herds to lead,
Loudly he roars, as night or day returns,
Where still his breast with inbred fury burns—
So struck with rage, with frenzy, and despair,
Goes Algier's king, rejected by the fair.

"Oh female sex!" he cried, "whose worthless mind, Inconstant, shifts with every changing wind: Oh faithless woman! perjured and unjust; Most wretched those who place in thee their trust! Not all my service tried, my love expressed, By thousand proofs, could in one cruel breast Secure a heart, so soon, alas! estranged From truth like mine, and to another changed. Nor have I lost thee now, because my name Is deemed eclipsed by Mandricardo's fame; Nor know I what my source of woe to call-But thou art woman—that comprises all! Oh sex, accursed! by God and nature sent, A deadly bane to poison man's content! So hateful snakes are bred, the wolf and bear So haunt the shades; so nursed by genial air, Swarm gnats and wasps, the venomed insect train, And tares are bred amidst the golden grain. Why could not nature, fostering nurse of earth, Without thy aid, give man his happier birth-As trees, by human skill, ingrafted, bear The juicy fig, smooth plum, or racy pear? But ah, can nature aught that's perfect frame, When nature bears herself a female name? Yet be not, hence, with empty pride o'errun,

To think, oh woman! man is born your son.
On prickly thorns appears the blooming rose;
And from a fetid herb the lily grows.
Insidious, cruel sex! whose faithless mind
No love can influence, and no truth can bind;
Ingrate and impious, plagues of human kind!"



The adventures of Orlando, the hero of the story, though occupying but a small portion of the work, are extraordinary

enough. His feats in hewing other knights to pieces with his famous sword, called Belisarde, are altogether marvelous. In the early part of his career, he is occupied with various heroines, especially with Angelica and Olympia. The manner in which he delivers the latter from a sea-monster, in the island of Ebuda, is thus related:

Now, near the coast, the prow the billows broke, When thus Orlando to his pilot spoke:

"Haste, launch the boat, and here the ship detain, While to you rock I hasten through the main: The largest cable to my hand consign; The largest anchor to the cable join; And mark my purpose, when in dangerous fight, I dare with yonder monster prove my might."

'Tis said; with anchor and with cable stowed, The boat they launched amid the dashing flood: Then all his arms, except his sword, he leaves, And toward the rock alone, the billows cleaves. Close to his breast he draws the sturdy oars, And turns his back upon the destined shores. Aurora, now, had raised her radiant head, And to the sun her golden tresses spread, Half seen above the waves, and half concealed, To old lithonus' jealous eyes revealed: When to the barren rock approached so nigh, As from the vigorous hand a stone might fly, He heard, and yet he scarcely seemed to hear, A tender, plaintive voice assault his ear. Sudden he viewed against the rock's steep side, A lonely dame in cruel fetters tied: Naked she stands above the briny wave, While her fair feet intruding waters lave. He sees, but vainly strives from far to trace The downcast features of her bashful face;

Then plies for nearer view his eager oar-When, hark! the seas, the woods, the caverns roar! The billows swell, and from the depths below, In open view appears his monstrous foe. As from the humid vale, black clouds ascend, When gathering storms their pregnant wombs distend; So through the liquid brine the monster pressed With furious course: beneath his hideous breast Vexed Ocean roars. Orlando, void of fear. Nor changed his color, nor his wonted cheer; Firm in himself to guard the weeping maid, And her dire foe with powerful arm invade. Between the land and Orc, his course he plied. But kept undrawn the falchion at his side. Soon as the monster that to shore pursued His deathful way, the boat and champion viewed, He ope'd his greedy throat that might inhume A horse and horseman in its living tomb! Near and more near Orlando dauntless rows. Then in his mouth the ponderous anchor throws, Whose width forbids the horrid jaws to close. So miners, while they urge their darkling toil, With heedful prop support the crumbling soil. His teeth secured, Orlando, with a bound, Leaped in the yawning gulf; and whirling round His trenchant blade, the dark retreat explored, And with repeated wounds the monster gored. What city longer can defense maintain, Whose foes within the walls an entrance gain? Mad with the pain, he rises o'er the tides, And shows his jointed back and scaly sides; Then downward plunging, in the bottom laves, And throws the troubled sands above the waves. The Paladin, who felt the rushing streams, Forsook the Orc, and oared with nervous limbs The billowy brine, while in his hand he bore The anchored cable till he reached the shore.

There, firmly fixed, upon the rock he stood, And strained each nerve, while, struggling through the flood. The monster followed, by that arm compelled, Whose strength the strength of mortal man excelled; As when a bull at unawares has found, With straitened cords, his horns encompassed round: Furious he leaps, he bounds from side to side— The hawsers all his fruitless pains deride: So fared the Orc, while from his mouth he shed A tide that dves the ocean still with red: Lashed by his tail, with many a sounding blow, The parting sea reveals th' abyss below: Now dashed aloft, the briny waves are thrown, Pollute the day, and blot the golden sun; The neighboring forests, and the mountains hoar, The winding rocks rebellow to the roar.

Orlando hastens now the dame to free,
Prepared for death beside the roaring sea:
Near and more near he draws, and thinks he spies
Features but late familiar to his eyes:
Lo! imaged to his thought, Olympia's face;
She, most unhappy of the female race,
By man betrayed,—Olympia, born to prove
The woes and changes of ungrateful love.
'Twas her whom fortune gave the pirate band
Their lovely victim on Ebuda's strand.
Full well the damsel knew th' approaching knight,
But from his look she turned her bashful sight;
Confused and mute, she hung her drooping head,
While burning blushes on her cheeks were spread.

Olympia's form was such as few can find, For every part was perfect in its kind. Her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, her nose, her hair. Her shoulders, neck, beyond description fair. Her skin as ivory smooth, and white as snows Which yet unsullied winter's bosom shows!
Her lovely breast with frequent heavings seem
As in the rustic vase the trembling cream
When gently moved; the beauteous space between,
Like that where frost has silvered o'er the green,
Which some fair vale discloses to divide
Two little hills that rise on either side:
Her limbs, so truly shaped, might justly claim
The skill of Phidias, or a greater name.
Had she been present in th' Idean grove,
And seen by Paris, though the Queen of Love
From either goddess beauty's triumph held,
Her charms had scarce Olympia's charms excelled.

In his subsequent wanderings, while he is in pursuit of Angelica, our hero meets with the following adventure:

Orlando now, though well the land he knew, Uncertain where his mistress to pursue; To left or right, where'er his course inclined, On other parts still ran his anxious mind; Through woods, through plains, he sought the beauteous dame, Till near a mountain's craggy steep he came; Thence from a cleft, a stream of yellow light Pierced the dim shadows of surrounding night. As in the shelter which the bushes yield, Or midst the stubble of the new-reaped field, In brake or dell, th' unwearied hunter's care Winds the deep mazes of the fearful hare: So, with a beating heart, by hope betrayed, The knight who saw the sudden gleam that played Amid the trees, the hill explored, and found A spacious cavern hewn within the ground, The mouth with brambles fenced; a safe retreat For those that fixed in woods their rustic seat From human haunts !- the taper's ray revealed With glimmering light the ray by day concealed.

Orlando, while he mused what savage race Might there reside, resolved t' explore the place. His Brigliadoro first securely tied, He cleared the branches that access denied: Then in the tomb that held the living, went By many steps, a narrow, deep descent. Large was the cave, but scarce at noon of day The winding mouth received a feeble ray; Yet from an opening to the right appeared A beam of sunshine that the dwelling cheered. Here, seated near a blazing hearth, he found, In budding prime, a tender virgin crowned With beauty that might every heart entice, And make this gloomy grot a paradise; Though in her eyes the starting tear confessed Some hidden anguish rankling in her breast. With her an aged beldame seemed to jar, As women oft are wont, in wordy war; But when Orlando in their presence came, Each held her peace: the knight to either dame Fair greeting gave, as one whose noble mind Was ever gentle to the gentle kind. They rising sudden, his salute repaid, Though each at first appeared with looks dismayed To hear his voice; and entering there, behold, A man all armed, whose mien might freeze the bold.

With wonder filled, Orlando sought to know What savage wretch, to human race a foe, Could keep entombed in such a lonely place, The sweet attractions of such virgin grace. Scarce to the knight the damsel can reply, Her words cut short by many a heavy sigh, Which from her coral lips her griefs exhale, While still she strives to speak her woful tale. Tears stain her lovely cheek; as oft we view The rose and lily wet with morning dew.

The damsel proves to be the lovely Isabel, whose adventures, though highly romantic, we must pass over, and give an account of some of the performances of Orlando during the insanity which comes upon him, in consequence of the loss of Angelica, whom he discovers to have proved faithless to him. The following passage gives an idea of his mad achievements:

I told how from his limbs Orlando drew Furious his arms, and o'er the forest threw The scattered harness; how his vest he rent, And to the ground his fatal falchion sent: How trees he rooted, while the trees around. And caverned rocks, re-echoed to the sound; Till rustic swains, to where the tumult spread, Their grievous sins, or cruel planets led. As nearer now the madman they beheld. Whose feats of strength all human feats excelled; They turned to fly, but knew not where, nor whence, Such sudden fears distracted every sense. Swift he pursued, and one who vainly fled, He seized, and from the shoulders rent the head, Easy, as from the stalk, or tender shoot, A peasant crops the flower or plucks the fruit: The lifeless body by the legs he took, And as a club, against his fellows shook. Two stretched on earth in lasting slumber lay, Perchance to rise not till the judgment day. The rest were soon dispersed on every side, So well advised their rapid feet they plied; Nor had the madmen loitered to pursue, But on their heels with headlong speed they flew. The laboring hinds the peril near surveyed, And left their plows, with all the rural trade Of scythes and spades, while seized with pale affright, One climbs a roof, and one the temple's height: Since elms and oaks avail not, trembling there,

They view the dreadful havoc from afar.

Before his fury steeds and oxen yield,

And swift the courser that escapes the field.

Now might ye hear in every village rise

Tumultuous clamors, blending human cries

With rustic horns and pipes; while echoed round,

The pealing bells from neighboring steeples sound.

All seize such weapons as the time provides—Bows, slings, and stones; and down the mountain's sides A thousand rush; while, from the dells below, As many swarm against a single foe.

As when the tide appears the shore to lave, The southern wind impelling wave on wave, Scarce curls the first, the second deeper swells, And this, the third with rising force excels; Till more and more, the victor-flood ascends, And o'er the sands his victor-flood extends.

Th' increasing throngs Orlando thus assail, Pour down the hill, and issue from the vale.

Ten wretches first, then other ten he slew,
That near his hand in wild disorder drew.

None from his fated skin could draw the blood;
The skin unhurt, each weapon's stroke withstood.
To him such wondrous grace the King of Heaven,
To guard his faith and holy church, had given.
Could aught of mortal risk Orlando's life,
Great were his risk in this unequal strife;
Then had he missed the mail he late unbraced,
And missed the falchion which aside he cast.

The crowd that viewed each weapon aimed in vain, With backward steps retreated from the plain; When mad Orlando who no further thought, The rustic dwellings of a hamlet sought:

All thence were fled; yet there in plenteous store

He found such food as suits the village poor,
Of homely kind; but pressed with pinching fast,
On roots or bread his eager hands he cast;
Greedy alike devoured whate'er he saw,
Or savory viands baked, or morsels raw;
Then through the country round with rapid pace,
To man and beast alike he gave the chase;
Through the deep covert of the tangled wood,
The nimble goat, or light-foot-deer pursued.
Oft on the bear and tusky boar he flew,
And, with his single arm, in combat slew;
Then, with their flesh, his savage spoils of fight,
Insatiate gorged his ravenous appetite.

By the aid of various enchantments, the heroes of the poem have the power, not only of passing over the earth with the speed of thought, but they also ascend to the threshold of heaven itself. Astolfo, a prince of England, having mounted, on a winged horse, to the regions of upper air, arrived at last on a beautiful plain, where there was a superb palace, which seemed to be thirty miles in extent. Approaching the vestibule, a venerable old man appeared, clothed in a long white robe covered with a purple mantle; his snowwhite beard descended to his waist, and his white locks hung around his face, which was so radiant in its expression that Astolfo was persuaded that he must be a happy sojourner in these celestial regions.

Smiling benignly upon the prince, the saint offered him hospitality, and told him that he was the Apostle John, the Saviour's favorite disciple, of whom it was said that he should not see death. Being conducted to another place by his celestial companion, Astolfo was received by the patriarch Enoch and the prophet Elias: neither of them having passed through the gates of death; they were waiting for the coming of Christ. These three holy men conducted Astolfo into the palace, and bestowed upon him a divine repast. After



this, they held a discourse on various subjects. St. John then conveys the knight to the moon in a chariot, where, among other strange things, he is shown a vast number of vases filled with gaseous substances, which turn out to be parcels of wit, taken from divers people on earth.

At last they came to that whose want below, None e'er perceived or breathed for this his vowThat choicest gift of Heaven, by Wit expressed, Of which each mortal deems himself possessed. Of this Astolfo viewed a wondrous store—
Surpassing all his eyes had seen before:
It seemed a fluid mass of subtlest kind,
Still apt to mount, if not with care confined;
But gathered there he viewed it safely closed
In many a vase of various size disposed.
Above the rest the vessel's bulk excelled,
Whose womb Orlando's godlike reason held.
This well he knew, for on its side was writ
These words, in letters fair, "Orlando's Wit!"

### THE BIOGRAPHY OF MILLIONS.

TARE and tret, box and net, Box and hogshead, dry and wet, Ready made, Of every grade, Wholesale, retail-will you trade! Goods for sale, Roll or bale, Ell or quarter, yard or nail; Every dye. Will you buy ? None can sell so cheap as I. Thus each day wears away, And his hair is turning gray! O'er his books He nightly looks, Counts his gain and bolts his locks. By and by he will die-But the ledger-book on high Shall unfold How he sold, How he got and used his gold!

### EXTEMPORANEOUS RHYMING.

Dr. Johnson excelled in rhyming extemporaneously; and some of his impromptu poetical translations are superior to his studied efforts. When Dr. Percy first published his collection of Ancient Ballads, he was lavish in the commendation of the beautiful simplicity and poetic merit by which he thought many of them were distinguished. His remarks provoked Dr. Johnson to say to him, at Mrs. Reynolds' tea-table, one evening, that he could rhyme as well in common conversation. For instance, he said:

As with my hat upon my head, I walked along the Strand, I there did meet another man, His hat within his hand.

Or, further, said he, to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use:

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another dish of tea.

No fear that I, my gentle maid, Shall long detain the cup, When once unto the bottom I Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas, this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown;
Thou caust not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

And thus he proceeded through several more stanzas till the reverend doctor cried for quarter.



A WINGED HORSE.

WE are told in the old tales of knight-errantry, of horses with wings, which carried their riders over hill and dale almost with the speed of light. These legends were once believed, but they have now passed away with the fairies, witches, and goblins, never more to return. But it is matter

of fact that there are feathered and winged animals which are sometimes used as beasts of burden.

The ostrich is a bird of great size and strength, measuring eight feet in height, and capable of carrying a hundred and fifty pounds. They run with great speed, and spreading out their wings so as to beat the air, they thus aid their flight, and so can outstrip the fleetest horse. It is curious that the negroes of Africa, who have never subdued the elephant, have still sometimes tamed the ostrich, and taught it to carry their children on its back.

#### REWARD FOR KINDNESS.

The most eminent surgeon of Paris, Dr. M——, is just now the defendant in a very curious lawsuit.

In his daily visit to the Hospital, the doctor passed, for a considerable time, a blind beggar, by whose pathetic complaining he was invariably touched. He always dropped the expected trifle into his hat.

One day it occurred to the benevolent practitioner that he would stop and examine the ophthalmic difficulty of the unhappy man. He looked at his eye accordingly, and saw that it was indeed a cataract, but one that might possibly be removed. He was about leaving town to pass a few days at his country-seat near Paris, and thinking it a good opportunity to bestow the necessary leisure upon the case, he proposed to the beggar to get at once into his carriage and go with him for a short time where he would be well taken care of. The blind man willingly consented.

Dr. M——, from a feeling of delicacy, promised nothing as to the restoration of sight, but explaining his interest in the case by a physician's curiosity as to the causes of blindness, he left to the poor man the pleasure of a surprise.

With his remarkable skill, the operation was a quick and almost painless one. He bandaged the eyes of the sufferer, and, after a day or two's attention to him, took him back to Paris, instructing him not to remove the bandage for a certain time, and then to call at the hospital near by.

Eight or ten days passed, and, absorbed by the pressure of his cares, the kind doctor had almost forgotten his blind patient, when, one morning, a professional-looking gentleman entered his office at the hospital. Being very busy, he de-

sired to know at once the visitor's errand.

"Have you called for advice?" he asked.
"No," said the stranger; "I come on the part of the blind man on whom you have operated."

"To offer me some reward, perhaps. But pray excuse me, and tell the poor man that my interest in his case was my sole motive in the affair. If he sees clear at present I am sufficiently rewarded."

"But that was not my errand," again persisted the visitor.
"No? What—has the operation proved unsuccessful

then?"

"On the contrary, he sees perfectly well. If he had ever learned to read, he could read without spectacles."

"Briefly, then—for I am very much occupied—what do vou wish?"

"I come to inform you that the once blind man demands of you a pension for his support. He has been blind from childhood up, has gained his living by the pity it excited, and by restoring his sight you have deprived him of his means of support. I am his lawyer, and he lays his damages at twenty thousand francs. May I know at once whether you will give me security for the amount, or await an action at law?"

Doctor M—— recovered presently from his astonishment, pointed the lawyer to the door, and at present awaits the first summons of this lawsuit!

### ANECDOTE OF DWIGHT AND DENNIE.

Some few years since, as Dr. Dwight was traveling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at the stage hotel in one of its populous towns for the night. At a late hour of the same day, arrived also at the inn Mr. Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all paired with lodgers, except one occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight.

"Show me to his apartment," exclaimed Mr. Dennie; "although I am a stranger to the reverend doctor, perhaps I may bargain with him for my lodgings."

The landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennie to the doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself.

The doctor, although in his night-gown, cap, and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. Struck with the physiognomy of his companion, he then unbent his austere brow, and commenced a general conversation.

The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of distinguished and literary characters, for some time gave a zest and interest to their conversation, until Dr. Dwight chanced to mention Dennie.

"Dennie, the editor of the Port-Folio," says the doctor, in a rhapsody, "is the Addison of the United States—the father of American belles-lettres. But, sir," continued he, "is it not astonishing that a man of such genius, fancy, and feeling should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl?"

"Sir," said Dennie, "you are mistaken. I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years, and I never knew or saw him intoxicated."

"Sir," says the doctor, "you err. I have my information from a particular friend; I am confident that I am right, and you are wrong."

Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking that Abercrombie and Mason were among the most distinguished divines; nevertheless, he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the greatest poet that America has produced. "But, sir," continued Dennie, "there are traits in his character unworthy of so wise and great a man, and of the most detestable description: he is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age!"

"Sir," says the doctor, "you are grossly mistaken. I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the

contrary."

"Sir," says Dennie, "you are mistaken. I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, who, I am confident, would not tell me an untruth."

"No more slander!" says the doctor; "I am Dr. Dwight of whom you speak!"

"And I, too," exclaimed Dennie, "am Mr. Dennie of whom

you spoke!"

The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.

## HEAT OF THE MOON.

It is a not uncommon assertion in many treatises on science, that the rays of the moon are devoid of heat. This, however, is an error. The late eminent Italian philosopher, Melloni, proved beyond doubt that the rays of the moon give out a slight degree of heat. He concentrated the rays with a lens, over three feet diameter, upon his thermoscopic pile, when the needle was found to deviate from 0° 6′ to 4° 8′, according to the phase of the moon.

### ALLIGATOR SOUP.

THE author of "Anecdotes of Professor Buckland" tells the following story, illustrating the force of imagination:

Buckland, the distinguished geologist, one day gave a dinner, after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated. The dinner-table looked splendid with glass, china, and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup.

"How do you like the soup?" asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day.

"Very good, indeed," answered the other; "turtle, is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat."

The doctor shook his head.

"I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," said another; "not unpleasant, but peculiar."

"All alligators have," replied Buckland; "the cayman peculiarly so. The fellow I dissected this morning, and whom you have just been eating—"

There was a general rout of guests. Every one turned pale. Half a dozen started up from the table. Two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment.

"See what imagination is," said Buckland; "if I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, salt water amphibia or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea-bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse. Such is prejudice."

"But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady.

"As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet!" answered Buckland.



PARSON POTTER AND HIS WIFE SINGING IT.

# THE WIDOW BEDOTT.

This is the title of a recent work descriptive of vulgar life, and full of broad humor, from which we are permitted to make a few extracts. The first chapter, which opens the door full on the character of the good widow, is as follows:

"Hezekiah Bedott, my husband, was a wonderful hand to moralize, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once, when he was in one of his poor turns, that I never shall forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evenin', as we was a settin' by the fire—I was a knittin'—I was always a wonderful great knitter—and he was a smokin'—he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacker alone; when he was well, used to take his pipe and smoke a spell, after he'd got the chores done up; and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part o' the time.

"Well, he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned toward me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pertikkeler way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say any thing oncommon. Well, he says to me, says he, 'Silly' -my name was Prissilly naterally, but he ginerally called me Silly, 'cause 'twas handier, you know. Well, he says to me, says he, 'Silly,' and he looked pretty sollem, I tell youhe had a sollem countenance naterally, and after he got to be deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked sollemer than ever, and certingly you wouldent wonder at it, if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness inthe spine of his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and having the ager a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights, 'cause he was so put to 't for breath when he laid down. Why, it's an onaccountable fact that when that man died, he hadent seen a well day in fifteen year, though, when he was married, and for five or six year arter, I shouldent desire to see a ruggeder man than what he was. But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out o' health nigh upon ten year, and, oh dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's, a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt for better'n a year, and everybody said that was a settled thing,

and lo and behold! all of a sudding, she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd a told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a said—

"But, lawful sakes! I most forgot I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing, I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round for evermore, and never comin' to the pint. Now, there's Miss Jinkins—she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married—she is the tejusest individooal to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days.

"But I was a gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me, says he, 'Silly;' says I, 'What?' I dident say, 'What, Hezekier?' for I dident like his name. The first time I ever heard it, I near killed myself a laffin. 'Hezekier Bedott,' says I; 'well, I would give up if I had sich a name;' but then, you know, I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than you have this minnit o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it's curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekier. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott—it's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from ginera tion to gineration. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speakin' o' Kier, he is a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now, don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but, between you and me, I

"But I was going to tell what husband said. He says to me, says he, 'Silly;' I says, says I, 'What?' If I dident say 'what,' when he said 'Silly,' he'd a kept on saying 'Silly' from time to etarnity. He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay pertikkeler attention, and I ginerally did. No woman was ever more attentive to her husband

rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she is a gwine to ketch Kier Bedott, she is a *leetle* out of her reckonin'.

than what I was. Well, he says to me, says he, 'Silly;' says I, 'What?' though I'd no idee what he was gwine to saydident know but what 'twas something about his sufferings, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldent wish his worst enemy to suffer one minnit as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'—think it can? Why, I've seen him in sitivations when you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin', but he dident. He and me went once in the dead o' winter in a one hoss slay out to Boonville to see a sister o' hisen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them are flambergasted snowbanks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a sittin' there, husband was took with a dretful crick in his back. Now that was what I call a perdickerment don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband dident. He only said, says he, 'Consarn it.' How did we get out, did you ask? Why, we might a been sittin' there to this day, fur as I know, if there hadent a happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team, and they hysted us out.

"But I was gwine to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me, says he, 'Silly'—I could see by the light o' the fire—there dident happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgitful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles, exceptin' when we had company—I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was oncommon solemnized—says he to me, says he, 'Silly;' I says to him, says I, 'What?' He says to me, says he, 'We're all poor critters!'"

The widow goes on about her husband and herself as follows:

"He was one o' the best men that ever trod shoe-leather husband was, though Miss Jinkins says—she 'twas Poll Bingham—she says I never found it out till after he died, but

that's the consarndest lie that ever was told, though it's jest of a piece with every thing else she says about me. I guess if everybody could see the poitry I writ to his memory, nobody wouldent think I dident set store by him. Want to hear it? Well, I'll see if I can say it. It ginerally affects me wonderfully; seems to harrer up my feelins; but I'll try. Dident know I ever writ poitry? how you talk! used to make lots on't; haint so much late years. I remember once when Parson Potter had a bee, I sent him an amazin' great cheese, and I writ a piece o' poitry and pasted on top on't. It says:

Teach him for to proclaim
Salvation to the folks,
No occasion give for any blame
Nor wicked people's jokes.

And so it goes on; but I guess I won't stop to say the rest on't now, seein' there's seven-and-forty verses. Parson Potter and his wife was wonderfully pleased with it; used to sing it to the tune o' Haddem. But I was gwine to tell the one I made in relation to husband. It begins as follers:

He never jawed in all his life, He never was onkind-And—tho' I say it that was his wife— Such men you seldom find. If ever a hasty word he spoke, His anger dident last, But vanished like tobacker smoke Afore the wint'ry blast, And since it was my lot to be The wife of such a man, I tell the men that's after me To ketch me if they can. If I was sick a single jot, He called the doctor in-I sot so much store by Deacon Bedott, I never got married agin."

At a later period it seems the widow thought of trying matrimony a second time, for, by some strange mistake, she imagined that Mr. Timothy Crane was making love to her, while his attentions were really meant for her daughter Melissy. When the stunning truth burst upon the good lady, the following scene occurred:

Mr. Crane.—Well, widder, I've been thinking about taking

another companion, and I thought I'd ask you-

Widow.—Oh, Mr. Crane, egscuse my commotion—it's so onexpected. Jest hand me that are bottle o' camfire off the mantletry shelf—I'm ruther faint—dew put a little mite on my handkercher, and hold it to my nuz. There—that'll dew—I'm obleeged tew ye—now I'm ruther more composed—you may perceed, Mr. Crane.

Mr. Crane.—Well, widder, I was agoing to ask you whether

-whether-

Widow.—Continner, Mr. Crane—dew—I know it's turrible embarrisin'. I remember when my dezeased husband made his suppositions to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered, it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, and I s'pose it's ginerally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me: you see they're ginerally oncerting about what kind of an anser they're agwine to git, and it kind o' makes 'em narvous. But when an individdiwal has reason to s'pose his attachment's reciperated, I don't see what need there is o' his bein' flustrated—tho' I must say it's quite embarrassin' to me—pray continner.

Mr. Crane.—Well, then, I want to know if you're willing

I should have Melissy?

Widow.—The dragon!

Mr. Crane.—I hain't said any thing to her about it, yet—thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Trypheny, we were engaged some



time before mother Kenipe knew any thing about it, and when she found it out, she was quite put out because I dident go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me, I'll dew it right this time, and speak to the old woman first—

Widow.—Old woman, hey! that's a purty name to call me!—amazin' perlite tew! Want Melissy, hey! Tribbleation! gracious sakes alive! well, I'll give it up now! I always know'd you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I must

confess I dident think you was quite so big a fool. Want Melissy, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an everlastin' old calf you must be to s'pose she'd look at you. Why, you're old enough to be her father, and more tew—Melissy ain't only in her twenty-oneth year. What a reedickilous idee for a man o' your age!—as gray as a rat tew! I wonder what this world is a comin' tew—'tis astonishin' what fools old widdiwers will make o' themselves! Have Melissy? Melissy!

Mr. Crane.—Why, widder, you surprise me—I'd no idee of being treated in this way after you'd been so polite to me,

and made such a fuss over me and the girls.

Widow.—Shet yer head, Tim Crane—nun o' yer sass to me. There's yer hat on that are table, and here's the door, and the sooner you put on one, and march out o' t'other, the better it'll be for you. And I advise you afore you try to git married agin, to go out west and see'f yer wife's cold; and arter ye're satisfied on that pint, jest put a little lampblack on yer hair—'twould add to yer appearance ondoubtedly, and be of sarvice tew you when you want to flourish round among the gals; and when ye've got yer hair fixt, jest splinter the spine o' yer back—'twouldent hurt yer looks a mite—you'd be interely unresistable if you was a leetle grain straiter.

Mr. Crane.—Well, I never!

Widow.—Hold yer tongue, you consarned old coot you—I tell ye there's yer hat, and there's the door—be off with yerself, quick meter, or I'll give ye a hyst with the broomstick!

Mr. Crane.—Gimmeni!

Widow, rising.—Git out, I say—I ain't a gwine to stan here and be insulted under my own ruff—and so—git along, and if ever you darken my door agin, or say a word to Melissy, it'll be the woss for you—that's all.

Mr. Crane.—Treemenjous! What a buster!

Widow.—Go 'long—go 'long—go 'long, you everlastin' old gum. I won't hear another word—I won't, I won't, I won't. [Exit Mr. Crane. On a certain occasion, Jabe Clark, a peddler, calls on the widow, and wheedles her into sundry purchases. The following is a part of the scene presented to the reader. Jabez is speaking:

"'I've got a piece o' silk I want to show ye, Miss Bedott—a very desirable article for a weddin' dress.'

"'Lawful sakes! I hope ye don't think I want such a

thing.'

"'Wal, folks tells singular stories. I heerd something down here.'

"' Oh shaw! 'twon't dew to believe all ye hear.'

"'I sold Elder Sniffles a black satting stock and a buzzompin yesterday; s'pose he wanted 'em for a particklar occasion.'

"'Git out, Jabe! What sort of a buzzom-pin was it?"

" 'Wall, 'twas a very desirable pin; topiz sot in gold. sold it tew him for a'most nothing. I always make it a pint to accommodate the clergy in that way; never charge 'em full price. I always lookt upon the Elder as a very gifted man. I staid here over the Sabbath once to hear him preach -I tell ye, widder, 'twas powerful pleadin'. I'm ruther inclined to the Baptist order myself—ben quaverin' on the subjict ever sence I was brought out-in fact, I've thought hard o' givin' up the travelin' marcantile business, and studyin' deology; but, on the hull, I've about gi'n it up-'twouldent do for me to be confined to preachin'-my health requires such amount of exercise. But here's that silk-did ye ever see the beat on't? Now that's what I call splendid-it's ginniwine French-they call it 'grody-grody-grody'-what the dogs—them French names is so consarnid hard to remember-oh, I know now, 'grody flewry;' jest take a realizin' sense o' the colors—how elegant them stripes is shaded off, green and yaller and purple-reglar French try-color, as they call it.'

"'It's slazy though; ther ain't much heft to't.'

"'Heft! to be sure 'taint heavy, but heavy silks arn't worn no more, ye know; they're all out o' fashion—these ere light French silks is all the go now—ye see folks has found out how much more durable they be than the heavy ones—them's so apt to crack—why, one o' these ere'll outlast a dozen on 'em. I've got jest a pattern on't left—had a hull piece—sold tew dresses off on't—one to Judge Hogobome's daughter in Greenbush, and the other to the Reverend Dr. Fogo's wife, in Albany. Now, widder, what do ye say to takin' that—'twould make a most hyastical weddin' dress.'

"'Well, 'tain't for me to say I'm wantin' such an article; but, s'posen I was, I've got a new one that'll dew. Sister Magwire pickt it out for me. She hain't got much taste

about colors, but she's a good judge of quality.'

"Got it made up?"

"' No; but the mantmaker's a comin' to-morrer to make it."

"'Lemme see it, if ye please. I want to compare it with this.' She brings it. 'Jingo! I'll be darned if 'tain't stun color! the fag end of all colors! Why, a body'd think 'twas some everlastin' old maid, instid of a handsome young widder, that had chose such a distressid thing for a weddin' dress.'

"'Lawful sakes! I dident say 'twas a weddin' dress, and I dident say I chose it myself; for, to tell the truth, I dident more'n half like it; but sister Magwire stuck to't was more suitable than ary other color—and then, tew, she thought 'twas such an amazin' good piece.'

"'Good piece! Jingo! what did ye pay for't?"

"'A dollar a yard. Ther's twelve yards on't—got it o' Parker and Pettibone, and they said 'twas fust-rate.'

"'Wal, I don't s'pose they meant to cheat ye—they got cheated themselves when they bought that silk. I always know'd that Parker and Pettibone wa'rn't no judges o' goods. The fact is, them New York marchants puts off their old onsailable articles onto 'em, and make 'em think they're ginteel



and desirable. I tell ye, widder, ye got most consarnedly took in when ye bought that silk. Ye won't wear it three times afore it'll crack out at the elbows, and fray out round the bottom.'

"'Well, I hain't ben suited with it none o' the time—shouldent a got it if sister Magwire hadent a ding-dong'd me into't. Ther was a blue one ther't I liked a great deal better.'

"'I tell ye, widder, it raly hurts my feelin's to think o'

your standin' up along side of Elder Sniffles with such a consumid lookin' thing on.'

"'Oh, shaw! stop yer hectorin' about the elder. I ain't

obleeged to hev everybody that's after me.'

"'Wall, I know that—only such chances as Elder Sniffles ain't to be sneezed at, ye know. But, speakin' o' that silk, if 'twa'n't for standin' in my own light so consarnidly, I'll be darned if I wouldent offer to swop for a small matter o' boot.'

"'Boot! that's wuss than the shoes! S'pose I'd go to givin' boot to git rid on't after payin' an awful sight o' money

for't in the fust place?'

"'Wal, 'twould be ruther aggravatin' if you'd got a full pattern; you hain't but twelve yards. Of course ye dident calkilate to hev no trimmin', or ye'd a got more.'

"'I thought I shouldent trim it considerin'--'

"'Yes, I understand—considerin' 'twas for a minister's wife—'

"'Git out, Jabe; I dident say so-

"'I tell ye, widder, you're tew partickler; minister's wives is as dressy as anybody. The Reverend Dr. Fogo's wife had hern made up with three wide cross-grained pieces round the skirt. Jingo! they sot it off slick. These ere stripid silks look fust-rate with cross-grain trimmin'—seems to go windin' round and round, and looks so graceful, kinder. I seen lots on 'em in the city. How them city ladies would larf at such a dress as yourn! But out here in the country, folks don't know nothin'.'

"'If I'd a trusted to my own taste, I shouldent a got it. I wish to massy I hadent a ben governed by sister Magwire."

"'Jingo! wouldent it be quite an idee for you to be the fust in Scrabble Hill to come out in a 'grody flewry.' Them colors would be wonderful becomin' to you. Jest lemme hold it up to ye, and you stan' up and look in the glass. Jingo! it's becominer than I thought 'twould be. I tell ye, widder, you must hev that silk, and no mistake.'

- "'Dear me! I wish I could afford to swop. What's it woth!"
- "'Wall, I can't expect to git the full vally on't. I'll sell it tew ye as low as I feel as if I could; it's a high-priced silk, bein' as it's so fashionable now; but I'll tell you, Miss Bedott—though I wouldent tell everybody—the fact is, I got that silk at a bargin, and of course I can afford to let it go for considerable less than I could, if I'd a paid full price. Ye see the marchant I took it of was on the pint o' failin', and glad to sell out for any money. He dident ax but a dollar a yard. Ther's fourteen yards left, as you can see by the folds, and you may hev it for fourteen dollars—jest what it cost me. I tell ye, widder, it's a bargin.'

"'Land o' liberty! fourteen dollars! I can't think on't.'

"'Wall, then, I'll dew still better by ye. I want you should hev this silk—so, s'pozen' I take yourn off yer hands, and you take this, and jest pay me the balance. Mabby I could sell that to some distressid old Quaker woman that wants an every-day frock—and what if I couldent, I should hev the satisfaction o' dewin' you a favor anyhow. What d'ye say to that?'

"'Lemme see—the balance—that would be tew dollars. I've paid twelve for 'tother already. I don't know about spendin' so much money—don't know what sister Magwire'd say to't. She's gone over to see old aunt Betsy Crocket—aunt Betsey's sick. Sister Magwire hates striped silk, and

peddlers tew-won't never trade with 'em-'

"'Jingo! come to think on't, I'm a tarnal goose to be willin' to stand in my own light jest for the sake of accommodatin' the wimmin folks—'tain't no object to me.' He folds

up the silk.

"'Stop a minnit, Jabe. I'll resk it. It's time I was my own mistress, anyhow. I know sister Magwire'll say it's tew gay for me, and call it flambergasted, but I don't care.'"

The following passage, giving an account of Aunt Maguire's experience, is full of nature as well as wisdom. Aunt Maguire is speaking:

"Don't care a snap for him, hey? Now, Nancy Harrington, I want to know if you think you're a gwine to make me believe such a story as that? I know better. I can see as fur into a millstone as anybody, and I know, and have know'd for better'n six months, how't you and Jasper Doolittle tuck a notion to one another. 'Tis extrawnary how gals will talk! If you don't care a snap for him, what makes you go with him to lecters, and concerts, and sleigh-rides, and all kinds o' dewins? Don't tell me you don't care a snap for him. He's a real nice young man tew-stiddy, and industrus, and dewin' well-you never'll have a better chance in ver life-mabby he hain't said nothin' partickler to you yet, but that's no sign he ain't a gwine tew, as soon as he gits his curridge up. He's ruther bashful, you know; it takes them sort o' fellers longer to come to the pint in such matters; they want considerable spurrin' up, and I advise you not to let nobody else hear you say you don't care nothin' about Jasper Doolittle-trouble comes o' them kind o' speeches. I know by experience-I come purty nigh losin' yer uncle Joshaway by makin' an unprudent remark o' that nater. I'll tell you how 'twas, and mabby you'll take warnin' by it.

"I remember egzackly when 'twas—'twas in the month o' March, about tew year and a half arter sister Bedott was married—yer uncle and me'd ben keepin' company all winter—he come t'our house every Sabberday evenin' regularly, besides always seein' me hum from singin'-school and evenin' meetins, and so forth—'twas town talk that we was engaged—Joshaway Magwire and Melissy Poole—that was the story all round. But all this time, mind you, he hadent said a word tew me about havin' on him, though I was suspectin' every day when he would. You see he was awful bashful.

"Well, one night-'twas in the month o' March-we was gwine hum from singin'-school-nary one on us dident say nothin' for some ways. At last yer uncle ham'd and haw'd tew or three times, and then says he to me, says he, 'Melissy!' says I, 'Hey?'—but he dident continner for some time -arter a spell he ham'd and haw'd agin, and he says to me, says he, 'Melissy!' says I, 'Well-what?" but still he dident continner. At last I see we was a gittin' purty nigh humso I says to him, say I, 'Joshaway, what was you a gwine to remark?' So then he says, says he, 'I was a gwine to say-' but his curridge failed, and he dident finish. Afore long we come to the gate, and there we stopt—we used to stop awhile at the gate in a gineral way-and says he, 'Melissy!' says I, 'Joshaway Magwire, what dew you want?' 'Why,' says he, 'I was a gwine to ax you—' Jest then yer granf'ther Poole opened the door and came out, and so ver uncle went off, and I went in.

"Well, next day Hanner Canoot come in t'our house, and she begun to joke me about yer uncle. Now, I never could bear Hanner Canoot—she was a reglar mischief-makin' old maid—always a meddlin' with everybody's bizness in the place—and sure as she see a young cupple appearantly attached to one another, she'd insiniwate suthin' or other aginst 'em. She couldent git no sweetheart herself, and it made her awful cross-grained and mad at them as could git 'em. I hadent never had no diffikilty with her, but I dispised her, and yer gram'ther Poole used to say to me frequently, 'Melissy, dew be keerful what you say afore Hanner Canootshe's a dangerous critter'—and I was keerful in a gineral way. And then, you see, ther was another thing about it—ther was her brother, Josiar Canoot—he'd ben tryin' to be perlite to me tew or three year, and I wouldent keep company with him, nor have nothin' to say tew him-and Hanner she know'd it, and felt awful spiteful to me on account o' that.

"Speakin' o' Siar Canoot-the last time I was up to Wig

gletown, yer aunt Bedott telled me he was quite pertickler to her. He hain't never ben married. I s'pose nobody wouldent have him—he was so lazy, and so consarned disagreeable, and so awful humbly. Why, his hair was as read as blazes, and he hadent no nose at all, and what ther was on't, turned right up straight. When yer aunt Bedott tell'd me about his steppin' up to her, I say, says I, 'I hope you won't incurridge him, Silly, for he's a poor shiftless critter.' 'Why, no, he ain't, nother,' says she; 'he's ben in the millentary, and got to be Cappen Canoot.' 'I don't care for that,' says I; 'it wouldent make no difference to me if he was gineral—he's Si Canoot, and always will be.'

"Well, I felt awful worried about it, and when I come hum, I telled yer uncle on't, and says he, 'Oh, don't you be afeard o' Silly's marryin' him. I'll be bound he hain't no idee o' marryin' her. She always thinks the men has serus intentions if they look at her'—that's what yer uncle said—and I don't say but what 'tis so—sister Bedott's a curus critter, tho' she's a nice woman in the main. Well, I was a gwine to tell what Hanner said. She begun to joke me, and says she—I was a spinnin' on a gret wheel, you know—well, she begun at me, and says she, 'Melissy, they tell curus stories about you—' whiz, whiz, whiz went the wheel, and I pertended I dident hear her.

"Arter a spell, she spoke up louder, and says she, 'Melissy, they tell strange stories about you and Joshaway'— whiz, whiz, whiz went the wheel—I made as if I dident hear a word, she said—so bymeby she turns to yer gram'ther—she was a settin' ther—and says she, 'How is it, Miss Poole? when's that are weddin' comin' on?' 'What weddin'?' says mother, says she. 'Why, Melissy and Joshaway Magwire, beshure,' says Hanner, says she. 'Never—not as I knows on,' says mother, says she; 'I don't know nothin' about no such bizness.' Well, she see she couldent git no satisfaction out o' mother, so she hollers to me agin, and says she, 'Seems



to me yer ruther hard o' hearin' to-day, Melissy.' Whiz-z-z-z went the wheel louder'n ever, and I dident take no notice o' what she said. Purty soon she bawled out agin, and says she, 'I guess what makes you so deef, you must a ketcht cold in yer head last night—'twas rather a long journey you tuck to git hum'—you see yer uncle and me went hum by the turnpike instid o' gwine cross lots, but how the critter found it out, dear knows. Well, I dident pay no 'tention, but I tell you I was a gittin' awful mad.

"Arter a spell she gits up and comes and dumps herself right down aside o' me, and says she, 'Say, Melissy, dew tell when you and Joshaway's a gwine to step off; he's a very nice young man, tho' I guess he won't never set the river afire.' When she said that, I was completely ryled up. I'd ben a growin' madder and madder all the time—to think o' her tellin' right afore mother about our comin' hum by the turnpike, and then sayin' 'he wouldent never set the river afire'—'twas tew much—I couldent hold in no longer, so I turned round and shook my wheel-pin in her face, and says I, 'Hanner Canoot, yer a meddlin' old maid; I wish you'd mind yer own bizness, and lemme alone about Josh Magwire—I wouldent wipe my old shoes on him.'"

The wicked Hanner Canoot of course carried this imprudent speech straight to Joshua Maguire, who, of course, left off his attentions to Melissy, and amused himself by a flirtation with Cloey Foggerson. Poor Melissy's heart was wellnigh broken. At last, in a state bordering on despair, she went to take counsel of her sister Bedott. After much talk, this good lady observed:

"' What's said can't be onsaid; the only way to mend the mischief is for Joshaway and you to git together and make it up, somehow.'

"'But how can we git together,' says I; 'I can't go to see him, and he don't never come to see me no more.' Arter thinkin' a spell, says Silly, says she—Silly was always a cunnin' critter—

"'I've got it now. You jest stay here and see to the baby, and I'll run into the Widder Magwire's; it's a good while sence I've been ther. It's purty dark now, and by the time I come hum it'll be awful dark, and Joshaway he'll come with me—he's did it several times—he's wonderful perlite—and when we git to the door, I'll ax him to come in and see husband. Hez won't be to hum 'taint likely, but Josh won't

know but what he is—and when he once gits in, I'll bet forty gret apples you and he'll make it all straight purty soon.'

"'Oh, Silly,' says I, 'that's a real good idee; but you mustent let him know I'm here, 'cause if you dew he won't come in.'

"'I won't, sartin sure,' says she.

"So she put on her things, and off she went, and I sot down the back side o' the room, and begun a contrivin' what I should say to yer uncle. Oh, Nancy! you've no idee what a state of preturbation I was in—one minnit I was afeard I shouldent say nothin' to no purpose, and the next minnit I

was eny most sure o' gittin' Joshaway back agin.

"Well, sister Bedott was gone a hull hour. You see Joshaway wa'n't to hum when she went, and so she stayed till he come. It did seem to me as if she was gone a year. At last I heerd 'em a comin'. They got to the door, and says yer uncle, says he, 'Good-night.' 'Oh, you come in, dew,' says yer aunt Silly, says she; 'Mr. Bedott wants to see you amazinly.' 'Well,' says he, 'I'll step in a minnit.' So in they come. 'Why,' says sister Bedott, says she, 'I wonder where husband is! You set down by the fire, and I'll go call him; he can't be fur off, I'm sure; he wouldent go off and leave the baby alone.' So he sot down with his back to me-I was a settin' where he dident see me-and she went off into t'other room, and shot the door. Gracious sakes alive! I never in my hull life experienced such feelins as I did that minnit, and I never shall agin, if I live a thousand year. seem'd as if my heart would jump right out o' my mouth. Arter a minnit or so, I ham'd-yer uncle he started and lookt round—and when he see me, he riz up and made for the door. Thinks me, I've lost him now sartain, sure.

"Jest as he got his hand on the latch, says I, 'Mr. Magwire!' He stopt and lookt round at me, and says he, 'Did you speak to me, Miss Poole?' 'Yes,' says I. 'What did you want?' says he. He spoke so cold and onconsarned, I

felt clear discurridged, and I jest bust right out a cryin'. So then he come up to me, and says he, 'Melissy!' Says I, 'Joshaway, what makes you so cold and distant to me lately!' Says he, 'You're engaged, ain't you, Melissy!' Says I, 'No I ain't—no such a thing.'

"Arter a minnit he says, says he, 'What made you say you wouldent wipe yer old shoes on me?' 'Cause I wouldent,' says I, 'and ther ain't but one feller in the town I would sarve such a mean trick, and that's Siar Canoot—he's jest fit to wipe old shoes on.' Now, Nancy, what do you s'poze yer uncle done then? Why, he huv his arms round my neck, and giv me such a thunderin' smack as I never got afore nor sence. 'Oh, Melissy,' says he, 'we'll be married arter all the fuss, won't we?' 'I shouldent wonder,' says I. And we was married in less than a month, and I hain't never had no 'casion to repent, for he's made me a fust-rate husband; but only think how nigh I come to losin' on him, jest for speakin' as I did to Hanner Canoot!"

# THE BASIN OF THE ATLANTIC.

The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough separating the Old World from the New, and extending, probably, from pole to pole. From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet, the distance, in a vertical line, is nine miles. The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are about a mile deep in the deepest part. Between Cape Race, in Newfoundland, and Cape Clear, in Ireland, there is a great plateau at the bottom of the sea, probably nowhere over 10,000 feet deep.

## REMUNERATION OF AUTHORS.

The following table shows the prices paid to some celebrated authors for the copyrights of their works. In the case of plays, the copyright alone is given, no account being taken of the ofttimes greater remuneration accruing from their performance upon the stage:

their perfection upon the stage.	£	8.	d.
For the Wanderer, by Savage	10	10	0
Fables, by Dryden.	250	0	0
Beggars' Opera, by Gay	400	0	0
Poems, by Gay	1,000	0	0
Edition of Shakspeare, by Pope	217	12	0
Tales from Shakspeare, by Charles Lamb	63	0	0
Contributions for two years to London Magazine, by			
Charles Lamb	170	0	0
Exchange no Robbery, by Theodore Hook	60	0	0
Sayings and Doings, first series, by Hook	600	0	0
Sayings and Doings, second series, "	1,400	0	0
Sayings and Doings, third series, "	1,050	0	0
Births, Deaths, and Marriages, "	600	0	0
Editorship of Colburn's New Monthly, by Hook	400	0	0
Rejected Addresses, by J. and H. Smith, after sixteenth			
edition	131	0	0
Country Cousins, Trip to Paris, Air-Balloonings, Trip			
to America, by James Smith	100	0	0
Wife of Bath, by Gay	25	0	0
Letter to a Lady, "	6	7	6
The What D'ye Call It, by Gay	16	2	6
Troia, by Gay	43	0	0
Epistle to the Earl of Burlington, by Gay	10	15	0
Battle of the Frogs, ""	16	2:	6
Three Hours of Marriage, "	43	2	6
Revival of the Wife of Bath, The Mohawks, "	75	0	0
	2	10′	0
Pope received for Statues, 1st book, and Vertumnus			
and Pomona	16	2	6

		8.	d.	
First edition of Rape of the Lock, by Pope	£	0	0	
Windsor Forest, by Pope	32	5	0	
Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, by Pope	15	0	0	
Addition to the Rape,	15	0	0	
Homer, vol. 1, "	215	0	0	
650 copies additional, "	176	0	0	
Temple of Fame, • "	32	5	0	
Key to the Lock, "	10	15	0	
Homer, vols. 2 and 3, "	430	0	0	
Additional copies, "	300	0	0	
Editing Parnell's Poems, "	15	0	0	
Copy money for the first three volumes of the Odyssey,				
and 750 copies of each, by Pope	616	0	0	
Copy money for vols. 4 and 5; 750 copies of each	425	18	71	
Besides this, Pope received £840 additional, on his				
Homer, making for his works between 1712 and 1721,	4,244	8	7	
Fragments of History, by Charles Fox, sold by Lord				
Holland for 5,000 guineas	5,250	0	0	
Fragments of History, by Sir J. Mackintosh	500	0	0	
Lingard's History of England	4,683	0	0	
Sir Walter Scott's Bonaparte was sold, with the printed				
books, for	18,000	0	0	
The net receipts of copyright on the first two editions				
only, must have been	10,000	0	0	
Life of Wilberforce, by his sons, 4,000 guineas	4,200	0	0	
Life of Byron, by Moore	4,000	0	0	
Life of Sheridan, "	2,000	0	0	
Life of Hannah More	2,000	0	0	
Life of Cowper, by Southey	1,000	0	0	
Life and Times of George IV., by Lady C. Bury	1,000	0	0	
	20,000	0	0	
Lord of the Isles, half share	1,500	0	0	
Lalla Rookh, by Moore	3,000	0	0	
Rejected Addresses, by the two Smiths	1,000	0	0	
Crabbe's works, republication of, by Mr. Murray	3,000	0	0	
Wordsworth's works, republication of, by Mr. Moxon	1,050	0	0	

THE COWARD DUELIST.		6	625	
	£	8.	đ.	
Bulwer's Rienzi	1,600	0	0	
Marryatt's novelseach £500 to	1,500	0	0	
Trollope's Factory Boy	1,800	0	0	
Hannah More derived, for her copyrights, the latter				
years of her life, per annum	3,000	0	0	
Rundell's Domestic Cookery	2,000	0	0	
Nicholas Nickleby	3,000	0	0	
Eustace's Classical Tour	2,100	0	0	
Sir Robert Inglis obained for the beautiful and inter-				
esting widow of Bishop Heber, by the sale of his				
Journal	5.000	0	0	

### THE COWARD DUELIST.

In Charles the Tenth's time, dueling was the rage in Paris. A notorious duelist, one morning, entered the Caté Français, and glancing round contemptuously on all whom he found in the café, "There is no finding," said he, "any one to give a touch of one's sword to, this morning." On which a gentleman in spectacles answered, "You are mistaken, sir—give me your card." On the card was, "The Count of ——." The gentleman in spectacles gave his address: it was, "The Marquis of ——."

"M. le Comte," said the Marquis, in the most tranquil tone of raillery, "I never put myself out of the way, nor alter my habits for any thing in the world. I rise late in the morning. We will fight, then, to-morrow at noon."

Then the Marquis called the waiter, "Here," cried he, handing the waiter the Count's card, "are two thousand francs. Go to the 'Pompes Funèbres,' and order a funeral in the highest style, to this gentleman's name and address. The burial will be the day after to-morrow, and I will have M. le Comte buried as if he were a Marquis." The bully duelist was in his turn intimidated, and the matter was settled without a meeting.

### A NEW SNAKE-STORY.

A GENTLEMAN of the "highest integrity" has given Doctor Dixon, of the Scalpel, the following particulars for a bran-new snake-story:

"Going into a very public ordinary for his dinner, he was surprised to observe the extra care with which a gentleman opposite to him took off his hat; he turned his head as nearly upside down as possible without breaking his neck; then, placing his hand over the inside of his hat, he again turned it, and received its carefully-guarded contents, concealed by a pocket-handkerchief, on his hand; then gently laying his hand on the cushion, he slid the hat and its contents off, and commenced his dinner. The attention of my friend was irresistibly directed toward the hat; and his surprise greatly increased, the reader may well imagine, on observing the head of quite a sizable snake thrust out and looking sharply about him.

"The gentleman perceiving the discovery, addressed him: 'My dear sir, I was in hopes to have dined alone, and not annoyed any one with my poor pet. Allow me to explain. He is perfectly harmless; only a common blacksnake. I was advised to carry him on my head for rheumatism; I have done so for a few weeks, and I am cured—positively cured of a most agonizing malady. I dare not yet part with him; the memory of my sufferings is too vivid; all my care is to avoid discovery, and to treat my pet as well as possible in his irksome confinement. I feed him on milk and eggs, and he does not seem to suffer. Pardon me for this annoyance—you have my story! I am thankful to the informer for my cure, and to you for your courtesy in not leaving your dinner in a state of disgust.'"



THE BOA.

THERE are few fables which have not some truth in their beginning. The stories, in Sinbad the Sailor, of the monstrous serpents in the valley of diamonds, of the serpent of surprising length and thickness, whose scales made a rustling sound as he moved himself along, and which swallowed up two of his

companions, probably had their foundation in traditions of antiquity, handed down from generation to generation, and which are now known to have been nearly if not quite true.

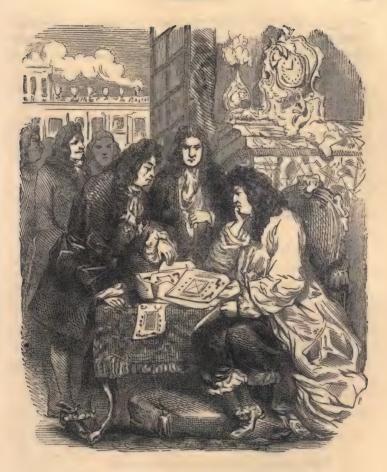
Aristotle tells of Libyan serpents of such enormous size, that certain voyagers to the coast were pursued by them, and that some of them were so large as to overset the three-decked vessels. Many other ancient writers describe monstrous serpents, and in a manner which conforms so closely to the boa-constrictor, that we can not doubt that these stories are founded upon actual observation.

Livy gives an account of an enormous snake which had its lair on the banks of the Bagradus, in Africa, near Utica. The Roman army, under Regulus, were greatly frightened by it. At length it was destroyed by heavy stones hurled at it with military engines used in sieges. Its skin, 120 feet in length, was sent to Rome.

The boa, as now known, and found in India and South America, is inferior to this in size, seldom being over 30 feet in length. In taking its prey it lies in wait, and at a proper time, darts with inconceivable celerity upon its victim, winding it in its coils, and crushing it to death. When it is entirely dead, it unwinds itself, and by slow degrees swallows it whole. Many cases are recorded in which not only hogs, deer, and stags have been thus taken and devoured, but even mules, bullocks, and buffaloes.

# JOE MILLER'S JOKES.

A LARGE part of Joe Miller's jokes, purporting to have originated with Englishmen, are told in France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Persia, and China, and in like manner descend from generation to generation, being successively attributed to such local characters as they may suit.



LOUIS XV.

This personage was the grand-nephew of Louis XIV., and was born in 1710. At the death of this monarch, he was only five years old, and consequently, until the age of four-teen, when he was declared to have reached his minority, he was under the regency of Philip d'Orleans, brother of Louis

XIV. During his administration the famous Mississippi Scheme of John Law was adopted, the explosion of which involved France in great trouble, and even shook the throne to its foundation.

At the outset, Louis XV. seems to have been popular, and received the affectionate surname of the "Well-beloved." But he soon gave himself up to every species of licentiousness, which was at last communicated to the court and to society at large. Atheistical philosophy and sensualism corrupted the very fountains of life, and prepared the way for the terrible convulsions which followed in the revolution of 1789. Louis died in 1765, having left behind him a name which is now consigned to general infamy.

## LET US TRY.

Ir we can not have all that we wish upon earth,

Let us try to be happy with less if we can;

If wealth be not always the guerdon of worth,

Worth, sooner than wealth, makes the happier man.

Is it wise to be anxious for pleasures afar—

And the pleasures around us to slight or decry!—

Asking Night for the sun,—asking Day for the star!

Let us conquer such faults, or at least let us try!

If the soil of a garden be worthy our care,

Its culture delightful, though ever so small;

Oh, then let the heart the same diligence share,

And the flower of affection will rival them all.

There ne'er was delusion more constantly shown,

Than that wealth every charm of existence can buy;

As long as love, friendship, and truth are life's own,

All hearts may be happy, if all hearts will try!

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NELSON.

THERE is no other name in British history so universally popular with the nation as that of Horatio Nelson. He was born in 1758, and became a midshipman at the age of twelve. He was of a feeble constitution, but possessed a moral courage which overcame all difficulties.

The details of his career would fill a volume. In a petition for a pension, in consequence of the loss of an arm in the unsuccessful attack on the island of Teneriffe, in 1797, he thus enumerates his services: he had been in four actions

with the fleets of the enemy; in three cutting-out expeditions, and in three captures of towns. He had served ashore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries in two sieges. He had assisted in capturing seven sail-of-the-line, six frigates, four corvettes, eleven privateers, and fifty merchantmen. He had actually been personally engaged with the enemy one hundred and twenty times, in which services he had lost his right eye and his right arm, and received several severe wounds and contusions in the body. And yet, it was subsequent to this that his most signal services were performed. On the 25th of October, 1805, he lost his life in the famous battle off Cape Trafalgar, with the combined French and Spanish fleet of forty vessels, twenty of which were either destroyed or captured.

The numerous monuments erected to the memory of Nelson in various parts of the British islands, attest the gratitude of the people for services of such extraordinary magnitude.

## WONDERFUL INSTINCT.

In the garden of the vicarage of Newcastle, England, there was an old tree, which, for many years, had been frequented by the rooks, which built their nests upon it. In each succeeding year they returned to it in the spring, and here went through the process of producing and rearing their young.

At last they were noticed to come to the tree, begin their nests, and then leave it. This was done for one or two seasons, until at last the birds deserted it altogether. No one could tell the reason; but finally the tree was blown over by the wind, and then it was discovered to be decayed at the bottom, so as to render it unsafe!



THE SILK-WORM.

The silk-worm was originally brought from China, where, it appears, silk was first manufactured. It is about eight weeks after it is hatched in coming to maturity. During this period it changes its skin four or five times. It is at first of a dark color, but it soon becomes light, and in its tint resembles the perfect insect. Its proper food is the leaves of the mulberry, though it will feed on lettuce and some other plants.

When about to change its skin, it ceases to eat, raises the fore-part of its body, and remains in perfect repose. During this period the new skin acquires strength, and then, by an effort, the old skin is burst, and gradually thrown off, the whole operation being, however, difficult and laborious.

When the silk-worm is fully grown, it begins to spin its web, with which the body is at last inclosed. In this proceeding the insect displays amazing art and industry. During this process of spinning, the caterpillar diminishes in size, and when the work is completed, its bulk is reduced one half. When the cocoon is finished, which is the work of five days, it changes its skin and becomes a chrysalis. In this stage it remains for about a fortnight, and then comes forth as a moth. In this state, it has a gay but brief existence. The female, having deposited her eggs, speedily dies, and the male does not long survive.

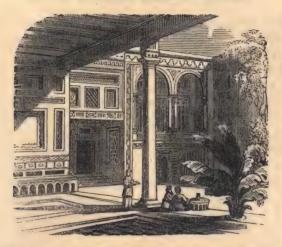
Such is the history of a worm which for ages has clothed the "flush and the fair," of all countries, in its funereal cerements; and so it is that the shroud of a worm, becomes the flaunting robe of human beauty and fashion!

#### REVENGE OF THE CAMEL.

This animal is extremely sensible to injustice or ill-treatment. When one of them has suffered injury, he can not rest till he has had revenge. This once inflicted, his passion subsides.

An Arab, therefore, when he finds that he has offended his camel, lays some of his garments in the way of the animal, disposing them in such a manner as to make them appear as if a man was beneath them. The creature at once recognizes them, seizes them in his teeth, shakes them violently, and tramples on them with rage. When his anger is appeared, the owner feels at ease, as he knows that the fit has passed away.

The horse, though of a generous nature, is said to be also capable of resenting an injury. A story is told of a hunter, who once rode a fine horse till he was nearly dead. The groom took great care of him, at which the creature seemed grateful; but when his master entered the stable, he made a furious spring upon him, and came near killing him.



VISIT TO A PERSIAN HAREM AT TEHERAN.

THE "Khanum," or lady—that being the name the Shah applies to his mother, as Napoleon the Great did Madame to his—having fixed the day, a large retinue of servants, with a gaidy "takhterewan," were sent by her to convey me to the palace, which, joined to my own servants, made an inconvenient procession through the narrow bazaars. After much shouting and turning of people's faces to the wall, we arrived at a small door. Here our cavalcade stopped, and I alighted from the takhterewan. The men-servants were forbidden to advance, and, accompanied by my maid, I was conducted along a dark passage into a fine court, with a large tank full of water in the center: from various apartments round this court, women hastened out, curious to see the "Khanum Ingless," the English lady; and I passed on, ascended a flight of steps, and reached a nice room hung round with lookingglasses, where a chair had been placed for me. Here I was joined by a French woman, who, when very young, had married a Persian she met in Paris, and whose faith she has since adopted. She is interpreter to the Shah's mother, and

is a very clever, agreeable person. In a few minutes a negress entered the room, and informed us the Khanum waited, and I was to "take my brightness into her presence."

We were then ushered into the adjoining chamber, and found her seated on a chair at a table, which was covered with coarse white unhemmed calico. On each side of her, on a chair likewise, sat a pretty young lady, covered with jewels. The Khanum said a great many amiable things to me, and went through all the usual Persian compliments, hoping my heart had not grown narrow, that my nose was fat, &c. She then introduced the two young ladies as the Shah's two principal wives and cousins. Neither of them uttered a word, but sat like statues during my interview, which lasted two hours.

The Shah's mother is handsome, and does not look more than thirty, yet her real age must be at least forty. She is very clever, and is supposed to take a large share in the affairs of the government. She has also the whole management of the Shah's ante-room; so that I should think she must have a good deal to occupy her mind, as the Shah has three principal wives, and eight or nine inferior ones. These ladies have each a separate little establishment, and some a separate court from the rest, but all the courts have a communication with one another.

I do not admire the costume of the Persian women. The Shah's mother was dressed with great magnificence. She wore a pair of trowsers made of gold brocade. These persian trowsers are always very wide, each leg being, when the means of the wearer allow it, wider than the skirt of a gown, so that they have the effect of an exceedingly ample petticoat; and, as crinolines are unknown, the elegantes wear ten and eleven pair of trowsers, one over the other, in order to make up for the want of the above important invention.

But to return to the Shah's mother: her trowsers were

edged with a border of pearls embroidered on braid; she had a thin blue crape chemisette also trimmed with pearls; this chemisette hung down a little below the waist, nearly meeting the top of the trowsers, which were fastened by a running string. As there was nothing under the thin gauze. the result was of course more display than is usual in Europe. A small jacket of velvet was over the chemisette, reaching to the waist, but not made to close in front, and on the head a small shawl, pinned under the chin. On the shawl were fastened strings of large pearls and diamond sprigs; her arms were covered with handsome bracelets, and her neck with a costly necklace.

Her hair was in bands, and hung down under the shawl in a multitude of small plaits. She wore no shoes, her feet being covered with fine Cashmere stockings. The palms of her hands and tips of her fingers were dyed red with an herb called henna, and the edges of the inner part of the eyelids were colored with antimony. All the Kejars have naturally large arched eyebrows, but not satisfied with this, the women enlarge them by doubling their real size with great streaks of antimony. Her cheeks were rouged, as is the invariable custom among Persian women of all classes. She asked me many questions about the Queen-how she dressed, how many sons she had, and said she could not imagine a happier person than her majesty, with her fine family, her devoted husband, and the power she possessed.

She made me describe the ceremonial of a drawing-room. I much regretted I had no picture of the Queen to show her. She was also curious to have an account of a theater. My maid had been taken to another room, where, surrounded by the servants and slaves of the ante-room, she was surfeited with sugar-plums, and where her dress excited much curiosity.—Glimpses of Life and Manners in Persia, by Lady

Shiel.

# GAUTHEROT, THE WATER-FINDER.

Joseph Gautherot was born in the small village of Velexon—Haute Saône—in the canton of Fresne St. Mametz, on the 15th of March, 1805. He was sent to the village-school at the age of eleven, and continued there until he had attained the age of twelve. After being confirmed, he wrought with his father as a pitman or miner. At the age of eighteen he lost his father, and the conscription made him a private in the 13th Light Infantry, when he was marched to the garrison of Mézières. Here he became acquainted with the greatest iron-master of the Ardennes, M. Gendarme, who appreciated his intelligence, and made him overseer of one of his mines; at the same time buying him off from the army.

The sudden irruption of water into the mine directed Gautherot's mind to a new study. Guided by a kind of natural inspiration, the poor miner gained insight into the inner formation of the globe; he discovered, as it were by instinct, the bed of subterranean waters. Through the death of Gendarme, which left him without patron or protector, he resolved to dedicate his life to a new vocation. His first essay—how timidly he set about it!—was crowned with success. His fame, since 1845, has been great in the Ardennes. He has been sought for by agriculturists and manufacturers far and near.

At a small expenditure of time and money, he has discovered springs where they were least to be expected. For this service, attested by landowners, manufacturers, and others, he was rewarded in 1846 by the French government with a gold medal. To his inventive genius many portions of Eastern France are indebted for copious springs of water. Water was always found at the depth he predicted, and often in greater quantities than he had foretold. His fame was spread abroad. The town council of a locality in Haute-

Marne, at an official sitting, took into consideration a proposal made them by Gautherot, to point out a spring which should cast up 4,000 litres—more than 16,000 gallons—of water an hour, for a reward of 10,000 francs.

The mayor gave him his assurance that he would do his utmost with the higher authorities to have the contract confirmed. On leaving the *mairie*, this officer begged him, that, out of mere curiosity, as he said, he would point out to him the spot where the spring lay, pledging his word of honor to keep the secret. Gautherot, never suspecting a man of wealth and station, led him to the spot, and said, "Here lies my spring!" He returned to his home and awaited the ratification of the contract.

Two months after, he read an advertisement in a Haute-Marne newspaper for contracts to lay down water-pipes for the same community. For the first time in his life the honest man was surprised by a feeling of doubt; he traveled to the town, went to the spot, and saw a fountain casting up 48,000 gallons of water an hour. The mayor, breaking his word of honor, had betrayed Gautherot's secret to a poor workman, and told him where to dig. The shamefully deceived and plundered man obtained with some difficulty a slender compensation from the mayor, and a certificate that he was the sole discoverer of the spring, as his sole reward.

On a subsequent occasion, Gautherot took better care. He proposed to a cloth-manufacturer, in the neighborhood of Sedan, to conduct a stream of water to his premises, yielding 16,000 gallons an hour, for the sum of 8,000 francs, renouncing all compensation if the supply fell 400 gallons short of his estimate. After some negotiation, the following terms were come to: Gautherot promised, for a reward of 4,000 francs, to point out a spring which should yield 16,000 gallons an hour; if the supply fell short of this quantity by 400 gallons, he should not demand any compensation. The manufacturer, on the other hand, pledged himself to purchase the

well, and to pay for every cubic yard of water over 16,000 gallons, at the rate of 800 francs.

As soon as the contract was signed, Gautherot went to work, and after a month of hard labor the water began to gush forth. But in what abundance! It was a perfect stream. The manufacturer hurried forward and saw, not without dismay, how the hydroscopist and his laborers cleared away with their horny fists every obstacle to the free issue of the waters. "Hold! hold!" he cried; "too much! too much!" "We shall reckon by and by," said Gautherot, coolly; "at present I have other affairs on hand than talking with you."

After a lawsuit an agreement was arrived at. It was admitted that, as the spring cast up 240,000 gallons an hour, Gautherot had a legal claim to 55,200 francs, which, however, he reduced to 12,000. This amount, and costs, the manufacturer agreed to pay; while, on the other hand, the spring became the property of Gautherot. Some time afterward he sold it to a miller in the neighborhood. Such remarkable success naturally drew the attention of a country which for long centuries had felt the want of potable water, to this worthy man.

While we in England say, "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom,"—in Algeria they say, "A drop of water is worth a drop of gold." The mayor of Nancy, who has large possessions in Algeria, dispatched Gautherot to that country, and shortly afterward springs of water were found at Monstaganem, Arzef, Oran, in Algiers, and other places. At present he is busied at Constantine with extensive operations. Algeria will long have to thank this man, who, giving her supplies of water, has given her the means of prosperity.—London Critic, April, 1857.



FEMALE BEAUTY.

The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their cyebrows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around their eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indians paint them red. The pearl of the tooth must be dyed black, to be beautiful, in Guzerat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black.

In Greenland, the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through. Hindoo families, when they wish to

appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, turmeric, and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and, keeping the wounds open a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular mutilation is made among them, by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand, at the second joint.

In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but the Sumatran mother carefully flattens the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Sumatra and Aracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull, in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it.

In China, small round eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows, that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which, in childhood, are so compressed by bandages as to prevent any further increase in size. The four smaller toes are bent under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere—the poor girl thus becoming a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in having finger-nails so long that casings of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury.

An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea, the nose is perforated, and a large piece of wood or bone inserted. On the northwest coast of America, an incision, more than two inches in length, is made in the lower lip, and then filled with a wooden plug. In Guinea, the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth, and the points resting on the chin.

#### THE HIGHEST WATERFALL IN THE WORLD.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Lowell Courier, writing from Norway, gives an interesting account of a visit to the renowned "Voringfos," remarkable, among other things, for being situated high in the mountains, four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea. While it is undoubtedly the highest, it is believed to be the most difficult of access of any important waterfall in the world.

Starting from Eidfjord, the party traveled ten miles on foot to a deeply-sunk lake, across which they rowed in a boat to the village of Sceboe. Here they took horses and guides, and started for the mountains, and after a two hours' ride, during which they crossed some perilous passages, they reached the foot of the so-called "Steep." This is a mountain mass of barren rock, rising two thousand feet, apparently perpendicular, which it would hardly be imagined could be climbed by horses. It was climbed on horseback, however, by the party, up a zigzag course, turning to every point of the compass in the space of a single rod, and ascending flights of irregular artificial stairs.

The party suddenly emerged upon a broad moorland, interspersed with quagmires, barren rock-beds, and vegetation. It extends for several miles, and at the further extremity is a dairy-maids' village. The river runs through a cavernous gorge in this plain, but the only sign of its vicinity was the eternal cloud of spray which rises and soars above the plain. Says the writer:

"In five hours after leaving the lake below, we stood upon the brink of the precipice, into which the thundering cataract makes its final plunge of nine hundred feet! Standing about six hundred feet above the top of the fall, we could look down to its base, fifteen hundred feet below us. Here again we were spell-bound in mute amazement at the 'wonderful works of creation,' and here would I gladly lay down my pen, for who can describe such a scene or his own emotions when contemplating it? Language fails, and the beholder is made conscious of aspirations that reach beyond this world, and take hold on eternity—aspirations to comprehend infinity. So deep is the chasm beneath this projecting standpoint, that every object within it—the rocks and shrubbery on the borders of the now quiet stream—has a tinge of reflected sky-blue.

"If the estimates are correct—and they were made by Professor Hansteen, of Christina University—the fall itself is about six times higher than Niagara, and the summit from which it is seen, nine times higher. The cross on Trinity tower, New York, is 383 feet above the sidewalk. Pile four such towers one upon the other, and they would rise but thirty-two feet above this precipice; and six Bunker Hill monuments would not reach the top into 180 feet. Should the Washington monument be carried to three times its contemplated height—though there is no immediate danger of it—and were it set into this ravine, one could step from this rock upon its capstone."

So steep are the walls of the gorge, that one yard from the brink the water is nowhere visible. The channel extends several miles, and the vegetation of the plain in some places so conceals its verge that venturous sheep are sometimes precipitated into its frightful depths. It is said to be a well-authenticated fact that a broken-hearted girl once deliberately threw herself off into the yawning gulf.

# PUNCH.

Punch says the absence of body in a railroad accident, is better than presence of mind.

## VARIOUS ANIMALS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.



Fishes.

Although fishes occupy a different element from ourselves, we are well acquainted with their general structure and habits. They are of an infinite variety in form, size, and color. The whale, dolphin, porpoise, and some others, living in the sea, and swimming by the use of fins, are popularly called fishes, though naturalists rank them with the mammalia, they having warm blood, and giving suck to their young.

The proper fishes, including the salmon, shad, trout, and an infinite number of others, have cold blood, breathe through the medium of water by the means of gills, and have extremities formed for swimming. They propagate by eggs, which are produced in immense numbers. The cod is said to lay several millions in a season. Many of them, however, are not hatched, and great numbers of the young are devoured by other fishes.

The voracity of fishes is beyond that of any other animals. A single pike has been known to devour one hundred roaches in three days. An anecdote is related of a gentleman who struck at a perch, but missed him, the hook unfortunately tearing out the eye of the poor creature. He adjusted the eye on the hook, and replaced it in the water. It had been there but a few minutes, when the float was violently jerked under the surface. The angler drew in his line, and found he had captured a fine perch. When this was landed, it proved to be the very fish whose eye he had just before torn out!

The form of fishes enables them to traverse the fluid in which they live with great ease and astonishing velocity. The speed of the swiftest steamer is slow compared with that of many of these animals.

The migration of fishes is a very curious fact in their history. The codfish and herring move in vast troops, taking a wide circuit in the ocean, as birds do in the air, and returning to particular places at particular seasons. The salmon, shad, and some others, which live in the sea, pass up the rivers, often a thousand or two thousand miles, in the springtime, to deposit their spawn.

Fishes are frequently mentioned in Scripture. In Genesis ix. 2, the dominion of man over these, as well as over the animals, is thus given to him: "And the fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they delivered."



Shell-Fish.

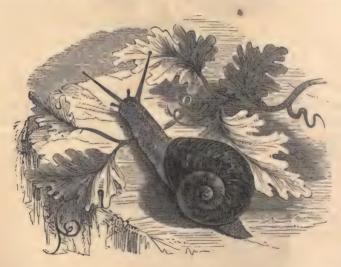
In popular language, we speak of shell-fish, by which we mean oysters, clams, muscles, and a multitude of other similar animals. They are arranged by naturalists under the name of mollusca: the science which treats of them is called conchology.



THE PEARL-OYSTER.

This subject is one of great interest, chiefly on account of the infinite variety and exquisite beauty of many kinds of shells. Pearls are produced by a disease in what are called the pearl-oyster, which is found abundantly in the Persian Gulf, and at Ceylon. Men are here trained to the art of diving for them in deep water, and some of them are able to remain below for two or three minutes. The Chinese form artificial pearls by casting beads into the shell of a kind of muscle, which at the end of a year are covered with a pearly crust, resembling the true pearl. The quantity of common oysters taken for eating throughout the world amounts to many hundreds of millions every year.

The word *shell*, as applicable to fishes, is not found in the Scripture, but is supposed to be alluded to in several cases.



The Snail.

This animal, which we frequently find in the gardens, dragging its little house of shell behind it, lives a quiet and easy life, and goes to sleep during the cold season. It is said to be able to take a nap of several years, if by chance it is left in a state of confinement. An instance is related in which a snail

was kept with a collection of fossils for fifteen years, when it was discovered, and found to be alive.

At the head of the snail are four spikes, called horns or feelers—two being short and two long. These can be drawn in and out like telescopes. On the ends of these are the eyes, which look like small black knobs.

The snail lays eggs, which are about the size of small peas. These are semi-transparent, and when closely examined with the microscope, are seen to contain the young snails with their embryo shells on their backs. The reproduction of the snail is most curious. At a certain time of the year they meet in pairs, and stationing themselves an inch or two apart, they launch at each other several little darts not quite half an inch long. These are of a horny substance, and sharply pointed at the end. The animals during the breeding season are furnished with a little reservoir for them, situated in the neck, and opening on the right side. After the discharge of the first dart, the wounded snail immediately retaliates on its aggressor, by ejecting at it a similar one; the other renews the battle, and in turn is again wounded. Thus are the darts of Cupid, metaphorical with all the rest of creation, realized in snails. After the combat, they both lay eggs.

At the approach of winter, the snail buries himself in the earth, or retires to some hole, where he sleeps out the long, dreary season, as we have said. Usually several snails thus repose together, and if discovered, seem to be deprived of life. A little warmth and moisture, however, soon wake them up.

Though the snail is so slow in its movements that it has become a proverb, it is still a greedy eater in the season of its activity. It lives chiefly upon the leaves of plants, and though particular in its choice, it still devours an enormous quantity of food for so small a creature.

In France and Italy, snails are eaten as a delicacy. In this country, we agree with Moses, who forbade them to the Jews as unclean. (Leviticus xi. 30.)



The Frog.

Of the frog family, there are more than twenty species, some being large, like the bull-frog, and some scarcely bigger than a man's thumb. They are all amphibious, living on the land, and making frequent excursions into the water.

When this reptile issues from the egg, it is merely a black oval mass, with a slender tail, and is called a tad-pole. When it has attained a certain size, it bursts its case, and appears with a head and legs, retaining, however, its tail. After a time the tail drops off, and the frog is complete. This metamorphosis is quite as curious as the changes in insects.

The common frog lives during the spring in ponds, brooks, muddy ditches, marshy grounds, and other watery places. In summer it frequently strays into the meadows and pasturegrounds. It seems to be a cheerful creature, and spends a good deal of its time in singing, which, however, is not always of the most melodious kind. Its voice proceeds from two bladders, one on each side of the mouth. Frogs are abundant in most hot countries. Mungo Park found them so numerous in Central Africa, that he was obliged to whip them away in

the brooks, so as to let his horse drink. One of the plagues of Egypt, in the time of Moses, consisted of innumerable frogs, which covered the whole land. Exodus viii. 5: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, stretch forth thine hand with thy rod over the streams, over the rivers, and over the ponds, and cause frogs to come up upon the land of Egypt. And Aaron stretched out his hand over the waters of Egypt, and the frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt."



The Adder.

Of the adder, or viper, there are several species, all being venomous. They are from two to four feet long, and are usually of a dull yellow color, with black spots. The young are produced from eggs hatched in the body.

The Reverend Mr. White, of Selboure, in company with a friend, surprised a large female viper, as she lay on the grass basking in the sun, which seemed very heavy and bloated. As vipers are so dangerous that they should be destroyed,

they killed her, and afterwards, being curious to know what made her so large, they opened her, and found in her abdomen fifteen young ones, about the size of full-grown earthworms. This little fry issued into the world with the true viper spirit about them, showing great alertness as soon as they were disengaged from the body of their parent. They twisted and wriggled about, set themselves up, and gaped very wide when touched with a stick, exhibiting manifest tokens of menace and defiance, though, as yet, no fangs could be discovered, even with the help of glasses.

The viper attains its full growth at the age of seven years. It feeds on frogs, toads, and lizards, and occasionally upon mice and small birds. It casts its skin every year. Its teeth are surrounded with a bladder containing poison, which is in-

jected into the wound made by its teeth.

The horned viper, or cerastes, has a pointed, horny substance over each eyelid, formed of two projecting scales. Its body is of a pale yellowish or grayish color, with transverse brown spots. Its length is one to two feet. It is found in the deserts of Africa, and is often mentioned by the ancients. It appears to be in some degree domesticated in Egypt, where it enters the house when the family are at table, picks up the crumbs, and retires without doing any injury.

Pliny tells us that the cerastes has often four horns, which it moves in such a manner as to amuse the birds, thus inducing them to come near, so that the serpent, which conceals its body, may spring upon them. This is doubtless only another version of the fabulous stories of serpent-charming.

The Bible has several allusions to the adder. In Genesis xlix. 17, it is said: "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." Psalm lviii. 4, 5: "Their poison is like the poison of a serpent; they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely."



The Asp.

This reptile, which is noted for its virulent poison, is found in Egypt, and is from three to five feet in length. The body is covered with small round scales, and is of a greenish color, bordered with black. Its neck is capable of inflation. The jugglers of Egypt, by pressing it on the nape of the neck with the finger, throw it into a kind of catalepsy, which renders it stiff like a rod.

The hooded serpent of India is from three to eight feet long. It has a broad neck, and a mark of dark brown on the forehead, which, when viewed frontwise, looks like a pair of spectacles, but from behind, like the head of a cat. The eyes are fierce and full of fire.

Of this genus are the dancing-snakes, which are carried in baskets by jugglers in Hindostan. These are called serpentcharmers, who play a few simple notes on the flute, with which the snakes seem much delighted, and keep time by a graceful motion of the head, erecting about half their length from the ground, and following the music with gentle curves, like the undulating lines of a swan's neck. When a house is infested with serpents, one of these charmers is sent for, who, by playing on his flageolet, induces the reptiles to leave their hiding-places, upon which they are attacked and killed.

It is probable that the Psalmist, in the passage just quoted referring to the deaf adder which stoppeth her ears, and refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, alludes to this species of reptile. Deuteronomy xxxii. 33, it is said: "Their wine is the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps." Job xx. 14: "Yet his meat in his bowels is turned; it is the gall of asps within him."



The Lizard.

The family of lizards is very numerous, including some enormous species, as the crocodile and the alligator; but there are many kinds which are much smaller, some of them a few inches only in length, and perfectly harmless.

The common lizard is distinguished for its lively and graceful movements. It comes out of its hiding-place during the day to bask in the sun. When it sees an insect, it darts swiftly upon it, seizes it in its sharp little teeth, and swallows it. The young are produced in eggs, which are hatched very soon after they are laid—the skin of the egg being so thin that the young lizard can be seen through it.

The green lizard is a very beautiful species; its colors, which consist of a mixture of darker and lighter green, being interspersed with specks and marks of yellow, brown, black, and red, are exceedingly brilliant. The iguana of Brazil is a larger species, five or six feet in length, and of a frightful appearance. When irritated, its eyes flash, the scales upon its back rise erect, the pouch beneath its throat is swollen, it lashes its tail, and hisses like a serpent; yet, after all, it is a perfectly innocent and harmless creature.

The gecko is common in most warm countries. It is a nocturnal animal, remaining hidden during the day, but wandering forth at night in search of its insect prey. Their feet are furnished with a soft spongy cushion, like a boy's sucker, which enables them to walk about on smooth walls and ceilings with the greatest ease. They have the same reputation with ignorant people that the toad has, of being venomous; in both cases this idea is unfounded.

The flying-dragon is the terrible name of a very harmless little lizard; it lives on trees, and devours insects. It greatly resembles the flying-squirrel. It is common in Judea, and some of the great Asiatic islands.

The lizard was forbidden as food to the Jews. Leviticus xi. 29, 30: "These also shall be unclean unto you among the creeping things—the weasel, and the mouse, and the tortoise after his kind, and the ferret, and the chameleon, and the lizard, and the snail, and the mole."



The Chameleon.

This curious creature is about ten inches long, and its tail nearly the same length. It is covered with small scaly granules; its color is naturally a dull gray, which is frequently changed to a beautiful green, spotted with red. It lives in trees, often hanging by its long, prehensile tail. When walking on the ground, it steps forward in an extremely cautious manner, seeming never to lift one foot until it is well assured of the firmness of the rest. From these precautions, its motions have a ridiculous appearance of gravity, when contrasted with the smallness of its size, and the activity that might be expected from an animal so nearly allied to some of the most lively in the creation.

Though the chameleon is repulsive in its appearance, it is perfectly harmless. It feeds only on insects, for which the structure of its tongue is well adapted, being long and protrusive, and furnished with a dilated, glutinous, and somewhat tubular lip. With this it seizes on insects with the greatest ease, darting it out and immediately retracting it with the prey thus secured, which it swallows whole.

The strange notion that chameleons were able to feed on air, seems to have arisen merely from the circumstance of these animals, like all others of the lizard family, being able to subsist for a great length of time without food. The eyes of the chameleon have the singular propensity of looking at the same instant in different directions. One of them may be seen to move when the other is at rest; or one will be directed forward, while the other is attending to some object behind, or in a similar manner upward or downward. It has the power of inflating its body to double its ordinary size, and at these times it is transparent.



The Scorpion.

This creature has eight legs, and a pair of claws at the head, resembling those of a crab. It has six eyes, two on each side of the thorax, and two on the back. It has two feelers, resembling claws. The tail consists of several joints or divisions, which are terminated by a sharp-pointed weapon, turned

upward on striking its victim. The venom is discharged from a very small opening on each side of the sting.

Scorpions, of which there are several kinds, are found in the hot countries of both continents. They live on the ground, conceal themselves under stones and other bodies, most commonly in ruins, in dark and cool places, and even in houses. They run with considerable swiftness, curving the tail over the back; this they can turn in every direction. With their forceps they seize various insects, on which they feed, after having pierced them with their sting. They are particularly fond of the eggs of spiders and other insects.

The wound occasioned by the scorpion is not generally dangerous, though often very severe. The young scorpions are produced at various intervals, and are carried by the parent for several days upon her back; during which time, she never leaves her retreat. It is said that the young ones in this situation sometimes sting their mother to death.

It may be added that these creatures are very quarrelsome; if several are placed in a box, they will fight one another till only a few survive, and these will then fall to, and devour their victims.

The scorpion is about the size of a hen's egg; hence our Saviour says, Luke xi. 12, "If he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?" Deuteronomy viii. 15, it is said: "Who led thee through the great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions."

Scorpions abound in the deserts of Arabia, where a particular locality is called the "Place of Scorpions," to which allusion is probably made in the preceding verse.

# The Spider.

The spider, of which there are many kinds, has eight legs, and generally eight eyes; mandibles or jaws, terminated by a movable claw, which sometimes emits poison; and an abdomen without rings, furnished at its point with four or six



spinarets, from which issue the threads used in spinning its web. This is wonderful in its formation.

"The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine, Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

The female spider generally lays from 500 to 1000 eggs. Thus an immense number are hatched, which would become troublesome, were it not that they are kept in check by the numerous birds which prey upon them.

Spiders are also exceedingly pugnacious, and as they are constantly fighting with each other, their numbers, by this means, are greatly reduced. Like crabs and lobsters, they have the faculty of reproducing their legs when they chance to be torn off.

The most curious species of spiders are the garden-spider, the gossamer-spider, the water-spider, and the hunting-spider, all of which are familiar insects. In Surinam there is an insect called the bird-spider, which is of enormous size, and inflicts dangerous wounds. It carries about with it a little house, very much like the cocoon of some of the moths.

The tarantula is an enormous spider, which lives in fields in the south of Europe. Its bite is venomous, but usually not fatal. Job says, viii. 14, "Whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be as a spider's web." Solomon says, Proverbs xxx. 28, "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."



The Locust.

The locust is a kind of grasshopper, three inches long, and provided with two pair of wings, which enable it to perform very long flights. The males, which are much the most numerous, make the humming noise for which the insect is noted. This is produced by a quick vibration of the wings against each other, or against their legs.

The number of the locusts in some parts of Asia and Africa is so extraordinary that they will darken the whole sky like a cloud, to the extent of a hundred miles. When they invade a country, if it is before them a garden of beauty, behind them it is a dreary desert. They destroy every green thing. They lay their eggs, and then die. Each one lays from two to three hundred, which are hatched by the heat of the sun in the following spring.

The Jews were permitted to eat locusts by the Levitical law. John the Baptist, in a great measure, lived upon them.

In some parts of Africa they are much relished.

The locust has furnished several striking images to the writers of the Bible. It was one of the ten plagues of Egypt. The prophet Joel says, i. 4, "That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten." Revelations ix. 3: "And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth, and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power." Proverbs xxx. 27: "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands."

Mr. Cumming, in his description of South Africa, gives us vivid descriptions of the locusts. He describes them as in one instance coming like a snow-storm, flying slow and steady, about a hundred yards from the ground. "I stood looking at them," he says, "until the air was darkened with their masses, while the plain on which we stood became thickly covered with them. Far as my eye could reach, east, west, north, south, they stretched in one unbroken cloud, and more than an hour elapsed before their devouring legions had swept by.

"Locusts afford fattening and wholesome food to man, birds, and all sorts of beasts; cows and horses, lions, jackals,

hyenas, antelopes, elephants, &c., devour them."



The Beetle.

The beetles are a large family, possessing very different habits, forms, and sizes. Thirty thousand species have been described! They are generally distinguished by two upper jaws and two under ones, two antennæ, or feelers, six legs, and two membranous wings; these being covered by two hardened cases, generally opening in a straight line down the back.

Among the most noted kinds are the cockchafer, which is very common in Europe, and sometimes appears in immense numbers, doing great mischief; the blind beetle, or dorr-bug, which makes a dull, drowsy noise in flying, and often strikes suddenly against a person who happens to be walking at night; the stag-beetle, foolishly imagined by the Germans to set fire to houses, by carrying coals about in their jaws; and the Hercules-beetle.



The latter is the largest known species, and is found in Guiana. Its length is five to six inches, and its shell hard, like that of a small crab. It has two horns nearly an inch in length, terminating in a point. It lives upon the juice of trees, which it obtains by rasping off the rind of the slender branches with its horns. It often drinks till quite intoxicated, when, like other drunkards, it becomes unable to manage itself, and falls senseless from the tree upon the ground.

There are still other enormous beetles, called the elephantbeetle, the rhinoceros-beetle, &c., all of which are very curious and interesting.

The beetle is but once mentioned in Scripture, and that is in Leviticus xi. 22: "Even these of them ye may eat; the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the beetle after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind."

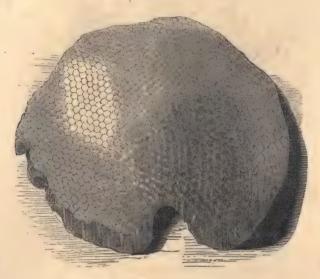


· The Honey-Bee.

The bees are a numerous family, but that which is most interesting to us is the honey-bee. The mouth is furnished with two jaws, and a proboscis with a double sheath, by which it extracts the sweets of flowers. The wings are four, and the legs six in number. The female, or working bee, is provided with a sting.

Every thing connected with the history of bees is full of interest, calculated to excite our wonder, and to invite investigation. When they begin to work in their hives, they divide themselves into four companies. One company roves in the fields, and provides materials for the structure of the honeycomb; another company employs the wax provided by the first, and lays out the bottom and partition of the cells; a third company is engaged in making the inside from the corners and the angles; and the fourth company brings food for the rest, or relieves those who return with their respective loads. What is surprising, the companies change

their employments by mutual consent, and perform the different parts most amicably by turns. Such is their diligence that the inhabitants of one hive, in one day, can build and complete cells for three thousand bees.



The sagacity of these insects in the formation of their cells is admirable. These are six-sided, which is the shape to secure the greatest economy of wax and of room. The mouth of each is made stronger than any other part, for this is most exposed. All the different parts of work within the hive are distributed to different classes of workmen. Every thing, indeed, is organized and systematized in a manner which no art or wisdom could improve.

The habits of bees in driving off intruders is alluded to in Deuteronomy i. 44: "And the Amorites which dwelt in that mountain came out against you and chased you, as bees do, and destroyed you in Seir, even unto Hormah." Honey and honeycomb are often mentioned in the Bible. Psalm xix.

10, it is said, "More to be desired are they than gold; sweeter also than honey or the honeycomb."



Flies, Gnats, &c.

These insects have two transparent wings; a head, covered with numerous eyes; a mouth, furnished with a bristly proboscis, or sucker; six legs, with cushion-like feet, each foot having a hook or claw. The most common species are the house-fly, meat-fly, and blue-bottle.

The gnat is an exceedingly curious insect; one species, the mosquito, makes himself remembered by his proboscis, with which he penetrates our flesh and sucks our blood. Their transformations are wonderful.

They deposit their eggs upon the slimy surface of stagnant water. As soon as the maggots within feel the time of hatching approach, the eggs are precipitated to the bottom; here the insects feed for a fortnight. After this they are changed into a curious animal, with a kind of wheel in constant motion, by means of which it imbibes the air at the surface of

the water, to which it is obliged to repair every moment. In about ten days it assumes another form, and then keeps near the surface, until at last the outer skin bursts, and the winged insect, standing upon the exuvia it is going to leave behind, smooths its new-born wings, springs into the air, and begins its depredations.



The Ephemera.

The ephemera, or day-fly, presents a subject not less curious than the gnats. The larvæ of these insects live in the water, creeping about for three years, when at last the time for their change arrives. This is effected in a few moments, the creature becoming what is called a nymph. This rises to the surface of the water after midday, and becomes a winged chrysalis. It flies to the nearest resting-place, and instantly it undergoes a second change, thus becoming a perfect ephemera. In this state it continues only a few hours. It flutters and dances in the sunbeams during its short existence, and then dies.



The Dragon-Fly.

The great dragon-fly has a history similar to that of the ephemera. The larva lives in the water, and wears a kind of mask, which it moves at will, and which enables it to hold its prey while it devours it. The period of transformation having come, the larva goes to the water-side, and fixes on a plant or piece of wood, in which it remains during its nymph or pupa state.

When the period for the final transformation arrives, the skin of the nymph, being dry and parched, splits open at the throat, and the winged insect issues forth gradually, throws off its slough, expands its wings, flutters, and then flies off with graceful ease. The elegance of its shape, the resplendent texture of its wings, the richness of its colors, render it a

very beautiful object. Its length is about four inches. The female that has thus been hatched, deposits her eggs in the water, and from them spring the larva, which undergoes the changes we have described.

It is said, Psalm lxxviii. 45: "He sent divers sorts of flies among the Egyptians, which devoured them, and frogs, which destroyed them." Again, Psalm cv. 31: "He spake, and there came divers sorts of flies and lice in all their coasts."



The Lantern-Fly.

The lantern-fly, which is found in the West Indies and parts of South America, is a nocturnal insect, with a hood or bladder on its head, which appears like a lantern in the night. So much light issues from it, that a person may read by it. By day it is clear and transparent, and very curiously ornamented with red and green stripes. The wings and whole body are elegantly adorned with a mixture of red, green, yellow, and other brilliant colors.

These flies, which are as luminous as a torch, are in continual motion during the night; they hover up and down, at an average height of about six feet from the ground. Every night throughout the year they may be seen.

The various insects grouped under the general name of flies, are of many kinds, and differ very materially in structure and habits. Yet they have generally the habit of buzzing about in the sunshine, usually feeding on the juices of plants and

decaying animal matter.

Flies are mentioned several times in the Bible. It is said, Exodus viii. 22: "I will sever in that day the land of Goshen, in which my people dwell, that no swarms of flies shall be there, to the end thou mayest know that I am the Lord in the midst of the earth."



The Glowworm.

It is the female only which produces the beautiful light for which the glowworm is renowned. She is without wings or wing-cases, and possesses no beauty when seen by daylight. The male has wings and leathery elytra, or wing-sheaths. The larva is a very ugly and voracious grub, which will eat any vegetable matter it can find, and will even feed on snails and slugs.

This creature never shines except it is in motion. It is sometimes seen in the daytime, but is not easily distinguished till night. It is commonly met with under hedges. It may be kept alive many days, if fed with tufts of grass.



Butterflies.

Butterflies have ever attracted the attention of mankind, on account of their beauty and the happy life they seem to lead, living on honey, sporting in the sunshine, and glancing from flower to flower. They are associated in every mind with summer and bloom, and beauty of form, color, and motion.

The poet Moore speaks of them as insects

"Which flutter round the jasmine stems, Like winged flowers or flying gems."

Spenser thus alludes to some of the most distinguishing characteristics of the butterfly:

"The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his back is dight,
His broad outstretched horns, his airy thigh,
His glorious colors, and his elistening eye."

Butterflies are of infinite variety in color and size, but they are each only one stage in the threefold life of an insect. This insect is at first inclosed in an egg; from this a worm or caterpillar is hatched, usually having sixteen feet, and often shedding its skin; then it becomes a chrysalis, which does not eat, but is usually hung up in some hidden spot, until at last it bursts, and the butterfly appears, and speedily joins its companions in the air.

Again we quote from the poet Spenser:

"When he arriving round about doth fly,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey with curious busy eye,
Of every flower and herb thus set in order.
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Nor with his feet their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place."

The butterflies are not mentioned in the Bible, but they seem to be alluded to in Leviticus xi. 23, where "all other flying creeping things, which have four feet," are interdicted as food to the Jews.



Moths.

The moths are the butterflies of a great variety of insects, and are distinguished from their more gaudy cousins by being nocturnal in their habits. Instead of going forth in the sunshine, as is the custom of the true butterflies, these sally forth at evening, and during the night visit the flowers and gather their feasts of nectar.

The moths are of great diversity of form, color, and size, some being six or eight inches across the wings, and some less than half an inch. It is a curious fact that these creatures, which habitually avoid the light, will rush into the blaze of a lamp or candle. Probably this arises from a species of bewilderment or intoxication. This habit of the moth has frequently been alluded to as an illustration of the thoughtlessness with which folly yields to the seductions of pleasure, and is consequently consumed.

The moth is several times mentioned in the Bible. Job says—chapter iv. 19—"Them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth." The well-known destructive qualities of the moth are thus alluded to in Matthew vi. 19: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."



The Leech.

The common leech is about three inches in length. When extended, it is like a worm, but it often contracts itself, and sometimes appears like a ball. It has a small head, a black skin, with six yellow lines above, and spotted with yellow below.

The leech has three jaws, each of which is armed with two ranges of very fine teeth, with which it pierces the skin. It then draws up, as with a siphon, the blood upon which it feeds. 'After being fully satisfied with this, these creatures will live three years without other food. They are propa-

gated by eggs, which are deposited in holes in the sides of ponds. These animals will devour the eggs of fish or frogs, though they suck the blood of larger animals when they have an opportunity.

Leeches are found in brooks and ponds. Those which are brought to this country from Portugal are the most esteemed for medical purposes. The horse-leech is larger than the common species, more voracious, and smaller at each extremity. Solomon says—Proverbs xxx. 15—"The horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give," alluding to its insatiable thirst of blood.



Worms.

Worms have neither internal nor external skeleton. They have nothing bearing any resemblance to bones. Their outer covering is naked, smooth, and elastic. They resemble the caterpillar and maggot, but they do not undergo any similar

change, and crawl by means of the muscular structure of their bodies, instead of legs.

The common earthworm has neither bones, eyes, ears, nor brain. It has a round annulated body, with generally an elevated, fleshy belt near the head.

Worms are infinite in number, being distributed throughout the surface of the earth. They are also exceedingly diversified in their species. They furnish a constant feast to fishes and flat-billed birds that dabble in the shallows of lakes and rivers. The land birds also devour immense numbers of them, which are found crawling upon the ground. Worms of many kinds are bred in putrefied bodies, to which naturalists give the title of entozoa.

Job says, chap. vii. 5: "My flesh is clothed with worms, and clods of dust; my skin is broken, and become loath-some." Again, chap. xvii. 14: "I have said to corruption, thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister."

#### Coral.

Coral is a hard, cretaceous marine production, bearing in its form a resemblance to the stems and branches of plants. It is of different colors, white, black, and red, the latter being the most valuable, and used for ornaments. There are extensive coral-fisheries in the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and some other places. Many of the islands in the Pacific Ocean consist wholly, or in part, of this substance.

The coral trees or branches are formed at the bottom of the sea by animals called polypi. A group of coral forms a living mass or polypidon, all the polypi in which are united under one skin, and have one common stomach. Each of these polypi resides in a distinct cell. They are usually dormant during winter, and, like the blossoms of plants, push forth buds, and expand in the summer-time.

The stems and branches, which are of a somewhat horny and flexible nature, may be considered as the skeletons of the



nests of the sea-polypi, being covered with a fleshy or pulpy substance, the interior surface of which is porous. These pores are the mouths or openings of the cells in which the

polypi are lodged.

Corals are of various forms; some are but two or three feet in height, while others are ten, or even twelve. In the Pacific Ocean, wheat-sheaves, mushrooms, cabbage-leaves, with innumerable plants and flowers, are vividly represented by different kinds of coral, which glow beneath the water in brilliant tints of green, brown, and purple, each with a peculiar form and shade of coloring, equal in richness and variety to the most beautiful productions of the vegetable kingdom.

In the book of Job, xxviii. 18, it is said: "No mention shall

be made of coral, or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies." Ezekiel xxvii. 16: "Syria was thy merchant, by reason of the multitude of the wares of thy making. They occupied in thy fairs with emeralds, purple, and embroidered work, and fine linen, and coral, and agate."

#### THE AGES OF ANIMALS.

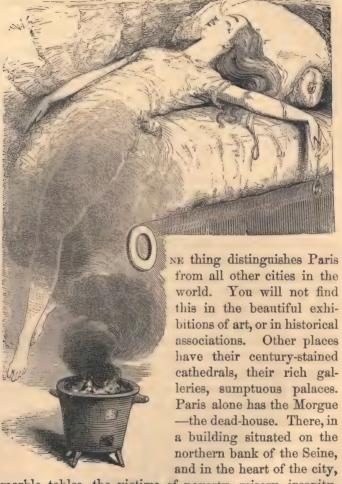
A BEAR rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen. Lions are long-lived; one called Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average life of cats is fourteen years; the squirrel and hare live seven or eight years; rabbits seven.

Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, has dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found three hundred and fifty-four years after.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty to twenty-five years. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years.

Swans have been known to live three hundred and sixty years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred and ninety years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven.

# THE MORGUE, OR DEAD-HOUSE, AT PARIS.



on marble tables, the victims of poverty, misery, insanity, and despair, take their last leave of the living. Here they

hold a last grand levee, where come all, old and young, delicate and brutal, to gaze, laugh, or cry, and then, to forget.

French people commit suicide. With them, it is the great remedy for all life's evils. The pangs of despised love are thus drowned or smothered; the debtor thus wipes out all scores; the vexed husband or wife finds in this the only divorce; the young, too full of hope, one would think, seek it eagerly; the aged veterans of a thousand ills, and near the house of death by the course of nature, impatiently hasten to the end. The very children, dreading punishment for having lost a bun, ·take flying leaps from bridges. It is the "French leave"so proverbial. It is a French passion—a French belief. An American would consider it about the worst arrangement he could make—about the absurdest compromise with his troubles. But the French, who have no clear ideas of life hereafter, grow disgusted with this, and no process of reasoning can convince them that another may be worse. A French writer has ingeniously put forth the doctrine, lately, that the schooling the nation has for ages received from wars and revolutions, has created a national peculiarity in this direction—a constitutional trait, born with more or less force in each person, tending to suicide. Well, it may be so; but it sounds to me like the reason given by Mrs. Nicholby, who remarked, you remember, on seeing three different accounts of shoemakers in Paris committing suicide, "I declare, all the shoemakers are committing suicide. Well, it must be something in the leather!" The truth is, the victims of suicide are persons without homes and without religion—causes enough for insanity, Heaven knows.

## HYPERCRITICAL.

A LADY was dreadfully affronted the other day, because a gentleman accosted her as an old acquaintance.



THE LITTLE APPLE-SELLER OF PARIS.

I had watched for the last three days a boy upon the pavement, with a basket of apples, saying to the passers-by, "Belles pommes, messieurs; belles pommes, mesdames; un sou, seulement un sou." I can not tell why, but I had to look at him, fascinated, although my heart ached as I gazed at the suffering little figure. He was young, quite young, yet had an earnest, thoughtful expression, premature in the large eyes;

as sadly out of place was the starved look about the thin lips, blue with cold, the sunken cheeks, and slender neck. Poor little fellow! the miserable, thin blouse hung wet about his shivering form, while the old cap had an ugly hole in the top, and, as I looked down, I could see the snow fall and melt. And he never sold an apple—a dozen withered, decayed things, certainly not tempting; yet he never ceased his earnest efforts. At daylight I awakened, hearing that appeal; as the freezing winter evening swept down the streets, it was the last cry to cease.

My imagination pictured some sick father, some widowed mother or sister, depending upon this feeble effort for daily bread. I could not look at the little sufferer any more in quiet, and so sent Nannette with orders to purchase the entire stock of the little street-merchant. I watched them from the window; the glad light which lit up his thin, pale face, as she took his apples—the eagerness with which he brought an old piece of brown paper, and persisted in an attempt to tie them up, are beyond my telling, as I saw them through my tears. On Nannette's return, I asked her if she knew where he lived.

"In this house, madame."

"In this house, Nannette?"

"Oh, yes, madame, I often meet him on the back stairway. His people live quite up. I never see any but him."

"Well, Nannette, purchase his apples every day; and when you see him passing our kitchen, give him something."

The next day, and the next, my little merchant was at his stand. In the mean while, Nannette, with the activity peculiar to her, had made fresh discoveries, and was full of information. The family above consisted of an old man, a very old man, and his two grandchildren—a boy, my little applemerchant, and his sister, sick in bed. They had lost father and mother, some months since, of the cholera; and the old soldier, for such he was, with great difficulty kept them in

bread. Indeed, Nannette said she could not make out where the little they got did come from.

One afternoon, some days after receiving this intelligence, I happened in the kitchen, as my little friend passed up the stairway. Some ill greater than all the rest was being received, for the big tears were coursing down his hollow cheeks in silence. A strange impulse seized me to follow him. I was framing in my mind some excuse for the intrusion as I followed unnoticed, for he was busy with his sorrows, and a vain attempt to choke down his sobs and tears. Arriving at the topmost landing, I had to pause for strength -and saw him go in at the door partly open, which he left ajar behind him. In a moment I followed. The door was open to aid a poor chimney, and, as it was, I looked through a smoky atmosphere upon the sickness and misery within. The room, a half-garret, with ceiling sloping to the floor, and lit by a skylight of four panes, was almost destitute of furniture, and so dimmed by smoke, it resembled a den. An old table on which were a few dishes, two broken chairs, and a low cot, made up the sum. Upon the cot I saw, through the gloom, a thin, pale face, the counterpart in death almost of my little apple-boy-an old man, whose snowy head seemed to gather about and increase the light of the apartment. boy stood with his back to me in silence.

"Well, Maurice, my child, did you see my old general, and will the doctor come?"

It was a minute before the boy replied-

"They drove me from the door—the doctor says he has not time, but will have Marie taken to the hospital."

The old man started, and said, quickly:

"Not there, not there—we have given it enough." Then, after a pause, he added, "patience, my children, the good father will find us yet."

The little sufferer lifted a skeleton hand, and placing it on the old man's, said"I am better now—much better—I will be well, soon, grandpa."

I felt myself an intruder on sacred ground, and hasted to offer my services. The embarrassment connected with such tendering of assistance was greatly increased by the pride of the old man. He who did not hesitate to expose his aged head to the blasts of winter, upon a public bridge, and beg for his children, shrunk back proudly when his poor home was entered, and its secret life laid bare. I drew, however, the proffered chair to the other side of the bed, and, taking a fevered hand in mine, soon found a way to the old man's heart and confidence. By degrees, I had their history—was told how he had lost his brave boy-how the wife followed, and how they sank deeper and deeper in poverty, until starvation itself was there. The grandfather had sought work, but was too feeble for any service. The children had striven bravely in many ways, until Marie was taken sick, and then the furniture and ordinary comforts disappeared, until the last sou went, and the poor sufferer sank nearer and nearer to death.

I will not dwell upon this sad picture. I mentioned this instance of distress to my friend, Madame B., and she, who knows every thing woeful, had, among other matters, stored away the cipher which, marked upon a letter addressed to Louis Napoleon, takes it directly to his hands. She wrote to him that an old soldier of the grand army was starving to death at No. —— St. Sulpice. She received no answer, and no notice whatever seemed taken of her kind appeal; but soon after, an unknown heart came to the assistance of our poor friend. The furniture was restored, fuel and food came in abundantly, a Sister of Charity took her position by the bedside, and, stranger than all, one of the most eminent physicians in Paris came daily to the garret. I saw the fair donor of all this good—a stranger to me, although her face, from some cause, seemed familiar. She came in a plain pri-

vate carriage, remained but a short time, yet was very thoughtful and kind.

Poverty could be driven from the door, but sorrow remained. Earth had no mineral, the fields no herb, science no skill, to bring the fleeting shadow back to life. The physician shook his head sadly, and every day went more slowly from the humble home. But it was all in vain; we felt that she was dving. One afternoon, little Maurice came for me; it was indeed the closing scene. About the bed were gathered the strange lady, the old man, the Sister of Charity, Maurice, and myself. The winds, sobbing, rattled the sleet upon the roof, as we bent over that little couch to catch the last faint breath. How slowly the hours wore away! The storm without gradually grew still, as the little breathings came quicker and lower. At last they ceased—the storm and struggle—and suddenly the sun broke through the skylight, falling in glory upon the little form—falling in glory upon the gray head-falling in glory upon the beautiful face of the fair benefactress, and no earthly coronation can ever make her appear half so beautiful as she was by that little couch of poverty.—Bell Smith Abroad.

### SPIDERS' WEBS.

Lewenhoeck has computed that 100 of the single threads of a full-grown spider are not equal in diameter to the hair of the head, and consequently, that if the threads and hair be both round, ten thousand such threads are not bigger than such a hair. He calculates further, that when young spiders first begin to spin, 400 of them are not larger than one of full growth; allowing this, 4,000,000 of a young spider's thread are not so big as the single hair of a man's beard.

# EFFECT OF TRIALS ON THE CHRISTIAN.

It needs repeated strokes of the hammer to break the rock in pieces, and so it sometimes requires repeated strokes of anguish to break our hearts in pieces, and make us humbler and wiser men. And, as the longer you keep the canarybird in a darkened cage, the sweeter it will sing, so the more severe the discipline of the good man's experience, the sweeter the songs of his spiritual life.

The gold that is refined in the hottest furnace, comes out the brightest, and the character moulded by intensest heat, will exhibit the most wondrous excellences. God's children are like stars, that shine brightest in the darkest night; like grapes, that come not to the proof till they come to the press; like trees, that drive down their roots further and grasp the earth tighter, by reason of the storm; like vines, that grow the better for bleeding; like gold, that looks the brighter for scouring; like glow-worms, that shine best in the dark; like juniper, that smells sweetest in the fire; like the pomander, which becomes more fragrant for chafing; like the palm-tree, which proves the better for pressing; like the chamomile, which spreads the more as you tread upon it.

> There is a flower, when trampled on, Doth still more richly bloom, And even to its bitterest foe Gives forth its sweet perfume. The rose that's crushed and shattered, Doth on the breeze bestow A fairer scent, that further goes, E'en for the cruel blow.



GENERAL HOUSTON.

GEN. SAM HOUSTON was born March 2d, 1792, in Rockbridge county, Virginia, seven miles east of Lexington. His father was a man of very moderate fortune; indeed, he seems to have possessed the means only of a comfortable subsistence. He was chiefly known for one passion, and this was for a military life. He had borne his part in the Revolution,

and was successively the Inspector of Gen. Bowyer's and Gen. Moore's brigades. The latter post he held till his death, which took place in 1807, while he was on a tour of inspection among the Alleghany Mountains. He was a man of powerful frame, fine bearing, and indomitable courage. These qualities his son inherited, and they were the only legacy he had to leave him.

His mother was an extraordinary woman. She was distinguished by a full, rather tall, and matronly form, a fine carriage, and an impressive and dignified countenance. She was gifted with intellectual and moral qualities, which elevated her, in a still more striking manner, above most of her sex. Her life shone with purity and benevolence, and yet she was nerved with a stern fortitude, which never gave way in the midst of the wild scenes that checkered the history of the frontier settler. Her beneficence was universal, and her name was called with gratitude by the poor and the suffering. Many years afterward, her son returned from his distant exile, to weep by her bedside when she came to die.

Young Houston, from the age of eight to thirteen, appears occasionally to have attended an indifferent school, during the winters, where he acquired some knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. After his father's death, in the year 1807, his mother removed with her family to East Tennessee. Here the youth spent his time chiefly in laboring upon the farm. He, however, attended an academy for a short time, and acquired a taste for reading, his mind becoming especially imbued with Pope's translation of the Iliad, a taste which he preserves to this day.

About this period, he became a keen sportsman, and becoming acquainted with the Indians in the vicinity, he crossed the Tennessee river, and took up his abode with them. Here he acquired that taste for the hunter's life, as well as that intimate knowledge of Indian character, which have characterized him

This wild life among the Indians lasted till his eighteenth year. He had, during his visits once or twice a year to his family, to be refitted in his dress, purchased many little articles of taste or utility, to use among the Indians. In this manner he had incurred a debt which he was bound in honor to pay. To meet this engagement, he had no other resource than to abandon his "dusky companions," and teach the children of pale-faces. As may naturally be supposed, it was no easy matter for him to get a school, and on the first start, the enterprise moved very slowly. But as the idea of abandoning any thing on which he had once fixed his purpose, was no part of his character, he persevered, and in a short time he had more scholars to turn away, than he had at first to begin with. He was also paid what was considered an exorbitant price. Formerly, no master had ventured above \$6 per annum. Houston, who probably thought that one who had been graduated at an Indian university, ought to hold his lore at a dearer rate, raised the price to \$8—onethird to be paid in corn, delivered at the mill, at 33\frac{1}{3} cents per bushel—one-third in cash, and one-third in domestic cotton cloth, of variegated colors, in which our Indian professor was dressed. He also wore his hair behind, in a snug queue, and is said to have been very much in love with it, probably from an idea that it added somewhat to the adornment of his person—in which, he was probably mistaken.

About this time the war with England, of 1812, broke out. Houston enlisted as a soldier, at Maryville. He was soon promoted as a sergeant, and marched to Alabama, where he was made ensign. He now served under Gen. Jackson, in the Creek war. In the great battle of the Horseshoe, Houston, in scaling the works, received a barbed arrow deep in his thigh. One of the officers made two attempts to draw it out, but without success. Houston then seized it, wrenched it forth, and rushed again to the breastworks at the head of his men. Soon after, in leading a desperate as



sault, he received two rifle-balls in his right shoulder, and his arm fell shattered at his side. Totally disabled, he turned and called once more to his men, and implored them to make the charge. But they did not advance. Houston stood in his blood till he saw it would do no good to stay any longer, and then went beyond the range of the bullets, and sank down exhausted to the earth. The Indians were at last dis-

lodged from the covered ravine, by its being set on fire. The sun was going down, and it set over the ruin of the Creek Nation. Where but a few hours before, a thousand brave savages had scowled on death and their assailants, there was nothing to be seen but volumes of dense smoke, rising heavily over the corpses of painted warriors, and the burning ruins of their fortifications.

Houston at length so far recovered from his wounds as to return to Tennessee. His health, however, was seriously impaired, and it was a long time before he fully recovered. In 1818 he began the study of the law, and speedily became distinguished in his profession. In 1821 he was elected majorgeneral by the field-officers of the division, which comprised two-thirds of the State. In 1823 he was elected member of Congress, and in 1827 he was chosen governor of his adopted State of Tennessee.

In January, 1829, he married a young lady of a respectable family and gentle character. In less than three months he separated from her, assigning no cause for this extraordinary conduct. He now resigned his office of governor, and entering a steamboat, proceeded to the mouth of the White river. This he ascended, and penetrated four hundred miles into the wilderness, where he joined a tribe of Indians under the old chief Oolooteka,\* which had removed from Tennessee, and with whom Houston had formerly lived. He was received with the most ardent welcome by the Indians. Here

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;This venerable old chief, Colooteka, had not seen less than sixty-five years, and yet he measured full six feet in height, and indicated no symptom of the feebleness of age. He had the most courtly carriage in the world, and never prince sat on a throne with more peerless grace than he presided at the council fire of his people. His wigwam was large and comfortable, and he lived in patriarchal simplicity and abundance. He had ten or twelve servants, a large plantation, and not less than five hundred head of cattle. The wigwam of this aged chieftain was always open to visitors, and his bountiful board was always surrounded by welcome guests. He never slaughtered less than one beef a week, throughout the year, for his table—a tax on royalty, in a country, too, where no tithes are paid."



he remained three years, adopting the habits of Indian life, and acquiring the confidence and affection of the rude people among whom he dwelt.

During the presidency of Gen. Jackson, Houston paid a visit to Washington, where he distinguished himself by his attachment to his old general. In 1832 Houston proceeded to



Texas, and was prominently engaged in all the events connected with the independence of that country. The history of this period is familiar to all. He commanded in the celebrated battle of St. Jacinto, April 21st, 1836, in which Santa Anna, the Mexican President, was captured, and which gave independence to Texas. Houston, who had been wounded during the battle, when it was over, fell from his horse completely exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood.

The interview between Santa Anna and Houston after the battle, as it has been described, was extremely interesting. The latter, from weakness, sat upon the ground; the former, advancing with the air of one born to command, addressed



him, saying, "You may consider yourself, sir, as bound to no common destiny, as you have conquered one who has the title of 'Napoleon of the West.' It only remains for you to be generous to the vanquished." Houston replied, "You should have remembered that at the Alamo." The dictator sought to excuse himself for the crime referred to, under the pretense of orders from his government. For the massacre of Col. Fannin and his men, he pleaded that he was ignorant of the fact that they had capitulated. These apologies, how ever, obtained little credit with the world.

Houston, having thus conquered the enemy in the field, was now called upon by the franchises of the citizens, to preside over the new government which was called into existence.



On the 22d of October, 1836, he was inaugurated as President of the Republic of Texas, his inaugural being marked with eloquence, patriotism, and wisdom. In 1838 he went out of office, but was again made President in 1841. In 1845, Texas was admitted into the Union, and Houston appeared at Washington as one of her Senators in the Congress of the United States; a place which he still holds (1857).

Such is a bare outline of the life of one of the most remarkable men in our country. It displays extraordinary vigor of character, marked, indeed, with eccentricities, but still rising higher and higher in our estimation, by its constant manliness, its great simplicity, and its pervading patriotism.

#### PROOF-READING.

THE process of *proof-reading*, in a printing-office, is very curious to one who sees it for the first time. The following will give some idea of it.

Let us suppose that the proof to be read is from Matthew, chap. xi. A boy reads the passage, from the Bible, as follows—the words in parentheses being directions as to punctuation, italic, &c. While the boy thus reads, the proof-reader looks at the proof, to see that it corresponds with the original.

The word "par.," means paragraph; "com.," comma; "inter.," interrogation; "point," period; "ital.," italic; "cap.," capital; "paren.," parenthesis; "co.," colon, &c.:

7 ¶ (Seven, par.)—And as they departed, (com.) Jesus began to say unto the multitudes concerning John, (com.) What (cap.) went ye out to see? (inter.) A (cap.) reed shaken with the wind? (inter.)

8 But what went ye out for to see? (inter.) A (cap.) man clothed in soft raiment? (inter.) Behold, (cap., com.) they that wear soft clothing (ital.) are in kings' houses. (point.)

9 But what went ye out for to see? (inter.) A (cap.) prophet? (inter.) yea, (com.) I say unto you, (com.) and more than a prophet. (point.)

10 For this is he, (ital., com.) of whom it is written, (com.) Behold, (cap., com.) I send my messenger before thy face, (com.) which shall prepare thy way before thee. (point.)

The following is from Romans, chap. i.:

1 Paul, (com.) a servant of Jesus Christ, (com.) called to be (two ital.) an apostle, (com.) separated unto the gospel of God, (com.)

2 ((two, paren.) Which he had promised afore by his prophets in the holy scriptures) (paren.)

7 To all that be in Rome, (com.) beloved of God, (com.) called to be (two ital.) saints: (co.) Grace (cap.) to you, (com.) and peace from God our Father, (cap., com.) and the Lord Jesus Christ. (point.)

#### TREES AND PLANTS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.



The Algum-Tree.

WE are told, in 2 Chron., ix. 11, "And the king, Solomon, made of the algum-trees, terraces to the house of the Lord, and to the king's palace, and harps, and psalteries for singers; and there were none such seen before in the land of Judah."

The tree here mentioned is supposed by some to have been the cypress, and by others, the species which produces the gumarabic. The engraving represents the latter. It is a tree of great value, aside from its use in carpentry, as it not only yields the gum so much prized, but bears fruit in exuberant clusters, while the leaves are esteemed for their medicinal virtues.

Whatever the tree thus used by Solomon was, it is supposed

to have been aromatic, and the terraces composed of it to have, therefore, diffused an agreeable odor. The same wood was used for musical instruments, employed in the magnificent worship of the Temple.



The Plane-Tree.

The oriental plane-tree usually rises with a straight, smooth trunk, and often to a great height. The leaves are palmated, six or eight inches long, and nearly as broad. These are divided into five large segments—green above and pale beneath. These are long, pendulous pedunculi, each sustaining several round heads of close-fitting small flowers, and which are followed by numerous downy seeds, into round, hard, rough balls.

The plane-tree is not mentioned by name in the Bible, but as it is common in Palestine, we can hardly doubt that in the numerous references to trees, this is sometimes alluded to, as in Isaiah lv. 12: "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."



The Date-Palm.

The word date is not found in the Bible; but in 2 Chronicles, xxxi. 5, it is said, "And the children of Israel brought

in abundance the first fruits of corn, wine, oil, and honey." The word honey, it is supposed, should here be dates.

This fruit grows abundantly in clusters, below the leaves of a species of palm-tree. When the tree is thirty years old, it produces fruit, and continues to yield for seventy years or more. The date is much used as food in parts of Africa and Asia, and it is greatly prized. The Psalmist, xcii. 12, says: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."



The Fig-Tree.

This tree is found in the south of Europe, and in various parts of Africa and Asia. It is also cultivated in the southern parts of the United States. It grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and has a spreading and scraggy appearance. The fruit is produced from the trunk and large branches, and not from the stems, as is common with other trees. It is delicious and healthful, when taken ripe from the tree, and is a great boon, especially to the inhabitants of

the hot parts of Asia and Africa. It is dried in large quantities in the Levant, and distributed to various parts of the world.

The fig and fig-tree are often mentioned in the Bible. In Matthew xxi. 19, we are told that Jesus, "when he saw a fig-tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforth forever. And presently the fig-tree withered away."



The Willow.

The willow is one of the commonest of trees. It seems to grow in all countries, and nearly all climates. It prevails in marshy places, growing beside streams and rivers, and adding much to the beauty and silvan appearance of their banks. The leaf is beautiful, and bears a great resemblance to that of the olive. It is easily propagated by cuttings; these being

set in the ground in a marshy spot, soon take root, and grow with great rapidity.

In allusion to this, Isaiah says, chapter xliv. 4: "And they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses."

Willows are abundant along the banks of the Euphrates, on which Babylon was situated. Therefore the captive Hebrews are represented as hanging their harps upon them, their hearts being so sad that they could not sing the songs of Zion. Psalm cxxxvii. 1—4: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

The willow was used in the remarkable celebration of the "Feasts of the Lord," instituted by Moses. Leviticus xxiii. 39-41, it is said: "And in the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days: on the first day shall be a sabbath, and on the eighth day shall be a sabbath. And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days. And ye shall keep it a feast unto the Lord seven days in the year. It shall be a statute forever in your generations; ye shall celebrate it in the seventh month."



The Juniper-Tree.

The juniper is an evergreen tree, resembling the cedar, and growing to the height of twelve or fifteen feet. The small green berries, which require two years to ripen, are used for medicinal purposes. They have a strong aromatic smell. Grouse, thrushes, and other birds feed upon them. When the wood is burnt, it sends forth a fragrant odor like incense. The charcoal made from it is said to retain the fire longer than that from any other tree. Live coals have been found in the ashes a year after being covered. Allusion is made to this in Psalm cxx. 3, 4: "What shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of the juniper."

We are told—1 Kings xix. 5—that as "Elijah lay and slept under a juniper-tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and

said unto him, Arise and eat."

Job says, chapter xxx. 4: "Who cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat."



The Gopher-wood-Tree.

This tree is only once mentioned in Scripture, and that is in Genesis vi. 14: "Make thee an ark of gopher-wood: rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch."

What this tree was, thus honored by saving the animal kingdom, as well as the human family, from destruction, is not certainly determined. It is probable, however, that it was a species of cedar, as it is known that this was abundant in the region where Noah dwelt, and was used for shipping by the Egyptians and Syrians. No wood is more durable, and none, all things considered, was more suitable for this first ship which history has made us acquainted with.



The Camphor-Tree.

Camphor is produced from two trees—one, the cinnamon camphor, a native of Japan, China, and Cochin China; the other, the proper camphor-tree, found in Borneo and Sumatra-

Camphor is found to exist in every part of the cinnamoncamphor-tree, root, stem, branches, and leaves. These are chopped in pieces, and the gum is extracted by a process of distillation and volatilization. This is what is called crude camphor.

In the other tree, camphor is found to exist in a solid form, along with camphor oil, occupying the place of the pith. When tapped, or opened, while young, nothing but oil flows; but in time, a great part of this assumes the solid form, and is

found, at intervals, along the trunk, in pieces a foot or a foot and a half long. The process of extracting the oil is effected by means of a Malay axe, used to lay open the trunk about eighteen inches from the ground to near the heart, when a small incision is cautiously made, and the oil, if present, gushes out, and is received into bamboos and other vessels. If camphor is suspected to be present, the tree is felled, cut into pieces about a fathom long, which are then split, and the camphor is found in pieces of the length stated, and about the circumference of the human arm. A tree of moderate size may yield about eleven pounds, while a very large one may produce double that quantity. The camphor so obtained is called "Se Tantong," or head-camphor; but the wood which surrounds the camphor, on being scraped, yields an inferior sort, called belly and foot camphor. The camphor from this tree is much less volatile and transparent than from the former.

In the Song of Solomon, i. 14, it is said: "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi." Again, in chap. iv. 13: "Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard."

Camphor is one of the most useful of medicines, and is used both in the form of vapor and in the solid state. It is administered in the low or sinking stage of fevers, and especially when the nervous system is much depressed. It is also a valuable remedy for chronic nervous affections, as well as a multitude of other complaints.

Camphor exists in some degree in several trees and plants besides those mentioned.



The Balsam-Tree.

Bruce, the traveler, describes this tree as growing near the Straits of Babelmandel, and consisting of an evergreen shrub, about fourteen feet high, with a trunk eight or ten inches in diameter. The wood is light, open, gummy, and of a reddish color, having a smooth bark, like that of a young cherry-tree. It has few leaves; the blossoms are followed by a yellow, fine-scented seed, inclosed in a pulpy, sweet nut. The balm is obtained by incisions in the trunk and branches, during the summer season.

The virtues of the balm or balsam thus obtained, appear to have been known nearly four thousand years ago. In Gen. xxxvii. 25, it is said: "And they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from

Gilead, with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt."

From this passage and others, it appears that balm was formerly produced in Gilead. Jeremiah says, chapter viii. 22: "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"



Frankincense.

Frankincense, or gum olibanum, is a brittle resin of yellowish hue, and a bitter and nauseous taste. When burnt, it diffuses an agreeable odor. The frankincense is obtained from a tree found in India, called boswellia, and also from a tree found in Arabia and Syria, the precise species of which is

not known. As a perfume, it has been greatly esteemed in Eastern countries. The burning of frankincense constituted a part of the daily service of the ancient Jewish church. The priests drew lots to know who should offer it. The person on whom the lot fell took a large silver dish, in which was a censer full of incense, and being accompanied by another priest carrying some live coals from the altar, went into the temple. There, in order to give notice to the people, they struck upon an instrument of brass placed between the temple and the altar; and being returned to the altar, he who brought the fire left it there, and went away. The quantity of incense offered each day was half a pound in the morning, and as much in the evening. One reason of the continual burning of incense might be, that the numerous victims which were continually offered up would have made the temple as offensive as a slaughter-house, and consequently would have filled the worshipers with disgust rather than with awe and reverence, had not the smell been overpowered by the agreeable fragrance of this perfume.

Frankincense was also used in immense quantities in the sacrifices of the ancient temples. At the present day, the Roman Catholics perfume their churches and altars with it. Its chief use, however, in modern times, is as a medicine.

The frankincense gum is obtained from incisions made in the trees during the heat of summer.



The Pomegranate.

The common pomegranate is the fruit of a tree growing eighteen or twenty feet high, branching out numerously all the way from the bottom. The leaves are narrow and spearshaped. The flowers are beautiful, large, red, and resembling a rose. These are succeeded by a fruit, about the size of an orange, having a hard rind, filled with soft pulp and numerous seeds. This allays heat and quenches thirst, and is both delicious and wholesome.

The pomegranate was held in great estimation by the Israelites. Moses, in describing to them, before his death, the excellence of the promised land into which they were soon to enter, makes particular mention of the fruit of the pomegranate-tree. It is said, Deut. viii. 8: "A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive, and honey." The high-priest's robe was adorned at the bottom with ornaments representing this lovely fruit. (Exodus xxviii. 33.) The stately columns of Solomou's Temple were also beautified by similar ornaments.



Hemlock.

Hemlock, which has the botanical name of *Conium maculatum*, is a wild, umbelliferous plant, possessing highly narcotic and dangerous qualities, but used medicinally as a remedy against nervous affections. It is found by the sides of ditches, in meadows, and often in light, upland pastures. It flowers in June and July, and is a very noble-looking product of the vegetable world.

The hemlock appears to be a deadly poison to all animals, acting upon them with extraordinary rapidity. It would no doubt be fatal to human life, if given in sufficient doses. It is, however, beneficial, if properly administered, in scrofulous affections, rheumatic pains, etc.

It is generally supposed that this plant is not the hemlock which was administered to Socrates, nor is it probably that which is mentioned in Hosea x. 4: "Thus judgment springs up as hemlock, in the furrows of the field." Also, Amos vi. 12: "Ye have turned judgment into gall, and the fruit of righteousness into hemlock."



The Mustard-Plant.

This is a well-known garden herb, and does not need description. In St. Matthew xiii. 31, it is said: "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and sowed in his field, which indeed is the least of all seed; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

In this country, the mustard is a small plant, but it is said to grow to the height of several feet in Eastern climates. We are told of mustard-trees in Judea, which were climbed like fig-trees. These, no doubt, are different species from the plant familiar to us, and which furnishes us with a condiment for the table.



The Hyssop.

This is a perennial, evergreen shrub, a native of the south of Europe, and was well-known in Palestine. It has also been long cultivated in our gardens. The stems rise eighteen inches in height, and the leaves are lanceolate. There are several varieties, as blue, red, and white-flowering, and hairy-leaved. The plant is highly aromatic in its scent. The leaves and young shoots are sometimes used in cookery. The leafy tops and flower-spikes are cut, dried, and preserved for medicinal uses.

Among the Jews, hyssop seems to have been used for purification. In Exodus xii. 22, it is said: "And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and none of you shall go out at the door of this house until the morning." In Psalm li. 7, it is said: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."



The Cinnamon-Tree.

This is a species of laurel, growing in the island of Ceylon. It resembles the willow in form, and grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The bark, which is at first green, after-

ward becomes red. The leaf, on the contrary, is at first of a flame color, but in the course of time changes into a deep green. The flowers are small and white, but have an agreeable odor, like that of the lily of the valley. The fruit is shaped like an acorn, but is not so large. The cinnamon which we use comes in long, thin pieces of bark, rolled up, and of a reddish color.

It is said that there are several varieties of the cinnamontree, some of which yield the true cinnamon, and some cassia. The bark of the cinnamon-tree produces an aromatic oil; from the root camphor is extracted, and from the leaves oil of cloves. From the fruit a terebintaceous ethereal oil is obtained. The finest cinnamon is taken from the middlesized branches, an inferior kind from the young shoots, and from the larger branches a thicker kind of little value.

It appears that cinnamon was known and used in very remote times. In Exodus xxx. 23, it is said: "Take thou also unto thee principal spices of pure myrrh, 500 shekels, and of sweet cinnamon half so much, even 250 shekels, and of sweet calamus 250 shekels, and of cassia 500 shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary, and of oil-olive a hin."

Cinnamon is also mentioned in other parts of the Bible as a perfume.

This article was also known to the European nations from high antiquity. The Greeks obtained it from the Phœnicians, who were the great merchants of those remote ages.

It appears that the cinnamon-trees are not barked till they are about nine years old. The peeling begins in May and ends in November. Cinnamon-trees are produced in China and Cochin China, but this is probably a different species from that of Ceylon.



Calamus, or Sweet Cane.

The calamus, or sweet cane, is a reed, growing abundantly in the East Indies, and other parts of Asia. The stem is without branches, and has on the top a beautiful crown, beset with sharp spines or prickles. When the external bark is removed, the smooth stick is discovered. The hollow of the cane contains a kind of spongy pith, of a most delightful fragrance. A sauce produced from it is said to refresh the heart and to cleanse the stomach. When it is burnt with turpentine, the fumes are said to heal diseases of the breast. When dried and pulverized, it scents the air all around with the most delightful and refreshing odor.

It is supposed that a preparation from calamus formed a part of those aromatic and costly spices which the Queen of Sheba presented to king Solomon. At an early date, the calamus seems to have been known and esteemed as a perfume. (See Exodus xxx. 23.) In Ezekiel xxvii. 19, we read: "Dan also and Javan going to and fro occupied in thy fairs; bright iron, cassia, and calamus were in thy market." Jeremiah vi. 20, it is said: "To what purpose cometh there to me incense from Sheba, and the sweet cane from a far country?"



Mandrake.

Interpreters of the Scriptures are very much divided as to the meaning of the Hebrew word *dudaim*, which is translated "mandrake" in our version. It has been rendered "lilies," "jasmines," "flowers," "fine flowers," "truffle," "mushroom," "cherries," a sort of "fig," the "lote-tree," etc.

In general, however, interpreters abide by the common translation. The mandrake is a species of melon, which ripens about the time of the wheat harvest. The Jews attached many superstitious notions to it, probably originating in the resemblance of the stalk to the human form. They considered it as sufficient to expel evil spirits, as it was supposed these could not endure the smell. The Greeks and Romans gave the fruit the name of apple of love. The root was used for filters and love potions. (See Genesis xxx. 14.)



Grasses.

By grass, we understand the herbage or well-known vegetation upon which flocks and herds feed, and which decks

our fields and refreshes our sight with its grateful verdure. Its feeble form and transitory duration are referred in Scripture as emblematic of the frail and feeble condition of man. Isaiah says, chapter xl. 6–8: "The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever,"

In several places the Scripture refers to grass growing on the house-tops, but which comes to nothing. This is explained by the fact that in Eastern countries earth is frequently laid upon the roofs, which are flat, and it is then rolled hard, so as to exclude the rain. In this seeds accidentally fall, and thus grass springs up.

In a botanical sense, the grasses belong to a very extended and important order of vegetation, not only including the common herbage of the fields, but all those plants which yield wheat, oats, barley, rye, maize, and other grains. All these are very simple in their form, but they are hardy and prolific, and scatter themselves over the whole surface of the earth. Thus not only food for man, but for beasts and birds, is furnished abundantly, in all countries and climes. To these plants, also, we are largely indebted for that verdure which so generally carpets the earth, and which is so grateful to the eye of man.

It is impossible not to see in all this the wisdom and the bounty of Providence, which has created such plants to minister to the happiness of the creatures dependent upon it.



Coriander.

The coriander has small divided leaves, somewhat resembling parsley. It is crowned by many-parted leaves, having broadish segments. In the center, there is an upright round branchy stalk, two feet high. All the branches are terminated by groups of flowers, which are succeeded by globular fruit. When the seeds are fresh, they have a strong and disagreeable odor. When they are dry, this becomes grateful. They are recommended as carminative and stomachic. Sometimes the leaves are used in soup, and sometimes in salads.

The word coriander is but once used in the Bible. Exodus xvi. 31: "And the house of Israel called the name thereof manna. And it was like coriander-seed, white, and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey."



Grapes.

It appears that from the earliest ages, grapes, and wine produced from them, have attracted the attention of mankind. In Numbers xiii. 23, we are told that the spies sent out by Moses "came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff; and they brought of the pomegranates and the figs."

This bunch of grapes, which seems to have been about a load for two persons, appears almost of incredible size to us. But in modern times, though the tract of country referred to is probably less fruitful than in the time of which the text speaks, bunches of grapes have been found here weighing twenty-four pounds. The wine produced from this kind of grapes is that which is offered by the inmates of the Convent of St. John, and which is considered the best which the Holy Land can furnish. Morrison, the traveler, in speaking of this wine, says that in tasting it, he found it so delicious that his

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conscience reproached him, for he was reminded that in this very place John the Baptist abstained from all wine and strong drink.

In other Eastern countries, the bunches of grapes, as well as the grapes themselves, are much larger than any produced among us.

"How astonishingly honored has been, and still is, the juice of the grape!" says Rev. Alexander Fletcher, in his Scripture Natural History. "In Old Testament days it was employed as drink-offerings, poured out before God. In New Testament days it was used in the Lord's Supper, as an emblem of the blood of Christ which was shed for the salvation of man."

What a change has come over the world! Wine, which was given as a good thing to man, has been in these latter days sadly prostituted to his ruin. Not only has society thus abused the use of wine by making it the instrument of intemperance, but wine itself is now almost universally drugged with poisons, which serve alike to ruin the bodies and souls of men.

Grapes are not only used for making wine, but they are used as an article of diet in various ways. They are eaten as fruit when fresh, and in many countries, as in Italy, France, and Germany, are a considerable article of food. They are also dried and used under the name of raisins. The drying is usually effected by cutting half through the stalk while they are suspended on the tree.

In the islands of Zante and Cephalonia, there is a small species of grape which is dried and sold under the name of currants.



Vine - Vineyard.

The vine and vineyard are very often mentioned in Scripture. The vine of itself is remarkable for weakness; it is incapable of supporting itself, and hence relies upon its tendrils, with which, like hands, it lays hold of other trees. Yet, while it is the weakest of all trees, it is universally acknowledged to be one of the most prolific. It grows spontaneously on Mount Lebanon, and hence Hosea thus refers to it, chapxiv. 6, 7: "His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine, and the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon."

It appears that vineyards existed in very early times. In Numbers xxii. 24, it is said: "But the angel of the Lord stood in a path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side."



Anise.

This is an annual plant, which is a native of Egypt, and is cultivated in various other countries. The stalk rises to the height of about eighteen inches, dividing into several slender branches, beautified with narrow leaves. The flowers are small, and of a yellowish-white color. It is esteemed useful for various medicinal purposes. The roots have a warm pungent taste; the seeds have an aromatic smell, and an agreeable pungent taste, with a degree of sweetness. Aniseed is much used by confectioners and perfumers. The oil distilled from it is an excellent cordial. It appears to have been common in Judea.

Matthew says, chap. xxiii. 23: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith."



Garlic.

The word garlic occurs only once in the Bible, Numbers xi. 5: "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic."

Both the Jews and Egyptians appear to have been very fond of this plant. It was abundant in the country of the latter, and such was the love of the people for it, that they enrolled it among their deities, and paid it divine honor.

Herodotus tells us that 100,000 workmen were employed thirty years in building the pyramids, and that a million and a half of dollars were expended in radishes, leeks, onions, and garlic alone, for them during that period. Leeks, onions, and garlic were among the favorite articles of food with the Egyp-

tians, and these appear to have made a similar impression on the Jews, notwithstanding the condition of slavery associated with them. They got tired of the manna provided for them in the wilderness, and as we are told—Numbers xi. 5—they longed for "the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic of Egypt. But now our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all before our eyes but this manna!" This was very disobedient, but very natural, for nothing is more coveted than an occasional change of diet.



Onions.

In the passage we have just quoted onions are mentioned, but the word does not occur in any other part of the Bible. Egypt was well adapted to their culture, and they were produced not only in great quantities, but in great perfection. This is true of ancient as well as modern times. An eminent writer says: "Whoever has tasted onions in Egypt, must allow that no better can be had in any part of the universe."

The Roman poets ridiculed the Egyptians for their worship of leeks and onions. Juvenal says:

"How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known:
'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour;
Each clove of garlic has a sacred power—
Religious nations sure, and blest abodes,
Where every garden is o'errun with gods."

This seems to be inconsistent with the fact that the Egyptians devoured immense numbers of leeks and onions. The probability is, that the priests only abstained from the use of them. A leek or onion, doubtless, only became a god when it was sanctified by the ministers of religion.



Cucumbers.

The cucumber, of which there are several kinds, appears to have originated in the East, but is now cultivated in all

civilized countries. In Egypt they were very abundant, as we see from the references to it in the Bible, already quoted. It is still greatly in use among the modern Egyptians. The preceding cut represents the oval cucumber, which when young is covered with down, but when ripe is perfectly smooth. It is then about as large as an ostrich's egg, and of a yellow color. When cut, it has the flavor of a melon, and if hung up and dried, will keep for several months. In this form it is much eaten by the inhabitants of India.

Cucumbers appear to have been eaten in great numbers by the Egyptians in the days of Moses, as well as by the Israelites. Egypt has always been celebrated as producing them in great quantities, and great excellence. It is said—Isaiah i. 8—"And the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers;" thus im-

plying agreeable associations with this plant.

The cucumber belongs to the order of melons, which may be ranked as among the most delicious fruits of hot countries. The watermelon, so well known in our country, is not produced in England nor in France, except in the southern part. In southern Italy, and especially at Naples, it is abundant. In Egypt it is produced in great perfection, and is there regarded as food, drink, and physic. It is almost the only medicine used there in inflammatory fevers. It is not only eaten when fresh, but the juice is expressed when the fruit is fully ripe, and mixed with sugar and rosewater, which is regarded as a delicious drink.

This species is believed to be the melon spoken of in the

Bible. (Numbers xi. 5.)



The Gourd.

In the book of Jonah, iv. 6, it is said, "And the Lord God prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, and deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad because of the gourd." There has been much dispute about the plant that is here mentioned under the name of gourd. In the early ages of Christianity, that is, about A. D. 370, a fierce dispute between the two celebrated fathers, Jerome and Augustine, arose in respect to the identity of this plant. They so far forgot themselves, that from hard words they proceeded to hard blows. St. Augustine actually accused St. Jerome of heresy at Rome, because of the opinion he entertained respecting Jonah's gourd. As might have been expected, neither of these great men had ever seen a gourd.

It appears probable, from the writings of Neibuhr, that the gourd alluded to in the passage we have quoted, was a plant called "el-keroa" in Asiatic Turkey, which had the form of a tree, and was of very rapid growth. In the East, however, different plants are supposed to be meant by different commentators.



The Rose.

The rose appears in all ages and countries to be the acknowledged queen of flowers, on account of the united elegance of its form, its glowing color, and its fragrant odors. The admiration of the ancients appears to have been far more animated than our own. Among the Greeks, it occupied a conspicuous place in every chaplet. It was a principal ornament

in every festive meeting and at every solemn sacrifice. The Jews seem to have entertained a similar admiration for this flower. The rose of Sharon was esteemed by them as the most lovely of all the diversified species.

In the Song of Solomon, ii. 1, it is said, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys." Isaiah xxxv. 1, it is said, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."



The Thistle.

The thistle is of various kinds, but in all cases is a prickly and troublesome plant, disagreeable to the sight and mischievous to other vegetables. In Genesis iii. 18, it is spoken of as a curse upon the earth:—"Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee."

In 2 Kings xiv. 9, it is said, "The thistle that was in Lebanon sent to the cedar that was in Lebanon, saying, Give thy daughter to my son to wife: and there passed by a wild beast that was in Lebanon, and trode down the thistle." In Job xxxi. 40, it is said, "Let thistles grow instead of wheat."



Wheat.

Corn is the proper English word to express all kinds of grain which the earth produces for the sustenance of man: it is habitually used in this sense in England. In our country, this word is popularly applied to Indian-corn.

Wheat is the finest of the grains, and it is that of which bread is generally made. It is remarkable for its prolific

qualities and farinaceous richness.

In the Bible, several kinds of grain are mentioned. In Ezekiel iv. 9, it is said, "Take thou also unto thee wheat, and barley, and beans, and lentiles, and millet, and fitches, and put them in one vessel, and make thee bread thereof."



THE MONKEY THAT USED THE CAT'S PAW.

A MONKEY and cat once belonged to the same household. They were good friends, in general, for both were thieves, and they felt it to be best to keep mutual friendship, so as the better to cover up their mutual peccadilloes.

This friendship, however, was not very sincere, as we shall soon see. One day the cook had put some chestnuts in the fire to roast. While she was gone away, the monkey desired very much to have a few of them, for he was very fond of roasted chestnuts. But he was puzzled to know how to get at them. Finally, he proposed to the cat that she should take

them out with her paws. The cat turned up her nose at this, saying, that for her part, she didn't care much about roasted chestnuts; at all events, she was not going to burn her claws off, in order to get them out of the fire for the monkey.

"Sure enough, my dear puss," said the monkey, "that indeed would be very unreasonable. Come here, dear pussy, and let me kiss you." So the puss came, and the monkey gave her a kiss. Then he smoothed her fur, and finally he fondled one of her fore-paws, saying a great many pretty things about her delicate fingers. After a little time, however, he slily took one of pussy's paws, and sticking it suddenly in among the coals, pulled out the chestnuts with it.

Pussy's paw was horribly singed, and her toes were burnt quite off. She howled and ran away, while the monkey laughed and ate the chestnuts.

Ever since that, when one person uses another, just to serve his own selfish purposes we say "he makes a cat's paw of him."

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant.



HOLWOOD-HOUSE, KENT, THE SEAT OF LORD CHATHAM.

## LORD CHATHAM.

WILLIAM PITT, who was created Earl of Chatham, was the son of Robert Pitt, of Boconnoc, in Cornwall, where he was born, in 1708. His grandfather, William Pitt, was Governor of Madras, and owner of the celebrated Pitt diamond.

Young Pitt studied at Trinity College, Oxford, and on leaving the University, obtained a military commission. Of this he was deprived by Walpole. In 1736, he entered parliament for the family borough of Old Sarum. He immediately joined the opposition, which placed the name of the Prince of Wales at its head. The most celebrated of his early speeches were delivered in that last effective attack on Walpole, which, in 1742, drove him from power. They are

said to have been brilliant and astounding efforts of oratory; but the usual versions of them are so steeped in the mannerism of Dr. Johnson, who professed to report them for the "Gentleman's Magazine," that it is impossible to know how far they are genuine; while others, professing to be verbatim, do not justify the high reputation which they enjoyed.

From this time forward, Pitt was one of the master-spirits of the country. In 1746, though disliked by the king, he was appointed to a subordinate place under the government, and immediately afterward to the lucrative office of paymaster-general. In 1755, he was dismissed, but the ensuing year was recalled, and became the virtual head of the ministry In 1757, he was suspended for a short time, but speedily returned to power, and backed by national enflusiasm, conducted the brilliant operations which paralyzed France, drove her fleets from almost every sea, and transferred her immense empire in North America to the British crown.

On the accession of George III., Pitt was superseded by the royal favorite, Lord Bute. In 1766, he undertook the formation of a ministry, choosing, to the surprise of the world, a sinecure place for himself, the title of Earl of Chatham, and a seat in the upper house. In 1768, he resigned office, his constitution being injured by repeated attacks of the gout. He was opposed to the taxation of the American colonies, and it was while he was vehemently reprobating the policy of the ministry in American affairs, that he was seized with a fit, from which he never recovered, dying in a month afterward, on 11th of May, 1778.

William Pitt, the second son of Lord Chatham, born in 1759, became an eminent statesman, and for seventeen years, during the most eventful period in the history of Europe, continued to be prime-minister of Great Britain. His abilities may be regarded as equal, if not superior, to those of his illustrious father. He died in 1806.

BOSSUET. 737



BOSSUET.

James Benigne Bossuer was born at Dijon, in France, 1627. He commenced his education at the College of Jesuits, in his native town; but, in 1642, removed to Paris, where he passed through the requisite studies for the clerical profession.

At the age of sixteen he began to evince his extraordinary powers of pulpit eloquence. Appointed to the church of Metz, first as canon, and successively as archdeacon and deacon, he soon acquired the reputation of one of the most eminent preachers in France. An invitation to Paris was ere long the result of his high professional fame. Having by his preaching obtained the favor of Louis XIV., he was intrusted with the superintendence of the dauphin's education. It was for the benefit of his royal pupil that he composed his "Abridged View of Universal History," one of the most admired of his works.

On the completion of the prince's studies, he was rewarded for his zeal and fidelity in the discharge of his duties, by being made Bishop of Meaux. Soon after, he was appointed Counsellor of State, and almoner to the Duchess of Burgundy.

On the whole, it may be said that Bossuet adorned his elevated position by the extent of his learning and the splendor of his talents. The strength and sincerity of his religious convictions have never been assailed, but the violence of his temper has subjected him to just rebuke. His harsh and cruel treatment of the amiable Fenelon, whose memory will be loved and cherished when that of the haughty bishop is forgotten, will ever remain as a blemish upon his character.

The latter years of the life of Bossuet were passed in retirement. He was a voluminous writer; but few of his works, even in France, are much read at the present day. His "Funeral Orations" have had great fame; but it is to be regretted that the orator should have prostituted his great talents in eulogizing unworthy characters.

Bossuet died in Paris in 1704, in the 76th year of his age.

# AN ODD PARAGRAPH.

THE editor of a Western paper thus introduces some verses:
"The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend, who has lain in the grave many years, merely for his own amusement."



# THE WOLF TURNED SHEPHERD.

A wolf that was very desirous of feasting on the sheep in his neighborhood, determined to play a trick which he thought would bring them into his possession. Accordingly he dressed himself in a disguise, resembling that of the shepherd, and in order to complete the deception, had it written on his hat, "I am Gillot, the shepherd of this flock."

When he was quite ready, he proceeded toward the field where the sheep were feeding. His design succeeded very well, at first, and no one suspected him, as he went along. When he reached the place where the sheep were, the true Gillot was extended upon the ground, fast asleep. The boy

was also asleep, and even the dog was wrapped in profound repose.

The wolf had no difficulty, therefore, in slily turning the sheep toward the wood, where was his den, and whither he wished to conduct them. But some of them stopped, and some went astray, and so he found it necessary to call them. He imitated the voice of the true shepherd as well as he could, but it was a total failure. The sheep at once knew it to be the cry of a wolf; the shepherd, his dog, and his boy, woke up, and ran toward the scene of trouble. The wolf was easily detected through his disguise. The writing on his hat completed his condemnation; so the shepherd fell upon him with his staff, and killed him on the spot.

## THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun, still shining;
My fate is the common fate of all:
Into each life some rain must fall,

Some days must be dark and dreary.

Longfellow.



# THE TAPIR.

This creature looks somewhat like a small elephant, or a big hog. It seems, in fact, to be a connecting link between the two animals. The snout is lengthened into a kind of proboscis, like that of the elephant, but it is comparatively short, and has no finger-like appendage at the extremity. Neverthe-

742 LOVE.

less, it serves a very good purpose in collecting the animal's food. While thus it resembles the elephant, it wallows in the mud, squats on his rump, and performs other things in the manner of the hog.

The common tapir is spread through the warmer regions of South America. It sleeps during the day, and wanders about at night in search of its food, which consists of watermelons, gourds, and other vegetables. It is very fond of the water, and can remain below the surface for a considerable period. It is a powerful animal, and as it is furnished with a very thick hide, it plunges amidst the brushwood breaking its way through every obstacle that may oppose its progress.

Its disposition is gentle, but when annoyed, it sometimes rushes at its antagonist, and defends itself vigorously with its powerful teeth. The jaguar frequently springs upon it, but is often dislodged by the activity of the tapir, who rushes through the bushes the moment that he feels the claws of its enemy, and endeavors to brush him off against the thick branches. The height of the American tapir is from five to six feet.

The Malay tapir is somewhat larger, and is known by the grayish-white color of the loins and hind-quarters, which give the animal an appearance as if a white horse-cloth had been spread over it.

#### LOVE.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed; In war he mounts the warrior's steed; In halls, in gay attire is seen; In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, And men below, and saints above; For love is heaven, and heaven is love.



COSTUMES IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

WHATEVER genius Louis XIV. had in other respects, there is no doubt that he was a superb master of etiquette, ceremony, and costume. He had rather a fine person, but he covered himself up with a load of finery. He was very ex act, and every thing was regulated as by clockwork. At

eight in the morning, he was called by his valet; then his nurse entered his apartment, accompanied by his physician and surgeon, who examined into the state of his health. The grand chamberlain and a tribe of courtiers were next admitted, and the king proceeded to dress himself. First, his wig was handed to him on a long cane, which he put on before the curtains of his bed were undrawn, for he thought it undignified to be seen bare-headed. He did not use a dressing-table, but one of the persons present held a looking-glass before him. When the dressing was over, the king occupied himself till dinner-time in transacting business. He dined in public, and the privilege of seeing him eat was a highly-courted honor.

Louis liked to be surrounded by a numerous throng of courtiers. Slaves were never kept in more abject subjection; a frown was a punishment almost insupportable, and banishment from the court was regarded as little less dreadful than a sentence of death. The characters of these sycophants may be learned from the trifles which they set up as objects of ambition. The individual who was permitted to hold a candle while the king was undressing himself, became an object of general envy; he looked upon himself as the most fortunate of beings, and as thus amply rewarded for a life of turmoil and misery.

Under this training of despotism, the court of France lost all independence, and sunk into a miserable state of weakness and corruption. Gambling and every species of licentiousness pervaded the upper classes of society. The men among the nobility wore long curly wigs, dressed in gaudy satins, and, bedecked with lace, appeared more like masqueraders than gentlemen. Even if we admit that Louis XIV. was a great monarch, his influence seems to have been powerfully exerted to wither and degrade the spirit of the nation.



THE FOX AND WOLF.

A rox one night passed by a well, and chancing to look into it, saw the image of the full, round moon at the bottom, which he mistook for a fine cheese. So he got into the bucket, which was swinging empty over the well, and by means of his weight was carried down.

When he got to the water he saw his mistake, and was vexed to find that his greediness had led him into such an act of rashness. His reflections grew more and more bitter, for the whole night passed away, and there he sat, half immersed in the water, and almost chilled to death with cold. No one came to help him out, and in fact two long, weary days elapsed, when, at last, a wolf came along, and peeped into the well. The fox saw him, and said—

"Oh, neighbor wolf, I am glad to see you. I've found a big cheese in the well, and though I have been eating for several hours, there is plenty left for you. So you had better get into the bucket above, and then you will be here in a trice. I advise you to be quick, and we will have a good time of it."

Now, the wolf knew perfectly well that the fox was a great rogue, and therefore his first thought was to keep clear of his company, but being very hungry, he concluded to accept his invitation; so he got into the bucket, and down he went, while the fox, being in the other bucket, was safely brought to the top. Looking down at the wolf, who by this time was half drowned in the water, the fox wished him a hearty supper upon his cheese, and scampered away, leaving the wolf to mourn over the folly of seeking companionship with a well-known scoundrel.

## TRYING IT ON.

Ir is curious enough in some countries to observe the hermit crab busily parading the sea-shore, along that line of pebbles and shells which is formed by the farthest wave; still, however, dragging its old incommodious habitation at its tail, unwilling to part with one shell, even though a troublesome appendage, till it can meet with another more convenient. It stops first at one shell, turns it, passes by; then goes to another, contemplates that for a time, and slipping its tail from the old habitation, tries it on the new. This also is found inconvenient, and it quickly resumes the old one. In this manner it frequently changes, till at length it finds one, light, roomy, and commodious; to this it adheres, though the shell be sometimes so large as to hide both the body and claws of the animal.



THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

The prairies of the western country are plains, slightly undulating, but still appearing to be as level as the bosom of the ocean. Some of them stretch out for many miles, and seem to be only bounded by the horizon, where the earth and sky meet. They are destitute of trees, but are covered with a coarse, rank vegetation. In the autumn, when this has become parched with drought, it is exceedingly combustible. If it be then set on fire, the flames spread in every direction, racing over the plain, involving every thing it meets in de-

struction. Men and animals who chance to be upon the prairie then fly for their lives. The wild-deer, the wild-horse, the bison, hearing the roar, and scenting the conflagration, dash madly over the plain in their flight. Sometimes the Indians draw a wide circle of flames upon the prairie, which inclose numerous wild animals, leaving, however, a single passage for escape. Retreating from the flames, the maddened throng rush toward this opening, but here they are beset by the hunters, who shoot them down with rifles or bows and arrows.

Persons who have seen a prairie on fire, compare it to an ocean of flame, the heavens being blackened with smoke, and the whole air filled with a sound like that of a tempest.

#### DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE UNTO.

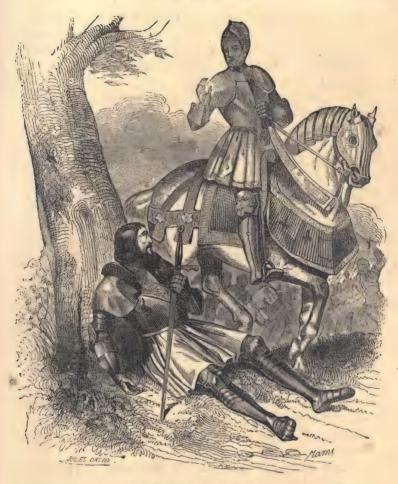
The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done; "and if I catch him in the road again," said he, "I'll do it again."

"Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard, and I'll do it again."

Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

## MONEY.

HE who expends money properly, is its master; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; and he who adores it, an idolater.



# CHEVALIER BAYARD.

PIERRE DE TERRAIL, Chevalier de Bayard, who is known in history by the title of the "Good Knight, without fear, and without reproach," was born in Dauphiny, in 1475. His family were for generations the feudal lords of the territory

whence they took their name. Almost all his immediate ancestors died on the field of battle. His great-grandfather fell at Poicters, his great-grandfather at Cressy, his grandfather at Montchery, and his father received many wounds in the wars of Louis XI.

When Bayard had completed his eighteenth year, he entered into service. He accompanied Charles VIII. in his expedition against Naples, and in 1495, at the Battle of Flornovo, performed numerous feats of romantic valor, and had two horses killed under him. He served in the Italian wars of Louis XI., and was present at the famous Battle of the Spurs, when the French gendarmerie retreated in a panic from the English force, commanded by the youthful Henry VIII. But for the presence of mind and daring valor of Bayard, the whole French army would have shared in the disgrace of the gendarmerie. He retired with fourteen menat-arms, often turning on his pursuers, till he reached a place where only two could pass in front. "We halt here," said he: "the enemy will be an hour gaining this post. Go and tell them so at the camp." He was obeyed, and succeeded in gaining time for the French army to reassemble itself, but was himself taken prisoner. Henry's reception of the knight was much more courteous than that of the emperor Maximilian, who was present, being with his troops in the pay of the English king. The emperor taunted him with the remark that he thought Bayard was one who never fled. "Sire, if I had fled, I should not have been here," was the prompt answer.

Bayard served in various other campaigns, and always with distinction. In 1524, he had a command in the force which Francis I. sent to Italy to act against the army of the emperor Charles. In an engagement between the imperial and French forces, the latter were compelled to retreat. While Bayard was conducting this operation, he received a mortal wound from a ball, and fell from his horse. He re-

withdraw, but ordered himself to be placed with his gainst a tree, and his face to the enemy. In this situate was found by the commander of the hostile forces, expressed great sorrow for his fate, and caused him to sted with the greatest kindness. He died soon after, his body being embalmed was sent to his relations. In was the respect paid to his memory, that in every city through which they passed, his remains were received with royal honors.

THE END.







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Goodrich, Samuel Griswold Peter Parley's thousand and one stories.

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